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CONTENTS.

	Page
I. CAN THE TORIES TAKE OFFICE AFTER ALL?	589
II. NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—SEVENTH YARN	600
III. IRELAND AND HER COMMENTATORS.....	608
IV. THE CASTLE-BUILDER	621
V. FAREWELL ADDRESS TO BURNS.—By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM....	629
VI. DRAMATIC LITERATURE	631
VII. THE RED TARTANE; A TALE OF THE SPANISH COAST.— CHAP. III.	637
VIII. ADDRESS TO DEATH.....	647
IX. PANDEMONIUM; OR, THE TACTICS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE....	649
X. NAVAL REMINISCENCES.....	657
XI. THE CATASTROPHE OF TWELVE HOURS.....	661
XII. ANCIENT LANGUAGE OF ENGLAND.—WICKLIFF'S BIBLE	673
XIII. THE YOUNG POET'S FIRST LOVE	676
XIV. THE TALISMAN; AN ADVENTURE IN SPAIN	677
XV. LESSONS FOR THE LITERATI	682
XVI. NOTES OF THE MONTH. — Patriotism v. Pension-Hunters —The Mirror of Magistrates—The “Opera” of the Ca- binet—Reform in a Large Measure—Base Imitators— A Friendly Lift—Distance between Friends	686
XVII. THINGS THEATRICAL.....	689
XVIII. MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART	590

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ADDRESS.

THE old *Monthly Magazine* was founded by Sir Richard Phillips on the 1st of March, 1786, and during its long career, has been enriched by the contributions of all that is eminent in English learning and talent—the works of Aikin, Priestly, Capel Loft, Horne Tooke, Busby, Meyer, Mason Good, Walcot, Bannantine, Surr, Belsham, Helen Maria Williams, &c. have appeared in its earlier numbers, while in its later pages will be found the works of Byron, Croly, Horace Smith, Maginn, Leigh Hunt, James Sheridan Knowles, Mrs. Hemans, and many other equally distinguished—it is needless to say that such a work must occupy a permanent interest in the literature of our country. The *Monthly Magazine* was founded upon the principles of freedom; it was, during a long and bigotted period, the champion of free discussion—of the liberty of the press—and of religious toleration,—for its earlier exertions the country has much to be grateful. It has lately been conducted with equal success as a purely literary journal; but without sacrificing the reputation which has been on all hands awarded the work, it is the intention of the Proprietors to issue with the commencement of a new year, a New Series, wherein the political situation of the country will be more fully and carefully discussed than hitherto. The present crisis of politics demands a measure of this sort, and we feel convinced that our subscribers will gladly sacrifice a few pages of merely amusing matter to the temperate discussion of important subjects, on the clear viewing of which might depend our safety, or at least our happiness as a nation. The character of the New Series will be more fully explained.

CAN THE TORIES TAKE OFFICE AFTER ALL?

THE consternation and dismay avowed by some of our contemporaries, upon the rather unceremonious dismissal of the Whig ministers, by his Majesty, are feelings in which, we must confess, we do not participate. Our surprise—and great it was—undoubtedly presented no tinge of consternation, and was wholly untinged by dismay. There is nothing in the aspect of affairs at the present juncture, that can for a moment be supposed to justify, or even to excuse the indulgence of despondency. The people need not betake themselves to sackcloth, or make hair-powder of ashes, or wring their fingers out of joint, although the times may appear to be so. The Tories would fain try another fall with the nation. They had “a dying fall” about four years ago, but they are not yet dead. Another close hug, “as though you loved them,” and they are extinguished for ever. They would pick the last crow in the rookery of corruption with us. Be it so. *We have got the bill*—they cling sadly and desperately to the tail; and it shall go hard with us if we show a white feather during the operation.

The particular causes that led to the extraordinary step taken by his Majesty, of ejecting the ministry from his counsels, by the neck and shoulders, are, as yet, enveloped in mystery. We shall wait patiently for its elucidation, contenting ourselves, in the meanwhile, with offering our own opinions upon the matter without scruple, reserve, or qualification. If the present compact cabinet chooses to hold its peace, the nation, at all events, should speak out; and if we have not even an explanatory Burleigh shake of the head, it is time that *our* heads should begin to shake.

Political motives that superinduce mystery are, in all probability, bad motives. It has become a thing of custom, when bad motives are assumed, to turn a suspicious eye towards the Tories. In a word, the Tories are at the bottom of this business. Does the reader suppose, for one moment, that the dismissal of the Whig ministry was the prompt and unprompted act of his Majesty? Does he imagine that this act, which in good time and happily, has brought the reformers to their senses, and knitted them instantaneously into a firm and invincible

phalanx, was not the *loyal* and *constitutional* device of a faction tampering with the royal prerogative, and erecting, as it insanely supposed, "a tower of strength" in the King's name? The plausible pretence of pleading an *alibi*, put forth by the Tory organs, is not only contemptibly absurd, but irresistibly ludicrous. This juggler's trick with the cup and balls—this "hey, presto, they're gone!" will not serve the turn of the Tories, when the imposition is discovered. They had laid the train long before—"the captain's a bold man," and waited on the spot to apply the match, while they got out of the way till the danger was over.

But, it may be asked, wherefore be at the trouble of devising this complicated and ingenious manœuvre? The answer is at hand. In the first place, it might tend to induce a belief (and to a certain extent the *ruse* has been successful), that there was no premeditation in the matter at all; and, in the next, it would afford time and opportunity to feel the public pulse, and, if the wrist were not riotous, to slip on our old chains once more, and so keep the pulse in subjection by steel hand-cuffs. And, in this *coup-de-main*, we find that the Duke has displayed more sagacity than he did at Waterloo, where he left himself no possibility of retreat; for, by reserving the premiership for his friend on his travels, he cannot be said absolutely to have seized the reins of government; and, should the public pulse beat too high, what more easy than to come before the country with Sir Robert Peel in his hand, and *frankly* tell the people that his friend and he find that they cannot undertake the government under present circumstances? In the meanwhile, he is no inactive or unskilful politician; he knows the time of day well, and, with the Horse Guards' clock in his fob, and the seals of office dangling before him, he parades Parliament-street, a virtual dictator in a mixed commonwealth, with a troop of slavish adherents at his back, crying "This is the King's prerogative!"

It is, doubtless, not only expedient, but just, for the preservation of the balance, as it is called, that the King should possess the power of choosing his own Ministers. The prerogative of the people it is to see that they propose good measures; and these failing, to dismiss them from the councils of the King, by means which the Constitution has pointed out for the preservation of their liberties—means which, till within the last three years, have been abused, to the

grievous wrong of the third estate, for the convenience, or pleasure, or profit, of the second. But, in the present instance, we are only, as yet, permitted to see a summary and ungracious exercise of one half of the prerogative ; and to feel that there is a very unintelligible delay in putting in force the other. The Reform Ministry is dismissed of a sudden ; but where are the new Ministers ? Or are they to be put forward as a Reform Ministry, requiring merely a short time to turn their coats with becoming decency, so that they may not rush into the presence of the people, one with the hind part of his garment before, another with incongruous sleeves, a third with the seams torn, and the like ?

When his present Majesty ascended the throne, he recognized, by the very choice of his ministers, the necessity of reform, and all measures that must inevitably emanate from it thereunto tending. We may safely assert, that he solemnly pledged himself to the people that the principle of reform should be, and with his concurrence, carried out to the fullest extent. It is idle to quibble about words—it is worse than idle to assume that this principle involves spoliation, anarchy, bloodshed, and many other bad things. We take the word in its true and plain sense. These results would not, nay, cannot arise out of reform ; and we have yet to learn that the abuse of the principle by any set of desperate men, or the abuse of the word by any gang of desperate Tories, can for a moment affect the thing itself ? When we say that reform is good and corruption bad, we think we need hardly take the trouble of proving either the one or the other ; but laughter is good logic when a man seriously proceeds to contend that reform must inevitably breed confusion, and that corruption must necessarily engender good government ; in other words, that virtue tends downwards, and that vice bends to the “skiey influences.” You cannot pluck figs from thistles, or grapes from thorns ; but if, as is their nature, some semi-quadrupeds prefer thistles to figs, they are not worth a fig ; and if the grapes are sour, thorns may, perhaps, serve them in good stead.

This is the predicament of the Tories at the present moment. Let them, for a short space, masticate their thistles, and luxuriate on a bed of thorns ; but let them not imagine that, by beat of drum, they can enforce the people of England to yield up the fig of representation ; or that by firing a few canisters of grape shot they can destroy

the fruit of a vine which shall cling for ever to the British oak, and which is named REFORM.

But if—which Heaven forbid that we should ascribe to his Majesty—the king has seen reason to deplore the consequences of reform—if, actuated by the pernicious counsels of men who cannot bring one argument, whether drawn from the constitution of this kingdom, the practice of any free state heretofore in the world, or the philosophical theory of any government whatever, in plausible support of their own arbitrary determination to enslave the people of England;—if, we say, the king has been misadvised to thrust his hand between the wheels of the mighty engine propelled by the daily accumulated force of public opinion—then we plainly assert that the endeavour will prove, to speak mildly, impracticable. To go back now were indeed “as tedious as go on,” and at the same time more difficult—more dangerous, and certain to lead to that which the Tories are perpetually deploring, and constantly seeking to effect, that is to say, confusion, anarchy, and bloodshed.

“If,” says Milton, of the Tories of that day, “their absolute determination be to enthrall us, before so long a Lent of servitude, they may permit us a little Shroving-time first, wherein to speak freely, and take our leave of liberty.—They knew,” he adds in another place, “they knew the people of England to be a free people, *themselves the representers of that freedom.*” It is the absolute determination of the Tories to enthrall us; and we know the people of England to be a free people, themselves the representers of that freedom. Now, then, is the struggle; and, if the Tories will have it so, the people must once more shew them—and since it is to be for the last time, it were well to make it plain to the meanest capacity amongst them—that governments were made for nations by nations, and not nations for and by governments. The question, therefore, the Tories now have to resolve is this, *how* are we once more to enslave the people of England? and this would seem to be somewhat difficult of practical answer. It is, or may be, expedient, since they cannot at present cut his throat, that the rats should fasten a tinkling cymbal, or rather symbol, round the neck of Grimalkin.—But where is the Archibald Bell—the—cat among the Tories—that will venture to try the experiment?

To speak freely—during this our Shroving-time—we must confess

that the Tories have proved themselves more mole-eyed in this matter than even we had supposed them to be. How can they hope to govern the country at the present time? What new elements have arisen out of the late changes available to, or tangible by, the Tories? Is not the present House of Commons impracticable?—will not the next prove, if possible, still more refractory? Let them recal to mind the dissolution of Parliament consequent upon the rejection by the Lords of the Reform Bill? What was the result?—why, that the people sent up a Parliament determined to demand Reform; and the Lords were, at length, overborne. Here is an eternal precedent for the people, to which they will and must recur constantly. “Thou canst not teach them to forget,” oh, Duke of Wellington! however much you may desire to make them remember.

Should the new Ministry—if *we are to have one, after all*—choose to meet the present House, or prefer to invite another—what then? Alas! Schedule A is no longer in the alphabet of corruption! It turns this way—there are the people;—and that, there are the people; and around, the people.

“Where’er I turn is hell, myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
Whereto the hell I suffer is a heaven.”

The seals are thrown up with a curse,—“D—— the people! they’re always in the way.”

The strange and unintelligible principle to the Tories that the people have a right to a voice in their own government, leads them into the wildest mistakes, and will perhaps at length conduct them within the purview of legitimate impeachment. It might be very well, at one time, when they had an ostensible majority of the people on their side—a corrupt House of Commons then standing, by a strange fiction, for the people, as an Egyptian outline with a front eye in a side-face, and with one leg, is intended to represent a human being—it might be very well at that time to denounce the so-called minority as factious; and to talk, with loud and imposing utterance, of loyalty, and upholding the laws, and “things as they are,”—but we cannot understand, now that they are indeed the minority, why they are not, upon their own principle, to be justly stigmatised as factious—why they are not also bound to be loyal—why they are not

to uphold the laws—and wherefore they are not to subscribe to “things as they are.”

They may, indeed, deny the imputation of disloyalty. How then comes it that we find them stimulating his Majesty to an act which directly places him at issue with his people? How does it happen that these men are found playing a game which goes in some measure to invalidate the influence which the King has hitherto possessed, and which, indeed, he had deserved at the hands of his subjects? They are, we say, abusing the King's name for their own desperate ends—they are cajoling the monarch and at the same time trifling with the people. The regal prerogative is sacred—and let it be so—but it is not well that things sacred should be too often seen, lest they lose that mysterious virtue which belongs to them, or which they are supposed to possess; least of all is it expedient in affairs of weighty public moment to urge no better argument than prerogative against a power which includes within itself not only prerogative but the option of transferring it.

But it is only fair to the Tories that the prevailing motives to their present proceedings should be shewn. It has long been supposed that the daily and weekly papers of this metropolis represent the true state of public opinion and feeling in the country at large. That they ought to do so we admit—that they have done so we deny. For the most part they have written *to* or *at*, and not *for* the people. The rock upon which the Tories have now, or are about to split, is the monstrous notion that by dividing the papers they have divided the people. Their motto has ever been “*Divide et impera*,”—divide and conquer; and they have thought that by dividing “the fourth estate,” a clear passage might be obtained, through which they might lay hold upon the third with secure impunity. It may be well both as a hint for the present, and as a warning for the future, to state briefly what tender mercy or what strange justice the Whigs have met with at the hands of the independent “fourth estate.”

When the Whig Ministers took office four years ago, they laid a plan of Reform before the House, which at once astounded the Tory party, and delighted the people. It might naturally be expected, that, during the early stages of this bill, the liberal portion of the press, in accordance with its previously expressed approbation, should have lent the Ministers its support; and so, for a time, it did. But, immedi-

ately the difficulties commenced—so soon as the Tories had rallied their forces, and prepared to make a stand against this popular measure, then was the time for some of the liberal papers—to uphold the ministry ? to proffer support ? to extend assistance ? No—but to announce suspicions of its sincerity, to hint a fault, if not to hesitate dislike. A less extensive measure, it is well known, might have satisfied the country for a time—a half-grown bill—a colt of legislation, as it were ; but this,—which in one sense, might almost be said to be a gift horse—far from not looking it in the mouth, they proceeded to kick, to see if its wind was good, and to pluck by the tail to ascertain whether it were “ a real thing,” and not defunct horse-hair from the discarded sofa of a superannuated politician. All this, to say the least of it, was indiscreet. But then, when the bill was passed, arose another question : was the Reform-Bill a final measure ? It was,—so said one or two of the ministers. We are far from defending this answer ; it was a piece of purely absurd impertinence. How could it be a final measure ? The people had now got a certain degree of available power into their own hands ;—well, it was to be exercised, of course. How was its exercise to be frustrated ? By the ministers ? No. They were now at the mercy of the House of Commons. But no reasonable man, surely, could for a moment believe that the ministers intended no good to result from the reform-bill, as some of the liberal papers were wise enough to suppose. The question was,—Is the reform-bill, *quasi* a bill of reform of the representation, a final measure ? The answer we have given above, and commented upon.

Again ; in all subsequent measures brought forward by the Whig ministry, the same system of studied and elaborate misconception was acted upon ; till, at length, taking the converse of a principle, which, we perceive, is once again about to be attempted to be made popular, some of the liberal journals, with one accord shouted, “ not measures, but men,” and personal attack was resorted to.

The chief object of attack, as the public well knows, has been Lord Brougham. Now, we do not think it necessary to justify upon paper the foibles, the weaknesses, or the follies of public men ; neither do we think it likely that we shall, under any system of government whatever, be enabled to secure men altogether without these incidental conditions of humanity. But, by the leave of some of

these liberal journals, we shall frankly state our impression with respect to the system of perverse misconception to which Lord Brougham has within the last few months been subjected; of persecution, we may call it, to which the annals of party hostility afford no parallel. We have seen

———“ All his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To throw into his teeth;”

and this, too, by parties whose professed principles are in accordance with his own. We have read a great deal of vituperation—we have heard a vast quantity of abuse—but we have never yet been able to ascertain the grounds upon which these new enemies of the Chancellor take their stand, and justify their extravagant vehemence of hatred. There has been “much cry and little wool,” so far as the staple of their argument is concerned; and we shall much marvel if, under present circumstances (to leave out of the question common fairness and common feeling), they can reconcile their proceedings to sound policy or expediency. We had, we thought it was agreed on all reform hands, a common enemy to resist; and it is but miserable trifling with the best interests of the country to fall to buffets with each other, and leave the Tories to take possession of the crown, and overawe the people with the king's prerogative.

Apart from a merely personal feeling, which might have been permitted to die the natural death of such feelings, we are certain that Lord Durham cannot and will not object to co-operate with the Lord Chancellor in the struggle (*should there be one, after all*), now about to take place between the Tories and the people. *We* will not flatter Lord Durham: he has proved himself to be a staunch friend to popular rights, and to public liberty. We have read his recent speeches, and we believe him to be sincere, honest, and incorruptible. But he would not, assuredly, be the last man to deny that Lord Brougham has done more—much more—towards the advancement of the “good old cause” than any man in England. He cannot but admit that, but for that great man, the people would not now have been in a situation to claim the whole entire letter and spirit of Reform; or to have made it manifest to their old rulers that they properly understand, and perfectly know, what the letter and spirit are—what their ancient tyrants the Tories are, and what they themselves are, and are destined to become.

The name of Henry Brougham will be regarded for ever by the people of England with feelings of grateful respect and affectionate regard. If ever one man created the spirit of an age, he is that man. If ever man passed through so long, so arduous, so perilous, a period of political existence, with hands more unspotted, with character more unblemished, with fame more untarnished, than Henry Brougham, we shall be glad to be told, for the honour of this country, who he is, or has been? But calumny is no dishonour, and detraction no disgrace. Shakspeare has told us that the best cannot escape them, and we know that they never do.

And yet, we are to spare this man; he has, forsooth, sunk into insignificance, being no longer Chancellor. He has no such "alacrity in sinking;" or, grant he be sunk, for a moment,—

"So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed;
And yet, anon, repairs its drooping head,
And tricks its beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

We have no hesitation in stating our belief, that the folly and weakness of some of these journals have led the Tories to the equally weak and foolish conclusion, that the people responded to their sentiments of hatred to the Whigs. It was an inference drawn from the gross mistake of supposing that the "fourth estate" represents the opinions and feelings of the nation. But now, it seems, at the instance of these papers, we are to merge all minor differences, and prepare to contest the pass with our common opponents. We must do so, indeed; but we know that well without their teaching. We do not laugh exultingly when Whigs go out to make way for Tories; nor are we prepared to admire the consistency of such exuberant gaiety. Blind guides, fit only to lead the blind—impatient of the ditch into which they are doomed to fall.

Of a truth, we shall see no press worthy the name until "unlicensed printing" be established in this country. "Taxes on knowledge" they may well call the stamp upon newspapers; if, indeed, it might not with more justice be termed a prohibitory duty.

But let us now recur to the situation of the country at the present moment. The great question is, can the Tories stand their ground against the people? and if they can, *how* are they to do so? While some of the party, of the Ultra breed, are in ecstasies at the prospect

of the Duke's return to power, leading, as they suppose it will, to old Tory principles; others, more moderate, are disposed to consider that their leader will propose certain *salutary* and *safe* reforms.

The Tory, *mutato nomine*—Conservative party—the distinction being, we believe, something like the distinction between a crocodile and an alligator, as Jekyll said of the difference between an attorney and a solicitor—this party, in our opinion, will be neither enabled to recur to old Tory principles, nor to propose salutary and safe reforms. The people will not have them at any price. Nor do we think that force will be resorted to, for the purpose of keeping them in place. We do not believe that the disorders of the State can be remedied by a regimental regimen. A great writer says, "The strength whereby such an effect can be expected, consists not in a pair of fists, but in an army; and an army is a beast with a great belly, which subsists not without very large pastures; so, if one man has sufficient pasture, he may feed such a beast; if a few have the pasture, they must feed the beast, and the beast is theirs that feed it. But if the people be the sheep of their own pastures, they are not only a flock of sheep, but an army of lions, though by some accidents they be, for a season, confinable to their dens."

It is, however, quite clear that should the Tories persevere in a determination to keep their places, and consequently to neutralize, or to destroy the growth of reform, they can only hope so to do by these means; and by the adoption of a line of policy which, to use the words of the same writer, "has more of the man and less of the law in it."

But affairs, as yet, are not come to this pass; and our perfect conviction is, that the turn that things will take must be a turn into the old channel, with the additional impetus of current which the compressed strength of the popular party must necessarily impart to it. The Tories will be in the predicament of the prudent Scot, who was seen stealthily crawling through a garden-fence. "Where are you going?" demanded the gardener. "Back again," was the timely reply. In like manner, and as speedily, must the Tories "go back again," and it will be well for them if, perceiving the analogy of the cases, they recognize at the same time the expediency of the retreat.

But we are told by some of the Tory organs, that it is unfair to infer this or that of a cabinet which is not yet formed. This device

of lulling suspicion, already sufficiently awake, cannot for an instant impose upon any man with a degree of reason above that of a beast. "Measures not men," is a maxim which, at the best, is something to be affirmed of tailors and their vocation; but when we know the men—when we have been made to feel their measures; when we see the late ministry dismissed with contumely and scorn—what more natural, proper, open, candid, than to conclude that they are not men whose measures (opposed as they must be to those of their predecessors, or why their dismissal?) are calculated to be palatable to the nation. Will the Tories satisfy the Dissenters? will they pursue the reform of corporations? will they reform the Irish, will they correct the abuses of the English, church? Not they. Well, then, they are not the men for the country.

Now is the time that the nation must bestir itself in the persons of its representatives. Now is the time, if ever, for the people to lay a broad and a sure foundation upon which their rights and their liberties may be erected for ever. "Government," says the writer quoted before, "to define it *de jure*, or, according to ancient prudence, is an act whereby a civil society of men is instituted and preserved, upon the foundation of common right or interest; or (to follow Aristotle and Livy), it is an empire of laws, and not of men. And government, to define it *de facto*, or, according to modern prudence, is an act whereby some man, or some few men, subject a city or a nation, and rule it according to his or their private interest; which, because laws in such cases are made according to the interest of a man, or some few families, may be said to be an empire of men, and not of laws."

In short, the question has been brought emphatically to this—whether the English nation shall be suffered to continue a free nation, by the regeneration of its ancient liberties, provided for it by the constitution of England; or whether it shall any longer submit to a ruthless oligarchy—made up of a few families, and constituting an empire of men, and not of laws.

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—SEVENTH YARN.

MY hopes of hearing a yarn the following night were frustrated by a fatal accident that befel one of our best men, a fore-topman. We had that day sprung our fore-topsail yard, and immediately shifted it, the damaged yard being laid along the gangway by the booms for the carpenters to repair. After all orders, as is the usual custom in all well-regulated ships, we turned the hands up to reef topsails; just as the men were laying in, the captain of the top making a spring from the yard to the topsail halyards, to come down by them, missed his hold, and fell headlong on the deck, striking his head against the iron of the fore-topsail yard that was on deck; his brains were scattered over the dress of the boatswain, who was standing close to where the poor fellow fell. Had he fallen one inch more to starboard, he must have broken the boatswain's neck. He was carried in the sick bay, and laid on the dissecting table; but nothing could be done, his head was literally crushed to pieces, it was impossible to decypher a single feature. When the doctor pronounced him irrevocably gone, he was laid on a grating, with a union-jack thrown over him, and placed under the half-deck. He was a great loss to the ship; a fine young fellow, who had only been made captain of the foretop for his good conduct a week before his death. No yarning took place that night, though the galley was as well filled as ever, and greater quantities of smoke, were for the most part, silently poured forth from the capacious mouths of the galley-rangers. The next forenoon he was buried, and that night Bob Short continued his yarn. And let it not here be said that sailors are an unfeeling set, so soon to forget their shipmates; for such is not the case; though their mourning is not so long or so often shown, as landsmen, they still feel as long and as deeply, perhaps more so, the loss of one of their shipmates.

The night after this accident I made my way, as usual, cigar in hand, to the galley. I was just in time.

"Poor Rusworth!" (that was the name of the captain of the fore-top,) said Will Gibbon, "I wish he was here now, he was as good a feller as ever stepped atween decks; but he's gone, and there an end of it."

"Gone aloft, I hope," said Jack Murray; "for he was as honest a feller as I ever seed. I wonder who'll be captain of the larboard-watch in his room; we can't have a better."

"You may say that, Jack," said Tom Bennett; "he was a mess-mate o' mine in this ship the last three years, when she was in the West Indies, and a good feller he was as ever lived; but it's no use saying no more about it: he's gone where we must all go at last, and he's only come to an anchor a little while before us, and I hope he's safely moored in that place our parson talks about."

"I'm sure he is! I'm sure he is!" said Will Gibbon. "So now, Bob, finish that yarn you were a-spinning of."

"Very well, lads; here goes—and I wish that Bill Rushworth was here to hear it," said Bob; "but, perhaps, he's a listening to us, for all we know."

Will Gibbon, who was a devout believer in ghosts, could not help giving a look behind him. After which Bob went on.

"Well! where was I, lads? ah! I know, young Watts was just wounded. Well; so when the Frenchman was taken, my father helped Watts down on deck, and took him into the cockpit, where his wound was dressed; it wasn't very bad—it was chiefly the loss of blood that made him feel so bad. When he come on deck again, with his arm in a sling, the skipper says, 'Well, my boy, I see you are determined to be an admiral, and you won't be long about it, if you go on this way.' Directly they had repaired damages, they made for Portsmouth, and when they arrived, the captain took young Watts on shore, and got him a good stock of clothes. After they had had a regular refit, they got under weigh, to join the squadron cruising off the coast of Portugal. Away they went, and when they joined the admiral, they found they were just in time; a privateer schooner was said to be in the bay of Vigo, and they were ordered to go and fetch her out; it was a fair wind, and in twenty-four hours they got off the harbour, and saw, laying moored under the land, a small schooner, with boarding nettings triced up, springs on her cables, and every thing ready for defending herself. There it was, 'Boatswain's mate, pass the word for volunteers;' aft jumped almost the whole of the ship's company. Three boats' crews were picked out for the two cutters and pinnace. 'Clear away the pinnace—up with the yard and stay tackles—turn the hands up out pinnace—man the stay tackle well—haul taut—hoist away.' Out she went. 'Ease in the stay—haul out the yard—belay—belay—lower—lower away roundly off all—let go—pipe the pinnace men away.' The second-luff went in the pinnace, with another midshipman; a master's mate took command of the first, and Watts, young as he was, had command of the second cutter, and my father went as coxswain of her. 'Now, Mr. Godfrey,' says the skipper, 'board her as much on the bow as you can; you'll be able to cut her boarding nettings better there; and mind, if you think she's too strong for you, and has got more men than we fancy, return without attacking her, and I'll give you more men.'—'Ay, ay, Sir.' 'We must try her first before we know whether she is too strong or not,' says young Watts, only loud enough for the boat's crew to hear him. Away they dashed gallantly into the bay. 'Give way, my lads, cheerly; we'll have the schooner in ten minutes,' says the second luff. Just as they got within gun-shot of her, she let fly a volley of great-guns and small-arms at the same time. A cry from the pinnace, of 'help, help,' made the two cutters back their oars. A shot had gone right through her bottom; she was filling fast; the second luff, midshipman, and four men were killed, while the two cutters had lost three men each. They stopped to take the men out of the pinnace. All this time the schooner was firing away at them with all her might, and the men dropping down like pigeons. At last a shot came and raked the first cutter, fore and aft, tearing the keelson out of her, and killing the master's mate and six men. By

this time they had only got twelve men left. 'You'd better go back, Sir,' says my father. 'No, that I never will alive,' says Watts, 'without I go in the schooner. What do you say, lads,' says he, 'shall we all die together?' The men couldn't refuse, you know, of course, tho' they thought it wasn't much use; but where officers will lead, I have heard my father say, men will follow."

"And that's true," says Will Gibbon; "I never heard all the war time of men refusing to follow their officers."

"No, and quite right. So on they went, giving way with all their might, while the schooner was peppering away as hard as she could. This did not stop young Watts, who continued to cheer the men up till they got alongside. Now came the struggle; to get on board was the thing. They were now on the schooner's starboard; both her hammock nettings were full of men. Two more men had been killed in the cutter. They had now only seven left. To attempt to board her with that number would have been madness. 'I believe we must make off, and try to save our lives, if we can, Short,' says Watts. 'Ay, Sir,' says my father, 'that's the only way we have left now, worse luck to it; and you must be ready for a swim, for I expect they'll sink us.'—'Let them, Short, let them,' says Watts. 'I'd rather go to the bottom than go on board, and say we were beaten.' By this time they had shoved off, and were pulling right a head of her, to keep out of the way of their great guns.' 'Hallo, Sir,' says my father, 'what's that—listen. I hear the sound of oars just round the point. Depend upon it it's one of our boats.'—'Very likely. Then starboard the helm, and pull for the point. They were out of musket-shot now, and the night was so dark the schooner could not see them well, and so they kept firing at random, but not a shot came near her. When they got close to the point, they saw a large boat coming into the bay. 'Seringapatam! a hoy!'—'Hallo!' answered the launch, for it was the frigate's launch came in to look after them. They pulled up alongside, and young Watts told the first-luff, who commanded her, what had happened. 'But now you've come,' says he, 'I hope we'll be able to pay them off.'—'We'll try, at any rate,' says Mr. Willmott (that was the first-luff's name); 'do you take five of my men to make up your boat's crew, and you shall command her yet, my fine fellow.' Dashaway they went alongside, through a shower of musketry—there it was.' 'Throw your grapnels into her forechains.' Up they jumped in spite of the boarding pikes that were bristling through the ports. The first-luff was in the forechains first, and in he jumped through the ports. Directly he got inside he was pinned to the deck, by a boarding pike, from the hammock nettings. Young Watts followed, and received a cut on his left arm with a tomahawk. 'Never mind that,' says he; 'you should have hit my right arm if you want to save the schooner.' The men followed him gallantly, in spite of the Devil and *Brussel's Gazette*. When they were on deck the struggle began, hand to hand, cut for cut, and d—n all favours, they disputed every inch of ground. Their captain was a fine fellow, and fought like the devil; he had a tremendous broadsword in his hand nearly as big as himself, with which he kept cutting the fellows down most terribly, and he was

such a good swordsman nobody could hit him ; at last he made a tremendous blow at Watts, who was fighting at the head of his men ; he couldn't have guarded the blow off, it would have knocked his guard in. Luckily my father saw him lift his arm ; he immediately threw himself before the youngster, and received the blow on his left arm, at the same time hitting the skipper on his head, which he had left unguarded for the moment ; down he fell as dead as a door nail. — 'The devil's dead, the day is ours ; forward, lads,' shouted young Watts ; the men gave a cheer, and rushed aft. The privateer's men began to give way ; they appeared to have lost heart at the death of their skipper. Watts' party had now gained the quarters. — 'I'll have their ensign now,' said he, and just as he made a spring forward a pistol-bullet, fired from the poop, entered his right breast, and backwards he fell into my father's arms. — 'The poor boy is gone,' said my father, 'but I'll be damned if I don't make those fellers repent having killed as fine a feller as ever lived ;' so he gave Watts to one of the men that was wounded, and rushed forward, followed by the rest of the men. After a short struggle they laid down their arms, and my father commanded the schooner. There was a little gig on the booms, so my father said — 'Come, my lads, we must get this gig out at once, and four of you must pull to the frigate with all your might, and take Mr. Watts with you, for he's warm yet, and perhaps he's not dead ; I've known people brought to life after being in this here state for more than twelve hours,' says he, 'and please God,' says he, 'my brave boys, that I hopes the captain won't die yet awhile. The men warnt long, you may be sure, in getting a little eight-oared gig out. One of the mess tables was brought up from below and laid in the stern sheets, covered over with flags, and young Watts, lowered gently into the boat, was laid upon them ; they gave way cheerly, and were soon alongside the frigate. Watts was taken up, and laid on the table in the skipper's fore-cabin ; and after the surgeon had probed and examined the wound, he said — 'It's very lucky he was wounded so much, had it been a little less he would have died, but as it is I have no fear for him.' — 'I'm glad of that,' says the skipper, 'but how do you make it out that he would have died had he been wounded less?' and my father told me that he gave some reason for it, but he did not remember what it was, something about his fainting and the heart ceasing to beat, by which means the artery that was cut contracted again, and some stuff o' that sort ; but howsomenever that's neither here nor there, 'cause it's no matter how it was ; he lived, and that's enough. Directly the skipper had time to speak to the man who brought him on board, he sent some fresh hands with a midshipman to bring the schooner out. By the time they got on board my father had pretty well got her to rights, thrown all the dead men overboard, and put the prisoners under hatches ; got his boarding nettings down, and buoy'd both his anchors ready for slipping ; but when the midshipmen got on board he said — 'Now we're got fresh hands we won't slip, we'll weigh, and run out handsomely ; so they manned the capstan, run both anchors up, made sail, and brought her to the wind, for it was just a soldser's wind for them ; so they soon got to the

frigate that was hove to, waiting for them outside the harbour. She filled immediately, and with the schooner in tow beat up to the squadron that they expected to find at anchor in Oporto. Young Watts was still very ill, though getting better every day; there was no longer any fear of his dying. The captain had a cot slung for him under a screen, under the half-deck, close to his own cabin, and my father was taken out of the schooner to attend on him; every fine day he was carried on deck in his cot, and laid abaft on the signal-locker, under the awning, for the weather was very hot, and the surgeon said the more air he had the better. They had such light and foul winds that they were a long time on their passage; after they had been out three days, the mast-head men sung out 'a sail! a sail!' All eyes were on her, every glass in the ship was shoved over the hammocks'-netting; at last she became visible from the deck, and from the mast-head you could see her hull; and after the hoffer of the signals had been looking at her from the main-topmast cross-trees for some time, he came down and told the skipper he was sure she was a merchantman. She was to leeward of the frigate, so they bore up, and as she kept on a wind, they soon overhauled her. 'Hoist French colours,' says the skipper, 'and then if she is an Englishman we can soon convince her what we are.' So up went the tri-colour, old Bony's flag, and when she saw it she hoisted a tri-colour too, and made some private signal; there they were hauled. When the brig—she was a brig—saw the frigate didn't answer her private signal, she bore up, but she might as well have remained as she was. 'Oh! Oh! you are too late, you should have thought of that before,' says the skipper; 'I'll have you now, whatever you do, or I am mistaken, and I don't think I am.' They clapped stunsails on the frigate in a crack, and soon overhauled, and when they came within gun-shot, the skipper says—'Now just drop a shot alongside her; don't hit her; send it close alongside of her, and that will be a delicate hint we want to speak; if she doesn't take it so, we'll give her a broader one just in her stern.' But they had no occasion; she saw it was no use for a deeply-laden merchantman to try to get clear of a smart frigate, so she hove her main topsail to the mast, hauled her colours down, and lowered her top-gallant sails. The frigate run a little closer, and then hove to, and sent her jolly-boat with a midshipman on board, to take possession of her. After he had searched her, he came back to report to the captain, and brought her skipper, with his log-books, and all his papers. Among the papers was found a bill of lading for a hundred thousand doubloons, and the midshipman said he had seen a quantity of boxes like money boxes in her after-hold. 'Very well,' says the skipper, 'that's a good prize, and nobody in sight to share it but ourselves; get the barge out, and bring all the money out of the prize.' And when they had done so, the captain told the midshipman he should send him as prize-master. While they were getting his chest in the boat, the midshipman was standing on the gangway, the gunner comes to him, and says 'Now, Tyrrell,' that was his name, 'I'll tell you what you do directly you get on board that craft, do you furl your top-gallant-sails, take a reef in your top-sails, and get

every thing snug, for we shall have a fresh breeze to-night ; and aboard them foreign vessels you don't know where the ropes lead ; your men feel strange, and don't work so well.'—'Oh, no,' says Tyrrell, 'I'll be d—d if I don't keep up with the frigate.'—'Very well, you may do as you like ; but mind I have warn'd you for your own good. You had better take my advice.' By this time his chest was in the boat, and away he went. Directly he got on board, up went his top-gallant-sails, all reefs out of his top-sails, and as the frigate waited for her boat to come back, the prize got well a-head. When the boat was hoisted up she filled, and away she went after the brig. The gunner had gone fored on the fauksle (forecastle), and was standing on the foremost gun, looking at the little brig. The breeze by this time had freshened up a good deal. The frigate was going seven knots, though she was on a bowline. The skipper and the only luff tackle they had left, were walking up and down the quarter-deck, talking, I s'pose, about their prize-money. The luff was a very young feller ; he was our junior luff, but a devilish smart feller he was, and a capital sailor. All at once the gunner sings out, 'the prize has gone down, Sir.'—'Gone down?' cries the skipper : 'Good God ! shorten sail, lower the boat quickly.'—'No, Sir, no,' says the luff, 'you'd better keep sail on her—keep sail on her for your life, Sir—it's your only chance of saving her.'—'You are right,' says the skipper, who was a good sailor, but had been taken quite aback by this coming on him so suddenly. 'Hands in the cutter, cast off the gripes—have her clear for lowering. Directly we come to I'll throw all aback," says he to the luff. 'Ay, ay, Sir, that's the only chance ; and it's a very poor one I'm afraid.'—'I'm afraid so too,' says the skipper. Well, quicker than I have told it, they came just up to where the brig went down, throw every thing aback, lower away quickly, down went the cutter, and you'll believe how quick she must have been, when I tell you they picked up the midshipman's chest and one man. The chest was too large to go down the brig's hatchway, so they had left it on deck. The man was not hurt at all, and after he had had a glass of grog (which the captain told his steward to give him) and put on dry clothes, he was as well as ever ; so the skipper sent for him on deck, and said—"This is a sad loss, my man ; twenty poor fellers and a good prize gone to the bottom. Let me know how it happened—who's fault was it ? Mr. Tyrrell ought to have been more cautious—he shouldn't have carried so much sail ; but he's gone, poor fellow ! so we won't say any thing about him except what we can say in his praise ; and we may say he was a brave young man, and would have made a good officer if he had lived ; but put your hat on, my man, and tell me how you managed to capsize the brig.'—'Why, please, Sir,' says the man, 'I'll tell you as far as I know ; but every thing happened so suddenly that I can hardly say any thing about it.—Well, Sir, directly we got on board, Mr. Tyrrell ordered us to make sail, saying he would be at Oporto before the frigate. After we got all sail on her, the wind began to freshen. I was at the helm, and Mr. Tyrrell was conning the ship, when it came on a heavy puff, and the brig heeled over a good deal ; so Mr. Tyrrell sings out, 'Luff, luff, boy, luff!'—'Luff, it is, Sir,'

says I.—‘Luff you may yet, lad—luff, and shake it out of her!’ So I luffed her still more, when up she came in the wind. ‘Meet her, meet her, lad!’ smartly sung out the hoffer.—‘Meet her, it is, Sir,’ says I. But, before I could put the helm up a single spoke, she gave a lurch to windward, and over she went. ‘Good God!’ cries Mr. Tyrrell, ‘she’s gone; it was my fault.—What will the captain say?—he’ll call me a d——d lubber;’ and down he went in the whirlpool. I saved myself by making a strong push against the mizen-rigging, as she was going down, and getting out of the draught; but I should have gone down had you been a minute later, for it came so suddenly that I hadn’t time to make any exertion. ‘Well, my man,’ says the skipper, ‘I’m very glad you are saved; and I wish all the poor fellers had been so, too.—But Mr. Tyrrell is mistaken, I won’t call him a d——d lubber: any man may make a mistake, without being a lubber; and he died as every sailor ought to die, thinking of his character and his duty till the last.’”

“Well, well, Bob,” said Will Gibbon, “that’s all very good—a very good yarn; but that’s nothing to do with young Watts. I thought you were spinning us a yarn how he got made a skipper.”

“Well, lad, you must let me spin my yarn my own way, or I shan’t be able to do it all. I’m telling you just what my father——”

“That’s right, Bob,” said Jack Murray, “go on your own way.—Tell us any thing you like.”

“Well, lads, now I’ve been digesting (digressing) a little bit, as the serjeant says, I’ll take young Watts in tow again. I forgot to tell you that the schooner’s name was *Lee Dandy Lion* (*Le Dent de Leon*.) Well, when they got to Oporto, the admiral received them very well, as he always does when they bring him a prize; for he always shares in every thing that’s taken on the station where his flag is flying, whether he’s present or not. By this time, young Watts had pretty well recovered, though he was still very weak; and the captain called him into his cabin one day, and said, ‘Now, Watts, do you think you are sailor enough to take the *Dandy Lion* to England?’—Yes, Sir,’ says he, ‘I do.’—‘And do you think you are well enough, because if you think remaining in this warm climate will recover your health, you sha’n’t suffer by staying; for I’ll write an account of your action to the Admiralty, and I’ve no doubt you’ll be made lieutenant for it, for you are sixteen now, and I was made a lieutenant at fifteen.’—‘I’d rather take her home, Sir,’ says Watts; and I feel so much better, that I am sure the trip will do me good.’ So the captain told the admiral how young Watts had behaved, and all about him, from the time he was first put on the quarter-deck. And the admiral said, ‘That’s the sort of feller I want; but I shan’t send him home yet, for I want small craft out here; so we can smuggle his time a little.—He can pass his examination to-morrow, and I’ll give him one of the vacancies in your ship, and then give you an order to man that schooner with fifty men, a lieutenant, and two midshipmen, will send his commission home, and the next packet will bring out his confirmation.’ The next day he went on board the senior captain’s ship—I don’t know her name—passed his examination, and the day after he got his commission as junior luff of the *Seringa-*

patam. Directly he'd got it, he went on board the Dandy Lion with fifty men and two midshipmen, and took my father as his coxswain, read himself in, and the same night his signal was made from the admiral's ship to prepare for sea, and directly after for the captain to repair on board the admiral's ship. Up came Watts, my father was close by the wheel, he went up to him and said, laughing, 'Now Short, you must begin your duty as my coxswain.—Pipe my gig, away.'—'Ay, ay, Sir,' says my father; and when he got into her, was pulling on board, the admiral, he says, 'Short,' says he, I little thought when I was messenger-boy on board the frigate, that I should ever be a commander, and going on board, the admiral in my own gig with you, pulling the stroke oar.'—'May be you didn't think so then, Sir, but you may think you'll be more now you deserves it,' says my father; 'and I hope to steer your barge soon,' he says, says he. When he got on board the flag-ship, he met the admiral on deck, so he goes up and says, 'Come to answer the signal, Sir?'—'Oh, you are Mr. Watts, are you not?'—'Yes, Sir.'—'Well, Mr. Watts, you are very young, but I was younger when I was leaftenant, for I was a post captain,' he says, 'when I was only a twelvemonth older than you are, and I hear so good a character of you from your captain,' he says, 'that I am going to send you to look out for a French privateer that I expect will be either at anchor in Cascaes Bay, or else cruising off just about there. If I had any other small craft here, I should send them instead of you, for I am told she carries twelve guns, and you only carry eight; but you must do the best you can, and if you take her depend upon it you shall be made a master and commander; what do you say, my boy, is that a prize rich enough to make you willingly engage a superior force?'—'Quite, Sir,' says Watts; 'if I come back, I'll bring the schooner with me, or else bring you word that she's not to be found.'—'I'm sure you will,' says the admiral, 'and if you don't find her there directly you arrive, you may wait there three weeks for her, but if she doesn't come by that time, the information I have received is false, and in that case you will gain some other prize if possible; but take care you don't become a prize to any one else. Good bye, God bless you, my boy, take care of yourself.' Directly he got on board again, hands up anchor, away they went steering for Lisbon, and at day-light next morning they were in Cascaes Bay, but no privateer was to be found; so Watts came to an anchor under the land, his anchors buoyed already for slipping the moment any vessel was in sight; he remained there all that day, but saw nothing; the next day was the same, nothing in sight; and so they went on day after day till he had remained there three days longer than he was ordered, he thought it was no use waiting any longer, so one morning he turned up the hands, up anchor, and was standing out when he saw a vessel standing round Fort St. Julien. There it was give chase; she was a schooner; when she saw him she run a little towards him into the bay, and then hove her maintopsail to the mast, immediately young Watts saw this he—

"But there comes the sentry to strike three bells, so I can't finish to-night; you must hear the rest to-morrow, when I won't keep you

so long, but give Jack Murray an opportunity to finish that yarn he has promised us for the last four or five nights."

"Ay, lad, very well, you finish your yarn; and, then Jack, you'll finish yours, won't you? and I'll give you a twister!" said Will Gibbon, not very well pleased at having been a listener so long.

"Very well, lad, you shall hear all about Zuthea to-morrow night."

I despaired of hearing any more that night, so quitted the galley, expecting Jack's yarn on the following night—nor was I disappointed.

IRELAND AND HER COMMENTATORS.*

THE Americans justly complain that our knowledge of their social system is derived from sources that for the most part should be regarded with scepticism. Of all the authors whose elaborations on the New World have found a market in London, how few have succeeded in conveying anything pertaining to a faithful portraiture of things as they really are in the United States. Runaway shopkeepers, deliberative as their own counters, and refugee lawyers, whose heads and brief-bags were equally well-furnished, have been the principal concoctors of "American Tours," and "Years in Philadelphia." When less questionable authorities have vouchsafed the fruits of their experience, it has rarely occurred that some accompanying contingencies, as in the case of Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and others, have not in a great measure been sufficient to invalidate the importance of the novel truths. But with how much greater reason have the seekers for information on all things connected with Ireland to lament the total absence of any tribunal for the adjudication of disputed facts. There is hardly a single assertion, however well authenticated, made respecting Ireland, that cannot be gainsaid with success, owing to the facility of procuring adverse testimony, almost equally entitled to the credence of a third party. Hence arises the apathy of Englishmen to enlist their feelings on either side the contentions that are incessantly convulsing the sister kingdom. We do not mean that that portion of the British community whose interests are best promoted by the feuds of the Irish, ever allow their energies to become dormant in the advancement of disorder. It is of the last importance to the wreck of corruptionists in this country, that the vices of the old system be perpetuated in Ireland; and on no ally can they reckon with more confidence, than on the ignorance that unfortunately is but too prevalent throughout England respecting the goings-on across the Channel. Hitherto, correct intelligence could only be gathered at the sacrifice of much time and patient dispassionate investigation of conflicting evidence; and even then the chances were anything but numerous of arriving at the truth. Re-

* *A Journey throughout Ireland during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1834.* By H. D. Inglis, Author of "Spain in 1830," &c. &c. London: Whitaker and Co.

ligion sacrificed at the shrine of the most unchristian fanaticism, has been rendered subservient to the promotion of prejudice among those who, because of their distance from the scene of polemical machinations, could not detect the motives of the plotters; and hence it is, that the evils of Ireland, so far from being removed, because of their publicity, have been rather augmented by being referred by England to Catholic and Protestant squabbles. Agitators and ascendancy men have thus succeeded in victimizing the country with impunity—one inflaming to madness the passions of the people, already more than sufficiently excited by the spoliation of the other.

An indifference, amounting to positive repugnance, has naturally been engendered towards Ireland from the causes we have just assigned. This distaste has been increased tenfold by the abortive schemes of the countless visionaries of both countries who have mustered sufficient effrontery to obtrude their little nostrums on the attention of the public. Every jejune perpetrator of print feels warranted to suggest his pet panacea for the ills of Ireland. Mr. Fusbos Boaden, the blundering playwright, half-a-dozen years ago, in his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, took occasion, in retailing green-room gossip, to make a demi-heroic transit to the political stage of the neighbouring country, and his temerity met the approbation of certain sages of the London press. His example stimulated a host of similarly well-qualified personages to descant on so prolific a theme; and the consequence has been, that while there is no country about which so much has been written in a given time, there is none about which so little is accurately known. The topography of Kamtschatka or of Borneo is comparatively familiar to the majority of English; and whether Cannemara be a district on the coast of Labrador or of Connaught, is a question which we believe would nonplus many a prize-essayist. All things, political as well as geographical, partook of the evil of impressions founded in error; and the people of Great Britain naturally arise at conclusions respecting their Hibernian brethren the antithesis of truth.

Were correct knowledge of the true position of Irish affairs and the real state of that fine, but unfortunate country, placed before England, we have no hesitation in saying, that a marked improvement would speedily be achieved in her favour, and eventually an emancipation from all the evils that now oppress her. Mr. Cobbett has drawn pictures of Irish life in his recent peregrinations among the repealers, harrowingly vivid, and as painfully faithful. But though no man can convey a more lively impression of what immediately comes under his own observation, the member for Oldham has unfortunately his previous reputation to contend with, which at once stamps his statements with suspicion. The plain repetition of the most notorious fact coming from Mr. Cobbett, is sufficient to excite the incredulity of men not unusually scrupulous; so that the fidelity of his portraits is at once neutralized and forgotten amid the heap of ornate drapery with which he clothes the most ordinary subject. Irishmen sufficiently intelligent to investigate the causes of their country's misfortunes without being at all influenced by those causes themselves, have not yet been found; or if they do exist, they have not succeeded

hitherto in rendering any scheme for the amelioration of Ireland's burdens sufficiently plausible to warrant general support. No Englishman has done so. But of all men who have volunteered the erection of a substantial system of relief, the author of the volumes entitled—"Ireland in 1834," has laid the most permanent groundwork, and that simply by stating unvarnished truths.

We are of opinion that Mr. Inglis' publication will speedily remove that supine feeling we have deplored. Those who have extenuated their criminal indifference to the well-being of millions of their fellow-men, because of the lack of correct knowledge, are now deprived of that excuse. The long-exercised habits of inquiry which enabled Mr. Inglis to secure the approbation of the British public in his former works, and the aptitude therein abundantly evinced of his capability of seeing things with other eyes than those of ordinary tourists, pre-eminently qualified him to execute the volumes under the head already quoted. He has succeeded as far as success was practicable. Erroneous inferences he has certainly occasionally drawn; but those inferences were, perhaps, unavoidable, from the circumstance of his committing the result of his first impressions at once to paper. But his work is invaluable as a manual of facts—in-disputable facts—told without bias, passion, or prejudice, and presented to the philosopher and statesman in a shape of fourfold the worth of all the commissioners' reports ever published on the same subject. If political theorists err in future in divining a remedy for the ills of Ireland, their errors will be attributable to other causes than those that have hitherto afforded excuse for their blunders. Ireland is unquestionably a paradox in many respects; but Mr. Inglis has demonstrated that she is an enigma of much less difficult solution than the majority of speculators on nations have supposed.

The importance of the subject warrants us in appropriating a more than ordinary space to its consideration; but our remarks must, nevertheless, be comparatively brief; because a less than total transference of nearly all Mr. Inglis' facts would not be sufficient to elucidate the numerous difficulties with which the question is beset.

Mr. Inglis landed in Dublin, of which he speaks favourably as to its architectural beauties; and, we are surprised to find, echoes the hacknied fallacy of Sackville-street being as fine as any street in Europe. There are a score of streets in London much finer, and Regent-street contains the materials of half a dozen such. Sackville-street, viewed from Carlisle-bridge, looks very well, but it lacks many of the attributes of a great commercial thoroughfare. The shops are neither many nor splendid, and the hotels, of which there are numbers, can hardly be discerned from private houses. Nelson's pillar, situate in the middle, and much resembling the York monument in Pall Mall, is a very ambiguous ornament; and, with the exception of the Post Office, which is really a handsome structure, we are unaware of any peculiar beauties of which Sackville-street can boast. It is the widest street we ever saw, and hence, we suppose, it is pronounced the finest. For our own parts we think it is eulogized more for fashion's sake than its own merits. However, this is a question of very minor importance one way or the other. Speaking of

the lower classes of the Irish metropolis, Mr. Inglis says that they are in an abject state of wretchedness. "I was also struck," says he, "with the small number of provision shops. In London every fifth or sixth shop is a bacon and cheese shop. In Dublin luxuries of a different kind offer their temptations. What would be the use of opening a bacon shop where the lower orders, who are elsewhere the chief purchasers of bacon, cannot afford to eat bacon, and live upon potatoes?" That every fifth or sixth shop in London is a bacon and cheese shop, is not to be taken, we imagine, literally, though they are very numerous in the non-aristocratic portions of this vast city. By the way, what fancy possessed Mr. Inglis to Grecianize the homely potatoes into *potatos*? Authorities for the latter orthography are, we dare say, not wanting; but we would rather be conservative in that respect.

In Dublin, Mr. Inglis lived opposite to the Royal Society, and as a proof of the miserable condition of the Irish, he says, that at the cattle shows of the society, "the half-eaten turnips became the perquisite of a crowd of ragged boys and girls without; a half-gnawed turnip when once secured was guarded with the most vigilant jealousy, and was lent for a mouthful to another longing tatterdemalion, as much, apparently, as an act of extraordinary favour as if the root had been a pine-apple." The *Globe* quotes this, and views it in the same light as the author—as a proof of the wretchedness of the eaters. Now, although we very well know that the poverty of the Dublin poor is scarcely capable of increase, we look upon this as no confirmation of their misery. Did the *Globe*, which is usually so shrewd on these subjects, never see little boys, who were not ragged, contend for turnips, carrots, or ripe wheat in-ear? We have certainly seen those esculents the source of many a juvenile broil; and a visit to Covent-garden any market morning, will satisfy any one that there are other than Irish urchins who prize such roots as delicacies. We make this observation for the purpose of showing that if Mr. Inglis' assertion was not borne out by others than this proof, its parallel could be found in every village in the empire.

In the Dublin Mendicity Society there were, at the period of Mr. Inglis's visit, "2,145 persons on the charity, of whom 200 were Protestants." This Institution endeavours to keep a portion of the Dublin paupers from absolute starvation; but though it partially answers its end respecting positive beggars, the poor room-keepers, whose pride would brave the death of hunger rather than receive alms like the others, partake of none of its assistance. In *Saunders's News Letter*, April 13, 1831, we find, from a report of a benevolent society, that in the months of January, February, and March, 21,283 persons were relieved in their own residences, and the year before the numbers were even greater. Mr. Inglis says that the support of the Mendicity Society is owing to the Protestants in proportion of fifty to one. The principal gentry of Dublin are not Catholics, and are best enabled to remove the nuisance of street-begging, or at least to ameliorate it. But we know that the support of the indigent room-keepers falls in nearly the same proportion as the above, on the middle tradesmen and shop-keepers, who are of the Roman Catholic

persuasion. Our author's stay in the metropolis was short ; as he justly remarks, Dublin is not Ireland, and it was Ireland he came to see. But we must record his opinion of Hibernian beauty, which certainly does not substantiate Mr. Alexander Walker's assertion, who, in his "Physiognomy," reviewed in the *Monthly* lately, says that the Irish "have a taste for ugliness." A difference, observes Mr. Inglis, between his own countrywomen and the Irish ladies, "will be remarked by a stranger, even on a very cursory glance, and certainly not to the disadvantage of the Irish females, whose generally high foreheads, and intellectual expression, were not thrown away upon me."

With upwards of 130 letters of introduction to persons of all ranks, and of all shades of religious and political opinion, Mr. Inglis proceeded to the south of the country, by way of Wicklow and Wexford. In the former county the state of the peasantry is deplorable, and the small farmers are but slightly removed from the same condition. The cabins are unfit for the residence of swine, who indeed are their chief occupiers. Our author's English sensibilities were at first outraged by witnessing pigs sharing the habitations of human beings, but a slight experience sufficed to convince him that, where there were not these quadrupeds, the condition of the reasoning animals was any thing but improved. Wages in Wicklow were sixpence a day, and potatoes fourpence a stone ; so how life is sustained under such circumstances may well puzzle conjecture. The miserable sheds of the labourers are generally paid for in labour—eighty days' work, or 2*l.*, being the rent usually extorted for a hovel without chimnies, windows, or a particle of furniture. Wicklow is a county which, from its vicinity to the capital, and its picturesque beauties rendering it a resort for the nobility and landholders, one would suppose should be well off. But, on the contrary, Mr. Inglis found that any thing like constant employment at fivepence a day could not be procured by men with large families. Wives in rags, and children in absolute nakedness, are the consequence, while the unfortunate labourers themselves are not distantly removed from primitive nudity. In the county of Wexford things improved ; the cabins of Wicklow did not so frequently appear, but dwellings less remotely allied to cottages, and kept in a state of comparative neatness, owing to the assistance afforded to the peasantry by loan societies, of the good resulting from whose labours Mr. Inglis bears ample testimony. He complains, however, that the great cause of the misery of the Irish agriculturalists—the exorbitant price demanded for land—prevails in this otherwise fine county. Land is invariably let at more than its value, and such is the competition, that it is taken at any price, because from the scarcity of employment, the occupation of a morsel of land is a question involving the very existence of the bidders. Pauperism is less prevalent in Wexford than most other counties, and in the town of the same name Mr. Inglis was not asked once for alms—a very different account, by the way, from that given by Mrs. Hall of her sojourn there. The Barony of Forth, a large district of the south of this county, calls forth the encomiums of the traveller, because of the neatness of the people, their superior de-

portment and industry, and the general correctness that characterizes all their pursuits. Yet this is the county, and this the people, that were goaded to madness by the tyranny of the Tory-supported factions of 1793. This is the county distinguished by pitchcaps and military torture, burnings and confiscations, and all the horrors of civil war, superadded to the unbridled licence of Orange yeomanry, and the scarcely less savage retaliations of the Catholic peasantry. The testimony of Mr. Inglis respecting the superiority of the people of Forth, and the neighbourhood is the best proof of the extent and bitterness of the persecutions they must have endured, before they appealed to force for a riddance of their grievances.

By way of illustrating the intimate knowledge possessed by certain landlords of the state of their tenantry, Mr. Inglis was informed that Mr. Lane Fox, who holds many badly managed acres in Waterford county, once visited his estates with his pockets full of beads, little mirrors, and such toys as would be adapted for the South Sea Island savages!

Waterford is much demoralized by the immoderate consumption of whiskey. The expense of a license is regulated by the amount of the rent of the house—so that a premium is thus offered to the lowest houses. Speaking of the condition of the very poor in the town of Waterford, Mr. Inglis thus describes a scene in one of its worst quarters:—"I found three or four families in hovels, lying on straw in different corners, and not a bit of furniture visible; the hovels themselves situated in the midst of the most horrid and disgusting filth." And yet Waterford contains a population of 30,000, and is the third city of the kingdom. The noted Beresfords, of fanatical and church-monopolizing celebrity, are the principal residents in the neighbourhood, but their pride is only augmented by the sight of the wretchedness of creatures who prefer their own way of going to heaven. Nevertheless, Waterford is an improving neighbourhood, and the county, on the whole, by many degrees superior to several others. Unfortunately, in the south and west of Ireland, "bad, and less bad," is the only comparison that can be instituted between one district and other. None of the towns and villages are as well as they should be, or even so well as present circumstances would permit. Waterford is less bad than Kilkenny, but what part of that fine county is the *worst*, it would not be easy to say. Mr. Inglis gives many pictures of agonizing privations endured by the tenantry of Lord Clifden, in Callen, whom he describes as living in a state little removed from earth-worms, or reptiles that burrow in holes, and drag out lives more wretched than a civilized being can conceive it possible to endure.

We cannot follow Mr. Inglis through the entire country. Every fact he enumerates is of almost equal importance to the perfect formation of a just estimate of the state of things in the sister kingdom, which renders the work of selection on our part anything but easy. We must, therefore, abandon details, which the volumes themselves alone can satisfactorily supply, and glance at the remedies suggested for the removal of evils, which, decidedly, will never correct themselves.

It has so long been the fashion of writers on Irish affairs, to attribute the calamitous condition of the people of that country to religious dissensions, that it requires the assistance of many stubborn facts to dissuade most readers of the fallacy of continuing to receive such doctrine implicitly. It is a favourite hobby with the *Standard*, and writers of that class, to contend that the existence of Catholicity and comfort in Ireland is incompatible; and in support of this dogma, they point to the superior condition of the Province of Ulster, with its comparative Protestant or anti-Papal population. Mr. Inglis maintains that the difference which is so easily perceptible between a Catholic and an anti-Catholic congregation in the south of Ireland, is the difference between the upper and lower ranks. The gentry and substantial farmers go to church—the labourers and working classes to chapel. One half the population in Munster cannot procure employment at eightpence, or even sixpence a day, without diet, while the peasantry of the north obtain much more constant work, and receive from tenpence to one and fourpence. Not only have better wages the effect of improving the Protestants of Ulster, but the Catholics also, very naturally, partake of the benefit. If there were anything in Catholicity to make men enamoured of poverty and filth, Catholics could not evince their capabilities of enjoying the antithesis of these evils as they do under all circumstances where the same advantages are held out as to the professors of a different creed. We find Protestants in Catholic districts, where competition for land is excessive, and the remuneration of labour insufficient, quite as badly situated as Catholics; whereas, were not Protestants just as susceptible as the others of being influenced by circumstances, they would be free from the general pressure. We do not find English Catholics different from English dissenters of any denomination, in their social habits; nor can we ascertain that Catholic emigrants are more slow than their neighbours of other faiths to take advantages of circumstances, after the ordinary fashion of the most orthodox. To argue, therefore, that any religion can make its votaries frugal, industrious, and wise, or the reverse, in the management of worldly matters, is merely to indulge in rancorous polemical vapourings. If any religion have such effect, it is surely not professed by civilized individuals.

But, it will be asked, if religion in no respect influence the conduct of men, how comes it, that while the Catholic south and west of Ireland are impoverished and distracted, the Protestant north is wealthy and tranquillized. Mr. Stanley, in his *Cloncurry Prize Essays*,* says, that originally all the cottiers in the north, professing the reformed religion received allotments of land, and were weavers; while they who did not embrace the new creed, were not so favoured, and were, for the most part, field labourers. Mr. Inglis also says, that the Scottish descent of the Ulster men gives them the provident and forethinking characteristics of the canny people beyond the Tweed; and enables them to avoid the carelessness and prodigality which are almost unfailing accompaniments in the compositions of the

* *Commentaries on Ireland*, by W. Stanley. Dublin: Milliken; London: Ridgway.

more southern. A Protestant merchant of Cork combines gaiety with business, runs into profusion equal to or beyond his income, and seldom provides for the casualties of commerce. A protestant merchant of Belfast denies himself trivial indulgences, adheres to his ledger, and takes time by the forelock in his expenditure of the "provision for the wet day." This, we think, is a satisfactory disposal of the question of the fitness or unfitness of religious belief to ensure the temporal prosperity of a people.

Had Catholicity in Ireland never been persecuted, we feel assured it would have now been well nigh extinct. With the example of England before her, Ireland could not have tolerated the domination of her priesthood. But misfortunes endeared them to her, and with the perversity of martyrs to false opinions, she made it a matter of exultation to resist what, if not proffered she would have embraced of her own accord. "In no country in Europe," says Mr. Inglis, "no, not even in Spain, is the spirit of Popery so intensely anti-Protestant as in Ireland. In no country is there more bigotry and superstition among the lower orders, or more blind obedience to the priesthood; in no country is so much zeal and intolerance among the ministers of religion. I do believe, that, at this moment, Catholic Ireland is more ripe for the re-establishment of the Inquisition, than any other country in Europe." To this we can unhesitatingly subscribe, and our assent is grounded on long personal knowledge of its truth, together with the minutest attention to the whole bearings of the question. But it is only the natural consequence of the system invariably pursued by the ascendancy; and we feel perfectly satisfied that the bitterness of Catholic feeling is at least equalled by the reciprocal and mortal hatred of the Orange faction towards all things Popish. We do not know that the difference between an envenomed partizan of either party is sufficient to warrant the adoption of a preference; and though we are of opinion that Ireland would now be less unfortunate had she been less Catholic, we think she would have been much more prosperous had she been equally Catholic, but less Orange. Of course it is presumptuous to declare that any people are not qualified to decide upon the most eligible way of going to heaven; but we opine that the chances of securing a moderate portion of contentment in this life, are in favour of the adoption of some creed besides that of the church of Rome—at least, such is our opinion as far as Ireland is concerned. It is but an opinion, to be sure, and does not at all imply that the adoption of any creed will work a physical change in the moral constitution of individuals, or multitudes. But we think that, indirectly, the evils of the mal-administration of successive English governments in Ireland would have been sooner remedied had not the religious prejudices of this country rendered the cause of justice of but little moment.

There is but little doubt that the influence of the Irish Catholic priesthood over their flocks is as potent at present as it was in the darkest era of mental thralldom. Mr. Inglis is of opinion that the hold of the secular clergy will be loosened by the extension of the monkish orders, whose members cannot officiate as regular priests, but are nevertheless bound by vows of celibacy and mortification,

and administer charity and pious exhortations to those in need of such assistance. The respect of the lower classes in Ireland for professors and performers of rigid self-denial is very great; but the power of saying mass, christening, and dispensing the eucharist, and other sacraments, together with the hearing in confession of all the secret and indefinite little spiritual lapses of which untutored minds can be so easily persuaded to accuse themselves, give the secular priesthood the complete mastery of the religious partialities of their penitents. Mr. Croly, in his recent very valuable pamphlet, which made such an uproar in the papers, says that the administration of extreme-unction is regarded as an almost indubitable passport to heaven, and that the friends and relatives of the man or woman who dies without it lament the double death of soul and body of the deceased. Now, monks cannot render this service, and cannot command the reverence due to the possessors of such power. We know something of those associations of men who think it spiritual heroism to act unlike the rest of mankind, and pride themselves on their total dissimilarity to their species. The frequent instances of ignorance which Mr. Inglis met among the secular clergy in his tour form the rule among the monastics. They are men of infinitely less cultivated minds than the priests, who, as a body, have little mental riches to boast of. For the most part they are bred to some manual occupation, for which they prove themselves incompetent, and then take to educating children in societies dependent on the contributions of those who think that unfitness for the ordinary pursuits of life is the best criterion of eligibility to save souls and "teach young ideas how to shoot." It is really prolific of indignation in any right thinking mind to see bands of stalworth fellows, whom nature never intended should move in any but the rudest sphere, setting themselves up as paragons of piety, and undertaking with the greatest possible self-sufficiency the direction of other men's thoughts. If the Irish ever resolve to think for themselves independent of their priests, we hope their mental allegiance will never be transferred to those spiritual hybrids called "Brothers" of innumerable orders.

We quite agree with Mr. Inglis in his estimate, in the chapter on Maynooth, of the Irish Catholic clergy. We regret he did not visit Carlow, of which comparatively little is known in this country, though there are abundance of materials for an amusing and instructive paper on that establishment.

Though one cannot but regret the absence of more intelligent spiritual guides for the Irish people, yet were there abundance of employment religious feuds would speedily disappear. A constantly occupied population could not be excited to excesses, or involved in endless broils about theological quibbles; for, after all, it should be sufficient that Christianity, of which charity is the basis, be professed in common by all parties. Poverty is the breath of faction, and idleness the parent of poverty. Let the people have but plenty of employment, and fair remuneration for their labour, and the grievances of religious disputations, even tithes, will cease to be a prominent source of complaint. The spirit of the age will rectify the absurdity of compelling millions to pay for the maintenance of the alien religion

of hundreds; but though that is partially effected, if something be not done for the improvement of the social condition of the people, but little good will result from the abolition of tithes. Ireland has always been wretched since her history has been separated from fable, and if the most glowing accounts of her welfare, according to the most favourable authorities, real or fictitious, were admitted, a brief analysis would demonstrate their fallacy. Colonel Torrens * says that "at the present time a common labourer is better off in England with respect to food, clothing, and furniture than were the kings of Britain at the period of the Roman invasion." Ireland could not have been much of an Utopia then, or for many a day after. Even about the time when, according to Irish chroniclers of the present day, she was at the highest pitch of her "glory," with her own parliament &c. we find that Bishop Nicholson,† in a letter, dated Londonderry, June 24, 1718, speaks of the peasantry between Dublin and Derry as "wretches lying in laky sod-hovels, having no more than a rag of coarse blanket to cover a *small part* of their nakedness." Sir Henry Piers, in his *Chrorography* of the county of Westmeath in 1682, speaks similarly. But it is useless to multiply instances of the melancholy fact that Ireland and misery have been synonymous long before the present generation. Mr. Inglis describes a section of misery in Limerick, which persons reading of such scenes for the first time might well be excused in doubting. But unfortunately Mr. Inglis has told nothing in this respect at all novel.

It being then abundantly evident that the evils of Ireland are not of the growth of a day, and equally clear that however lamentable the state of religious feeling may be, the people on that score are not unfitted for improvement—the question is, what are the remedies calculated to ensure the satisfactory removal of the causes of misfortune? Want of employment for the agricultural poor being admitted to be the real source of poverty, it follows that to provide *that* in abundance would be to effect a decided and instantaneous improvement. But *how* to do so is the difficulty. The prevailing opinion in Ireland, and to a very great extent in this country, is that the residence of the landlords on their estates would achieve that desideratum. Mr. Inglis also entertains this opinion with some partiality, though by no means with undue zeal. We differ with him, however, on this head; his facts admit of no contradiction, but his inferences, in our mind, are not exactly correct. We also think we shall be enabled by the citation of a few authorities to prove briefly the error of the prevailing opinion just mentioned.

Sir Charles Morgan, in his preface to his accomplished lady's work, entitled "Absenteeism,"* observes:—

"So natural is it for men to complain of the evil which strikes the most powerfully on the senses—so convenient is it for those who are determined in the denial of justice to make absenteeism the *causa*

* "On Wages and Combination," by R. Torrens, Esq. M. P. London: Longman, 1834.

† See article entitled "Irish Peasantry," in the *Captain Rock* published by Robins in 1827.

‡ One vol. 8vo. Colburn, 1825.

causans of calamities which they want the humanity to relieve, that all classes of persons, the Catholic and the Protestant, the mere Irish and the lord of the pale, the oppressor and the oppressed, the Irish corporation and the English minister, have joined in a common cry against absentees."

Indeed so universal is the prejudice against non-resident landlords, that those who have not given Irish affairs their attention, naturally infer that a landowner who lives on his estate is quite a phenomenon. But the author of "Commentaries on Ireland" furnishes us with a satisfactory refutation of such notions:—

"There are 204 Irish temporal peers and peeresses: of these 110 reside in Ireland. Of the 28 peers of Ireland who sit in parliament as representatives, only three are absentees. The majority of baronets reside in the country; and of the proprietors who hold the rank of commoners, almost all are resident. They are the magistrates and grand-jurors whom the popular leaders continually denounce."

So much for numerical errors. Now for the refutation of the doctrine of the utility of residence of proprietors. "The prevailing errors," says a writer erudite on these matters in the Dublin and London Magazine (now defunct) "respecting the causes of Irish grievances and discontent arise from neglecting to apply the fundamental rules of immutable truth as a test to individual opinions, and rejecting them if they militate against these principles universally correct." Now the popular opinion on absenteeism militates against these principles *in toto*. Ireland is decidedly an agricultural country; rents are paid from the produce, of the soil, and it is quite immaterial to the farmer *who* buys that produce, so long as it is bought. If the labour to grow the produce be scarce, the wages of the peasant will be high—if labour be superabundant, (as is the case) wages must be low. What influence then can residence or non-residence of the proprietor have on the farmer or the peasant in the growing or the disposal of such produce? It is the *land* that gives employment to farmer and peasant, and not the rent: that is the result of employment, not the cause. Supposing that all the money spent in England by Irish absentees were spent at home, the consumption of Irish produce would not be increased. The articles consumed by absentees, which Ireland does not produce, comprise all things but the absolute necessities of existence. England under all circumstances, could or can alone supply the luxuries, in the purchase of which landlord's incomes are chiefly expended—wines, silks, and the like. At first sight it looks feasible to imagine that a great impetus would be communicated to business of shop-keepers, and such tradesmen as live by waiting on the rich, were Irish absentees to live at home. But the benefit resulting to the nation at large, would be highly problematical. However business might increase, profits would not be augmented, though competition as in the case of the peasantry would in a five-fold degree—so that the haberdashery and confectionary markets would be overrun precisely like the agricultural-labour market. Moreover, where are the grounds to warrant the supposition, that any class of persons would make so great a sacrifice as to prefer bad articles at a high price, to good articles at a low one. It would be

absurd to imagine that Ireland could supply the wants of her gentry in luxuries, as well or as cheaply as England; and the facilities of steam navigation bringing the two countries, as it were together, a living profit is not to be made in the second market, if competition be not very moderate indeed. If the drain of capital from Ireland occasioned by absenteeism were not altogether imaginary, such a thing as money would long since have ceased to exist in that country. But the fact is, that she could not take five millions worth of English manufactures as she does annually, if England did not pay her rents by taking the same amount in provisions. It is not to the advantage of any country to supply all its own wants. It is better for England to procure Irish corn in exchange for hardware and cloths, than to grow so much corn additionally even if she could—and *vice versâ* for Ireland. It is certainly an apparent anomaly, that Ireland should send away provisions for the want of which her people are in a great measure actually starving. But absenteeism has nothing to do with that. Mr. Inglis gives abundant evidence that the absentee landholders possess as well managed estates, and as comfortable tenantry as the resident proprietors. Mr. Stanley in his work already quoted, furnishes testimony of the impossibility of the most zealous and philanthropic residents effecting any improvement in the peasantry on the lands of their tenants. The few individuals immediately about the person of the landlord, who benefit by the reduction of rents or pecuniary assistance, cannot be deemed an exception. If proprietors were to farm all their own estates, things would not be thereby improved, as the amount of labour necessary for their cultivation would be less than when divided among many small proprietors. Most of the large landlords hold more than one estate. A landlord in Kerry holds an estate in Antrim—he cannot be on both; so the residence of such owners in Ireland would no more answer the ends of the clamourers for a domesticated nobility, than would their residence in London. Had there been fewer resident nobility, political broils would have been proportionately few. Need we point to the doings every day recorded of noble marquises, earls, and right honourables in the counties they do visit? Meetings for the promotion of religious rancour and the perpetuation of the bitterest civil strife; the repression of industry, the renewal of outrage, the strengthening of corruption, and the increase of misery are the results of the residence of proprietors in more instances than it is necessary to record. Who threw the burdens of tithes almost exclusively and out of all proportion to their means of bearing them on the poor? To whom are to be attributed the vices of grand jury and corporation influence; and to whom the iniquitous pasture and leasing systems, but to the resident proprietors?

But granting that the demands of the demagogues for a resident nobility were complied with, would landholders be the less forgetful of individual aggrandizement than they are now? Decidedly not. It is said, that if landlords were to reside on their own estates, they would be enabled to judge for themselves; but landlords in any case will always be more ready to place confidence in the representations of their agents, than in the assertions of their tenantry. If Ireland

were to cease to import British manufactures to the amount of the expenditure of absentees, is it rational to suppose, that England could by any possibility import Irish produce to the same extent? The most favourable representations cannot make absentee expenditure exceed four millions, which is but one million more than the expenditure on British commodities in 1825. "Can it be then," asks Mr. Stanley, "that the expenditure of the four millions has not the same effect proportionately, as the expenditure of the five millions in causing the consumption of produce?"

Aye, but say the repealers, if we had a parliament of our own, we could then fix a tax of 75 per cent. on absentees, and make them spend their incomes at home. Not so; Mr. Flood could not do it, when the Irish parliament was in the zenith of its power in 1773. Besides if it were done, it would amount to absolute confiscation. There are not, perhaps, half-a-dozen large proprietors in the whole of Ireland that receive more than 75 per cent. out of their nominal rents. When such an impost is talked of, it is forgotten that there are such persons as mortgagees on Irish estates; and if absentees were taxed, the *purchase money* of domains would be withdrawn at once, amounting to at least thirty years' rent.

It is not to the residence of present absentees that Ireland should look for an exemption from her grievances. We could easily adduce arguments more potent than the foregoing in proof of this. But we have said sufficient to demonstrate the futility of building chimeras of national greatness on any such foundation. One fact in these matters is worth a volume of speculations. Admit that all the money annually taken out of the country by absentees were spent in the country—the profit on the whole four millions would at 10 per cent. amount but to four hundred thousand pounds. But let only half a million of labourers now partially employed at about eightpence a day be enabled to earn an additional shilling a day, and their expenditure among the middle classes would amount to nearly eight millions a year.

Mr. Inglis advocates with much earnestness the necessity of government opening canals, and facilitating the carriage of merchandize, and improving in various ways the natural advantages of the country. This like the popular notion of absentees, sounds very satisfactorily, but it should be received with circumspection. The already great length of our remarks, precludes the possibility of our entering into the question minutely. Adam Smith* is decidedly opposed to the interference of government in such matters; the author of "*An Essay on the production of Wealth*," investigates the subject with much diligence, and in our opinion clearly manifests the correctness of the opinion of the great economist. A perusal of the essay will amply repay the reader, but we can only quote a single sentence in support of the author's view. "With respect to the internal trade of a country, the whole art of governing is comprised in giving security to property, and opening an uninterrupted field to individual exertion."

* *Wealth of Nations*, Book V., Chap. I. Part III.

This can only be done for Ireland by the introduction of a well-digested measure, for compelling the proprietors of estates to support the poor, whom want of employment or other causes prevent from supporting themselves. All the evils of Ireland unconnected with faction, may be not only abated, but removed by a poor law—indeed those evils are nearly all deducible from the absence of some such enactment. A poor law would at once give the best possible security for the investment of English wealth—which, guided by English enterprize, and expended with English forthought and sagacity, would necessarily produce, among the peasantry, English notions of comfort and English desires and exertions to procure it. Mr. Inglis's reasonings on the Poor Law Question are among the most valuable portions of his valuable work. Our dissent from some of his views, is sufficiently indicative of the sincerity of our praise. A more seasonable production could not have appeared, nor one more deserving the earnest attention of all classes of political thinkers.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

Is there a happy, a truly happy, man in this world? Say, ye sages, who pretend (I don't question your qualifications) to monopolize all and every species of knowledge and experience, is there a truly happy man, I repeat, in this various or contrarious globe? If so, is he to be found within the compass of a day's journey—or two—or three?—for, seriously speaking, I should not consider the expenditure of a glorious three days uselessly or unproductively adventured, if crowned with the sight of such a phenomenon. The philosopher of old, who went about at such an egregious and unnecessary expense of rushlight, to find out, if he could, an honest man, was, I must be allowed to say, in my opinion, one who should have given any person but little trouble, who, with or without a lanthorn, should have gone in quest of an ass; for, independent of that reprehensible sacrifice of tallow-grease, of which I hope I have not captiously complained, the very fellow, of whom he purchased his meagre luminary, could have told him distinctly enough that the same Sir Honest Man was all a fudge; and impressed the truth of this upon his recollection by cheating him out of the odd farthing of his halfpenny. A pilgrimage to the shrine of human happiness would, I suspect, be equally vain and valueless; or, are we fools enough to suppose we discern the traces of it in the careworn and emaciated visages of the great and powerful? Pooh! "Uneasy is the head that wears a crown," says Shakspeare, the king of poets; and one or two of the sceptred race have, since his time, we believe, ascertained the additional uneasiness sustained by that body that wears not a head. May your statesman be quoted as a type of happiness? So far from that, we have it upon good authority, that the profession is an insufferable

bore—presenting no further claims to our ambition than the simple opportunity then afforded for cramming the pockets of our relations with the public treasure; and the liberty, moreover, of talking the utmost conceivable quantity of nonsense, without a licence from the Lord Mayor. But this is neither here nor there. Will you pretend to say that your bachelor is happy—poor solitary wretch! or your Benedict—poor hen-pecked misanthrope? Think you the bishop's mitre surmounts a head tortured with fewer troubles, of some kind or other, than the goodly triangular ornament that decorates the cranium of your dogmatic beadle? No such thing. Is your peasant happy?—your milk-girl?—your shepherd?—your chimney-sweep? (alas! his *calling* now is o'er)—your huntsman, or your angler?—your coxcomb?—your gamester, or your poet?—none of them; not one. There is only one truly happy being (of course I mean one class), and that is, in one word, which I am apprehensive may be adjudged to be two—your Castle-builder.

I maintain, and will through thick and thin, that I myself am one of the happiest men alive, and I have been a castle-builder from my boyhood. The wealth of Golconda is small and contemptible compared with the exhaustless wealth that is ever within my reach—"king's barbaric" are but beggars to me. A thought will lay open the richest mines of earth, with all their precious stores, and with magician expedition, mint the prolific gold in what impression I shall please; while, with another thought, the whole is deposited, in sound, smooth, bilious little jockeys, safe and secure in the sacred precincts of my breeches-pocket. By the aid of this astonishing power, I have been enabled to travel through every country of the world, though at the same time I have never been an inch from my own. I have mingled in the gaities of Paris—visited the Alhambra and Escorial (I believe they call them in Spain)—Berlin, Vienna, Leipsic, Brussels, Constantinople, Naples, Milan, Florence, and the United States. I have skipped more than once over the Alps—taken the Pyrenees in a hop-step-and-jump—while the Andes have been kind enough to give me a back, and I have, accordingly, gone over his huge shoulders *à la* leap-frog. I am, likewise, very familiar with the Ganges, as also with the Nile: to which latter I am sincerely indebted for a polite introduction to a crocodile or two. The Mississippi commands my very best regards. In short, where is the limit to my vagaries? or to the delight and entertainments which my Castle-building propensities furnish for my daily recreation! Am I meanly attired? in a moment—and less than that—I have immediate access to numberless different and unwearoutable vestments, to a wardrobe replete with every various costume of every various nation. I am hungry, and behold! a banquet arises before me, richer than those described in the Arabian Nights, and other oriental works—abounding in every luxury—substantial as well as delicate—hot and cold—fruits from all climates, and wines from all shores. I sit me down. I nod permission for my guests to do the same. The covers are removed, and the steaming odours administer to the appetite delicious vigour. Some ten or dozen little black fellows, with snub noses, and large kidney lips, stand at my back, fanning me with the plumes of the ostrich,

and of the beautiful peacock. I eat. Uncommon joy runs coursing through my frame. But soft—the emperor desires the honour of a glass of Burgundy with me; and bowing, I dispatch the contents of a huge goblet down my capacious throat. Soft music plays to the delightful accompaniment of the knife and fork. I smile benignly around me, which creates a disturbance among the courtiers as to which shall have the honour of being most prominent in their acknowledgments. I smile again, which has the effect of restoring order.

“Your highness’s hunt and the brisk air appears to have given edge to your royal tooth,” observes my Lord Montravers, the British ambassador.

“It has, fair sir, and let me hope my Lord Montravers brings a hearty pallet too.”

“Indeed, your highness, I thank you.”

“Montford!” I resume, “how is his Majesty of France? By the bye, allow me to help you to some curry, my lord.”

“Your highness annihilates all powers of expression by your condescension. His Majesty, I should say, was considerably better. The fatigues of the coronation, your highness may well imagine, must have been very great. I fervently hope when it shall come to your highness’s turn the same ceremony may be attended with different effects.” I smile, as in duty bound, when my attention is delightedly attracted to the fair face of the Marchioness of —, who is engaged in an animated conversation with the Count —, and playing at the same time with the bone of a chicken. Merciful heavens! what a countenance she has! She has caught my eye, and starts a little. Sweet creature! It is all over with the count, I fear. His witticisms fall dead on the ear of my charmer; in vain he jests—in vain he gambols in the pleasant walks of compliment—in vain he rises into poetic eloquence—in vain he smirks—in vain he grins—in vain he sighs. Her gentle spirit is lost in the giddy sensations of a first passion; for though married, her husband is half a century older than herself. Her heart has received the fond impression—the whole scene is confused around her, and the unhappy count and his enamoured nonsense are knocked on the head together.

Now to the ball-room, what a blaze of light! the soul swims in wonder. A thousand, thousand lamps concentrate their lustre upon one spot, for there, in all her loveliness, is seated the marchioness. The count is by her side. A dozen gaping nobles hover around her. She blushes in her beauty. The count seems in the act of imploring her hand for a quadrille. She looks down, and half declining his inconvenient importunity, dispatches him to fetch her handkerchief, which she has left in the banquetting apartment. Away goes his countship on the wings of haste, with such unwonted speed as when an imp, on distant mission sent and lazy at his task, is urged to submissive by the quick toe-point of his demon’s hoof; in other words, as though the devil kicked him. I advance, and bowing elegantly but respectfully, tender my hand for the ensuing dance. She timidly accepts it. The music sounds, and in a moment I lead my beautiful partner forth. The count returns, and wildly looking about him, at last discovers the marchioness in my custody, and apparently not a

little disconcerted at the change. He looks as though his whole features had been distorted by a galvanic shock. How enchantingly does my black-eyed beauty move to the inspiring tune! she glides through the figures like a thing of air. Matchless perfection! I fear I am deucedly in love. The music ceases, and I lead her to her seat. She seems pleased with my attentions; the count, strange enough, does not. He calls me aside—looks furious, and invites me politely to retire with him. In another minute he whispers to a friend, and they go out together. I cannot be doubtful of their intention, and excusing myself to the marchioness for the space of ten minutes, I drop a word or two as I pass to the grand Duke Charles; and descending a majestic staircase communicating with a magnificent hall, in which there is a door leading into the extensive gardens of the palace, we sally forth into the fresh air. I perceive the count and his friend waiting under the umbrageous shadow of a large tree, and as I advance I observe he is biting his lip ferociously, his whole countenance expressive of a savage and sanguine spirit working within.

“Your highness has been pleased to offer me the deepest insult that a man can sustain,” says he, attempting calmness.—“Perhaps it may please your highness also to give me that reparation and satisfaction in the only way high feelings will permit, which I am, as a man of honour, justified in asking; though not, considering your high station, eligible to demand the trial of our swords.”

“Certainly,” I reply; and, following the example of my antagonist, release my weapon from its scabbard, and silently await the onset. His eyes flashing fire, he darts upon me; I parry his ferocious thrusts, delivered with greater force than discretion; and, watching my opportunity, wound him just above the wrist of his right-hand, and his sword falls to the earth. I stoop and pick it up, presenting it to him with a grave bow; but his hurt is of such a nature, that he finds difficulty in retaining hold of it; and, with the first pass, I strike it from his grasp again, and again return it to him. The grand duke interferes; and the count, with a look of bitter disappointment, expresses himself satisfied; and, calling his carriage, drives away to a doctor’s; while I, with his second and Charles, return to the mirthful scene above.

Nothing can equal the delight manifested by the marchioness on my reappearance. As I take her hand, I think I perceive a slight pressure reciprocating to my own. She has refused all persons, though of the highest state, who have solicited her hand for a waltz. “I told them all,” says she, innocently, “that I was engaged to you.” Wonderful creature! Surpassing angel! The inspiring circles of the giddy dance have caused a faintness to creep over her; and in the balcony overlooking a still and silent lake, on which the moon throws all her temperate beams, we sit together—unnoticed, and alone. The scene around, the far hills stretching to the south, the soft breeze, the calm and peaceful heavens—all minister to that lovely sensation in the heart, when nature forgets the artificial world, and mingles soul and soul! Oh! who will say this life is not delightful—full of joys—abundant in blessings! Runs it not cheerfully as the stream of the moun-

tain? Oh! such a moment is a part of paradise! Her eyes are gazing on me with irresistible love! Our hearts are one, and so shall our existence be. Oh, precious joy!—unbound—Curse the thing! I have arrived at the end of my sheet.

No matter: without much difficulty, and at a very moderate expense, I can rebuild my intangible tenement anew; for, with respect to these same fabrics of the fancy, the possession of them is by no means so annoying in its accompaniments as is the proprietorship of your real stone and mortar.

“A breath can make them as a breath has made;”

and, though temporarily annihilated, they spring up again in all the vigour of undoubted youth, uninjured, unimpaired. Time affects them not; their towery turrets rise unobscured amid a cloud of years. “The same is as the first;” and in the sunshine of creative thought a million living creatures play about their portals.

To turn from the thing to the person, the Castle-builder, or aerial architect, is a person as supremely blest as eminently exalted. He lives a life of sweet and agreeable luxury, or, as he pleases, of stirring and inciting grandeur. Excluded from no place, he walks at will through every degree of high, noble, and distinguished life. He feasts with kings, and plays at whist with emperors; sips souchong with the first cousin of the stars; wanders unmolested in the seraglio of the sultan; or, if so disposed, blows a cloud with the great mogul. Nothing can surpass his power, or measure his magnificence. He is bound to no place, but is a sort of seditary traveller; and,

“At once as far as angels ken he views.”

He conquers with the valiant, pardons with the generous, discourses with the wise, and struggles with the strong. He is eloquent with the orator, impassioned with the actor, natural with the artist, imaginative with the poet, sublime with the composer, or profound with the philosopher. Such is a Castle-builder, and such am I.

Oh! what a life has been mine. In my very school-days I was a man, and did mighty things. My soul used to walk about in Wellington boots, and a long-tailed coat, long—long before my body was emancipated from the degrading insignificance of a button-up suit, and brown pinafores. The usher, with his full-pleated inexpressibles, and stamping soles, used to stir my soul into a blaze of ambition; and often, when all the rest of the boys have been playing, have I sat myself quietly down, and in dreamy delight arrayed myself in noble pantaloons, raised myself some two feet higher, and sallied forth with all “the pomp and circumstance” of manhood. There was a little girl, who used to sit in the next pew to us at church; I was then about twelve, and very much attached to her. It is a fact: her name, I remember well, was Eliza Frost, but little resemblable was her name and her nature, for she was as gentle as a kid, and as warm as summer. Well, without more ado—Oh! the delicious walks I took with her, through woods, and by “the bubbling brook,” on the banks of the rushing river, and through twilight shades, “unperceivable by any star!” Well—but I must really keep from wandering in this fashion—without more ado, as I said

before, I took a house, the most beautiful in the place, and led her to the altar. Much was the rejoicing on that day ; I never shall forget it. The peasants made holiday ; the men appeared in their Sunday suits, and the women in their gayest colours. The hills echoed to the shouts of merriment : I danced—I sung—I played—and my beautiful bride smiled and blushed, and smiled and blushed, like the morning bathed in sunshine ! The parson honoured the feast with his presence—yet all was good-humour ; the physician—yet none were ailing ; the lawyer—yet was there no contention. All was freedom, ease, and merriment. We were the happiest couple. We purchased a phaeton, and two beautiful grey studs, such as Sir Giles Gadborough drove ; and, I believe, had a pack of hounds. The charity-boys opened their mouths, and seized off their muffin-caps when we passed ; while the little girls dropped their arms on each side, and made curtsies till we were out of sight. My election to be mayor of the place was the realization of every thing deserving the ambition of man in this world—the utmost reach of human eminence. A pair of constables, exactly of a size, with little staves in their hands, and their countenances solemnly impressed with a sense of their momentous functions, walked in the front of me. Then came Mr. Minny, the mace-bearer, a little man, with a large stomach, and a sort of blueish physiognomy, all covered with red pimples. The sword followed, borne by a tall and dignified personage ; when—and then burst forth a rattling peal from the church bells—the chief magistrate, myself, advanced, bowing graciously, with a red gown on, the tail thereof upheld by Abraham Muggs, late beadle, but promoted to the office which he then filled, by reason of his decorous deportment, and never allowing the little boys to play at marbles on the tombstones, especially on those belonging to former mayors defunct. The unprecedented style of wig, too, which he was in the habit of displaying on great days—a sort of yellow-brown one, coming to a point in the front, and ornamented with four rows of stiff, regular curls, behind—marked him out favourably to the notice of his superiors, and it was justly considered wrong to allow such merits to go unrewarded. He was, therefore, as I have said before, preferred to the first vacant office that presented itself, I myself confirming the appointment, which, though it had been intended, had not absolutely been made by my predecessor.

None but those whose souls have panted, and bosoms swelled with the majestic consciousness of municipal distinction—none but those, indeed, who have served in the proud capacity which I then had the honour to hold, and stood alone upon that flattering eminence, so fatally calculated to turn the spirit of the individual giddy with its own elevation, and make the man aspire to something greater than mortality, forgetting the earth in his exalted sphere—none but such can appreciate the pride, the perilous greatness of that hour. It was under the influence of such feelings, and struggling heroically with the giant of glory, that would have borne him above his nature, that that wonderful and ever-memorable sentiment burst from the lips of the exalted, but generous citizen, “ Oh ! though I am an *alderman*, let me not forget I am a *man*.” There was, indeed, the triumph of

virtue—the conquest of nobleness over selfish superiority—the victory of human love! I *have* experienced the battling sensations above described, and in their acutest and most etherializing shape, *for I have been mayor of Cuttleborough!*—but when in the very act of dispensing my favours, or astonishing the natives with the mild sublimity of my demeanour, the miserable school-bell has rung, and brought me back to the wretched drudgery of every-day humanity—*pro tem* only, luckily; for my soul has soon taken flight again, and mingled with its native element.

Imagination! what a—what a—I will be hanged if I know what you are. I begin to suspect it is all imagination together, and to think Berkley's theory well founded—on what I know not, for he favours us with so few material arguments, though with so many immaterial, that the consideration “must forgive us pause,” and I, for my part, must beg leave to have a touch at him again before I venture a conclusion. Certain it is that he was a great enemy to matter, and as certain—his whole works prove it—an uncompromising disciple of the philosophy of Castle-building. Nay, he tells us that the whole universe is one huge castle in the air, maintaining his opinion with a force and eloquence that defies assault. Dear me! I think I could be brought to believe the whole was imagination, were it not for certain ugly realities that thrust their abominable faces through the curtains of my fancy, and convince me pretty well of their existence by sundry hints of a rather unambiguous nature, which I would fain were not so. I am persuaded, moreover, that the question of reality or imagination might be more prudently, if not more satisfactorily tried, than by presenting your calf to the surly menaces of a bulldog, or your body to the soft embraces of a bear, or by the jocular experiment of tickling a sleeping tiger behind the ear.

Be this as it may, I think I may venture to say of a verity, though it may not be considered a very logical deduction from the above, and perhaps may not be—that at the age of twenty-one, I was as handsome a young fellow as ever pulled on a pair of breeches. For describing myself, it is necessary, probably, that the reader should be apprized that my general features were very much resembling those which comprise the countenance of the Apollo Belvidere, while the figure was far more beautifully turned and elastic. I am not vain, far from it; but the truth must be told, and I see no more vanity or conceit in speaking praisingly of your own charms than of those of others. I wrote a poem! The fame of Byron and of Scott—the fame then denied to Shelley—the poems of Southey, which I read with delight; of Coleridge, which I read with greater, and *some* of the poems of Wordsworth—had stirred my soul to a pitch of literary ambition, approaching to madness. I knew all of them, the men and their writings; was the friend of all. My work was done, and the awful time quickly approached, when I was either to “burst forth into sudden blaze” immortal, or curse the bad taste of the public, and revenge myself upon them by writing no more.

The morning of that day that was destined to usher my production into the world, rose lowering. Sad omen! I have always been superstitious, and I dreamed the night before that the ghost of Mr.

Murray appeared to me, and shook his head three times, pointing significantly to me. I was in a very nervous state, aggravated probably by the suicidal appearance of the weather ; it increased so much that at one time, I could hardly persuade myself that I was not standing on my head ; and was only satisfied as to my perpendicularity, by the appearance of the woman of the house, who, hearing a noise, came up, and found me in the act of attempting to raise myself upon my skull, which I was doing under the impression that I was restoring myself again, by that means, to my former upright position. Towards the middle of the day my mind became so disturbed that I rushed forth, with the determination of preventing the publication. I arrived at Albemarle-street—flew in—oh ! fortunate for the world. I was too late—it was out !

In a short time it had gone through ten editions ; but I will not describe my intoxication of delight—this fulness of my fame—I will leave something to the imagination of my readers.

My life has been somewhat varied, it will be seen, and not the least distinguished part of it is my being returned member of Parliament. My powers were always great as an orator. The effect of my satire was as a thousand darts striking into the brain—my irony was ruin to the victim—my eloquence either calm as the ocean beneath the moonlight, or furious as when it is tempest-tost, and lashed with impetuous lightning. I possessed the dignity of Pitt—the vehemence of Fox—the splendour of Burke—and the wit of Sheridan. It was quite impossible to report my speeches, the reporters being so rapt and paralyzed with them, that they forget their duties, lost amid the wonders of my inspiration. I shall never forget, nor will the world, the sensation created by one of my orations. The greatest compliment was paid to me upon that occasion by a country member, that ever was paid to man—for my arguments having pierced through insensibility into his very mind, he absolutely cried, “hear, hear !” in his sleep, and struck the heels of his top-boots so lustily against the floor that he awoke himself.

In the oration alluded to, I touched affectionately upon the situation of my country, and gave Mr. Pitt such a dressing as made him gasp with agony. Only one part of it unfortunately got into the papers, but so impassioned and glorious was the spirit, and sublime the diction, that a thrill of exultation went through the whole country, and in one day, from being comparatively unknown, I became one of the first statesmen of the land. The English nation is generally exceedingly jealous of superiority, but when once so manifest that it is impossible to mistake its existence, an enthusiasm proportionate to its former apathy bursts from its generous soul, surrounding the fortunate individual with a blaze of glory unextinguishably bright, and heaping upon him honours that he can scarcely bear. He is immortalized in tavern signs, and names of ships and coaches. The Flighty, fast-sailing vessel bound for Hamburgh. The Flighty, fast coach to Brighton in six hours. The Flighty’s Head—good beds—excellent X, XX and XXX ales, &c. Coats, hats, and boats rejoice in the sunshine of his patronage ; while the ladies, not to be backward, christen all new discoveries in dress with the name of the

favourite—Flighty silks, Flighty muffs, bonnets *à la* Flighty, and Flighty flannel petticoats.

Such was the glory that I acquired by my harangue, but even celebrity like this could not satisfy me. I entered into the army, and fought at all our most celebrated victories under the great duke. While actively engaged with half a dozen French lancers (with whom I played the devil), I was taken prisoner, and presented to Napoleon. His penetration soon discovered my genius for war, and he would have bribed me to turn my arms against my country; but with indignation I spurned the attempt, though accompanied with the offer of being made marshal of France. I escaped and returned to England, where for my services I was created a baron. At the battle of Waterloo I fought again, and may be allowed to take the opportunity of correcting an error into which some have fallen in confounding me with the Marquis of Anglesey. It was *I* that led on the guards in the gallant manner described—it was *I* that beat down the French cavalry; in fact (a word in your ear, gentle reader, let it go no further), it was *I* that gained the victory. I believe about this time I was married to a princess of some place or other, but that has almost escaped my memory.

And now who shall say that I deserve not a niche as well as many. True I have been the only gainer; is not that the case with many? I blow at will my bubbles in the sun—they glitter awhile and burst;—how many reputations originate after the same fashion, and explode after the same transitory existence! My habits of Castle-building, at all events, have allowed me to see much of life, associate with excellent company, and live a life of comparative pleasantry. I know no maundering and grumbling. I eat the bread of comfort, and lie down by the streams of happiness. My whole being is a delicious sleep—my whole experience a delicious dream—and

“Hors’d on the sightless couriers of the air,”

I ride away into the realms of blessedness. Oh! happy is the man who is a Castle-builder!

W.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO BURNS,

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

My task is ended—fareweel, Robin!
 My prentice muse stands sad and sobbin’
 To think thy country kept thee scrubbin’
 Her barmy barrels,
 Of strains immortal mankind robbin’,
 And thee of laurels.
 Let learning’s Greekish grubs cry humph!
 Hot zealots groan, cold critics grumph,
 And ilka starr’d and garter’d sumph
 Yawn, hum and ha;
 In glory’s pack thou art a triumph,
 And sweeps them a’.

Round thee flock'd scholars mony a cluster,
 And dominies came in a fluster,
 In words three spans lang 'gan they bluster
 Of classic models,
 Of Tully's light and Virgil's lustre,
 And shook their noddles.

Ye laugh'd, and muttering, " Learning! d—n her!"
 Stood bauldly up, but start or stammer
 Wi' Nature's fire for lore and grammar,
 And classic rules,
 Crush'd them as Thor's triumphant hammer
 Smash'd paddock stools.

And thou wert right and they were wrang—
 The sculptor's toil, the poet's sang,
 In Greece and Rome frae nature sprang,
 And bauld and free,
 In sentiment and language strang,
 They spake like thee.

Thy muse came like a giggling taupie
 Dancing her lane; her sangs sae sappy
 Cheer'd men like drink's inspiring drappie—
 Then, grave and stern,
 High moral truths sublime and happy
 She made them learn.

Auld grey-beard Lear, wi' college lantern,
 O'er rules of Horace stoitering, venturin'
 At song, gildes to oblivion saunterin'
 And starless night;
 Whilst thou, up cleft Parnassus canterin',
 Lives on in light.

In light thou liv'st. While birds lo'e simmer,
 Wild bees the blossom, buds the timmer,
 And man lo'es woman—rosie limmer!
 I'll prophetic
 Thy glorious halo nought the dimmer
 Will ever be.

For me—though both sprung from ae mother
 I'm but a weakly young half brother,
 Sae O! forgive my musing swither,
 Mid toils benighted,
 'Twas lang a wish that nought could smother
 To see thee righted.

Frae Kyle, wi' music in her bowers;
 Frae fairy glens, where wild Doon pours;
 Frae hills, bedropp'd wi' sunny showers,
 On Solway strand,
 I've gather'd, Burns, thy scatter'd flowers
 Wi' filial hand.

And O! bright and immortal Spirit,
 Ifought that lessens thy rare merit
 I've utter'd—like a god thou'lt bear it,
 Thou canst but knew
 Thy stature few or none can peer it
 Now born below.

DRAMATIC LITERATURE.*

IT might be an interesting question at the present day—as it certainly will be a course of speculation to future ages—why it is that, during the last century, this country has not produced such dramas as might naturally have been expected to succeed the glorious exemplars of the Elizabethan era? We are, at the same time, far from supposing that the genius requisite to the consummation of such triumph is at any time plenteous as blackberries; still less are we to be supposed to infer that the same progression was naturally to be looked for that we find in all the departments of physical science or of human ingenuity. We cannot respond to the wonder announced by a friend of ours, to whom we lent a volume of Beaumont and Fletcher, who, on returning it, could not by any means make out how it was that, seeing we had made so many and such wonderful advances in the mechanical arts, we were not equally progressive in the structure of plays; the modern performances being in his humble opinion (but he spoke under correction) no better than those of Shakspeare, if, indeed, they might even be considered superior to those of the authors, to whom we had been the means of introducing him. There was an unconscious good taste in this, and a heartfelt response to the power wielded by these great men; which, at the same time that it taught the great truth propounded, and perpetually and practically enforced by Shakspeare, that

“One truth of nature makes the whole world kin,”

might have been borne in mind by a dramatist as an evidence that his sole sphere—and it is a wide one—is the human heart.

From the time of Marlowe, Peele, and Green to that of Shirley, we had a constant succession of wonderful and glorious plays, to which all Europe put together can supply or oppose no parallel. They were not only pregnant with the highest poetical genius, but instinct also with dramatic vitality. Comparatively speaking, few of these now retain possession of the stage; but “this effect defective comes by cause.” The taste has changed; we are perhaps, in some respects, over scrupulous, but these factitious and conventional prejudices laid aside, and there are few if any of these productions that would not profoundly excite the sympathies, and lay hold upon with no feeble grasp the feelings of a modern audience. In a word, they were written in a right spirit, by men whose genius led them to a preference of this highest walk of literary ambition.

Nor is the succeeding age to be despised, comprising as it does the names of Dryden, Lee, Otway, and Southern; but, at length, in an evil hour, French models took precedence of English examples; and the classical school, as it was strangely miscalled, daubed over with French polish, usurped possession of the stage, until it was

* “Queen Anne Boleyn; an Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts. By George Lewis Smyth.” London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1834.

yawned away by the common but drowsy consent of the British people.

The poets of the nineteenth century have shown every disposition to return to their best mistress, Nature ; and we have abundant evidence to prove that genius is not wanting to supply the stage with dramas not unworthy of their predecessors. Indeed, the works of Sheridan Knowles sufficiently prove that, with proper encouragement, the stage might once more lift its head, if not in pre-eminence over, at least on an equality with our French neighbours, to whom at the present moment it is vastly inferior. We are inclined to believe that, much more than to any thing else, we are to ascribe the dearth of good dramas on our boards to the want of encouragement on the part of managers, acting under a mistaken conviction that English audiences will no longer patronize what is called the legitimate drama ; and that in order to ensure success for any new piece, it is indispensable that it should be accompanied by meritorious attractions that appeal merely to the eye ; and be rife with merits of which the senses alone are to take cognizance.

We have much pleasure in being among the first to introduce to the public an author who, in our opinion, were he to pay that due attention to the preparatory structure of his plot, indispensable to the production of a striking play, might achieve a reputation on the stage—were he permitted to find an entrance at either of the two great houses—neither inconsiderable nor ill-deserved.

Mr. Smyth has much feeling and spirit, and writes as though he and his characters were in earnest ; and although we are far from denying that both inequalities and weak points may be discovered in "Queen Anne Boleyn," and that in some instances his versification might be improved ; yet a little more attention, and, perhaps, concentration of plot, would remedy the former ; while the latter would necessarily be improved by practice.

Our author says in his very modest and sensible preface :—

"In venturing to publish the following tragedy, it will become me, perhaps, to offer some explanation. The work has few, if any, pretensions to originality. My idea for some time before I began it, and also while writing it, was, that the subject, more than any other with which I was acquainted, admitted of the construction of a play which should be at once historically correct and theatrically effective. In preparing myself to produce a union so desirable in all such cases, but so rarely attained, I naturally sought out, and noted down such facts, sayings, and anecdotes of Queen Anne Boleyn, and the other characters I have introduced, as the authors of that period, and those who have since written of it, had furnished. And of these materials I did not hesitate to make a free use, not supposing that a custom so common with other authors would be seriously objected to in me."

Accordingly he has adhered closely to history, the play commencing with the estrangement of King Henry from Anne Boleyn, and his love (if it may be called by that name) for Jane Seymour, and terminating with the execution of the unfortunate queen. Mr. Smyth has exhibited no ordinary degree of dramatic skill in his portraiture of the uxorious but capricious tyrant ; nor is his delineation of Anne Boleyn less felicitous. That time-serving tool of royalty,

the Duke of Norfolk, is also well discriminated, and the subordinate characters, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Surrey, and Rochford, the Queen's brother, have each a separate and marked idiosyncrasy. But we will make a few extracts, which will at once justify our praise, and set our author in a true light with the reader :—

Enter Rochford and Wyatt.

Anne. Brother, Sir Thomas, welcome.

Roch. Madam, we bring ye news.

Anne. All news shall pleasure from so dear a tongue—
What is't?

Rochf. The Princess Catherine is dead.

Anne. Catherine no more—the princess dowager dead !
Now am I queen of England past recall !
Already lighter on my enlarg'd brow,
And full securely rests my well-lov'd crown.
My own excellent friends, a weight of woe
Unspeakable is lifted from my brain—
My heart shall ever thank you for this message !

Wyatt. 'Twere hard indeed to tell how much it glads us
To find your grace, and fortune so complacent.

Anne. While that ill-sorted one had breath, tho' spurn'd,
There was a void in all my spirit compass'd
Power insufficient—pleasure incomplete—
Consistent evil 'twixt me and the sun
Horribly interven'd, and cast huge shapes,
Blackening with anarchy my involv'd dower ;
But, they are fled, bless'd Heaven ! and I *am* queen !
Give joy, my brother, all is here confirm'd,
And every virtue of a lustrous rule,
From this hour takes new tides and gladly flows.

Rochf. Auspicious angels, make the wish prophetic !
May every image of romantic bliss
Thy shining youth enthusiastic drew,
Spring to reality for thy content ;
Stamp glory no illusion to thy state,
But justify the confidence of welfare
A struggling age reposes in thy hopes !

Wyatt. Heaven send this may be !

Anne. It shall, kind Wyatt :

We shall win to us each deserving friend,
Reach forth an earnest welcome to all comers,
Appease the murmurer, the sufferer heal,
Reign in his grace's, and our people's hearts,
And gather a blest homage round the isle.

(Enter Henry, with a letter in his hand.)

Welcome, my liege—how generous to come to us !

Henry. Ha ! ha ! what voice exulting, have we here—
Has it not reach'd ye, we've sore cause to mourn ?

Anne. My dear, dread lord !

Henry. Have ye not heard, madam,
Our noble Lady Catharine lives not ?

Anne. Even as your grace had enter'd 'twas announc'd.

Henry. Aye, dame, and ye were rioting thereat.

Anne. We gave Heaven thanks for our security.

Henry. Out on't! poor Kate had shewn you better feeling—
Here doth she write us a death-bed adieu—(*producing a letter.*)
And half her speech craves heed of her few friends,
Half breathes forgiveness of too many foes.

Anne. Weak are we, but unpitying never;
We mark'd how far the course of nature here
Befriended us, ere yet we notic'd
How others were pain'd by it—'twas ungentle;
Be it agreed, my liege, I have your pardon for it.

Henry. Now, by our Lady, this offends us, ha!
No more; but to your chamber orderly;
And if the grace to honour circumstances,
As your degree and their import demand,
Possess ye not, shut yourself up, nor let
The index of comparison expose
How much the virtues that are gone to heaven
Excel the worth preferr'd so rashly to them!
Madam, we've said, away—to your chamber, ha!

[*Exeunt Anne and Mrs. Lee.*]

Ladies and lords, be it known it is our will
The memory of the princess dowager
Be honour'd with all forms and state of grief.
We trust us to your loves for this sad duty—
Go to.

[*Exeunt.*]

Nor is the following scene less forcible and dramatic, in which the first indication of the king's desire to make or to find occasion of "letting her down the wind to prey at fortune," is manifested:—

Henry. Simple we found ye, dame; art resolute
To make us wish that we had left ye so?

Anne. Oh, most egregious simple; for I thought
That once made great by thee, my heart for ever
Would only feel the gentlest pulse of joy.

Henry. Less on this greatness would ye dwell, and more
On the pursuits that may undo it,
There were some hope ye might be happy.

Anne. Happy!
Was it some echo, or the word itself,
That mock'd my ear so strangely with that sound!
Happy and hope—they are twins; nay both but one;
For happiness is hope—a fairy flower
So sensitively fine, 'twill not be handled,
But prematurely dies of too great sweetness.
Like a fond gleaner, memory hoards the leaves,
Dreaming a warmer sun and softer breeze
May yet revive the beauties she has lov'd—
Dear are her cares but never to be bless'd!

Henry. 'Twas us'd to be an antient rule of conduct,
Told first by wise old men, or their good mothers,
That we should keep great minds in lowly bodies;
But now the prudence of the maxim's far
Outstepp'd: we bear most proudly mind and body—ha!
Is't not so?

Anne. Where has my exaltation fail'd ye?
Tender in duty, in devotion whole,

And only yielding or receiving pleasure
As the approval of my lord inclines,
What am I but the slave your highness makes me?

Henry. I'll tell ye, queen of ours, and though queen,
Like any other, still our subject and the laws;
Thou hast the nicest air of seeming to be all
We would have those be who deserve our love;
But giv'st us with that selfsame glossy seeming
The assurance that 'tis mask'd—dost heed us—ha!
Equivocation shining still pursues ye—
Even as to pleasure us ye mourn in yellow.

Anne. 'Tis an old usage—style by precedent.
The colour withering nature wears o'er field
And forest sear, was sure no unapt sign
To paint the death of man. But grant it faint—
Shall a difficulty in our humours quench
The honest love that join'd us first together—
When 'twas Midsummer morn, that streaks the East,
And straight unlocks the treasures of light
Within the hour excursive o'er the spheres
With all that dignifies or can enrich?
Full frank and free as that my lord was once—
What think ye, sir, has he not alter'd much?
Ye speak not. I put one honest question more.
Was it or merit or desire of me,
Or but your grace's fancy that preferr'd me?

Henry. An if it where, what then?

Anne. Oh, sir, not much.

But I have at times been vex'd with changing thoughts
Which hope now idle deem'd, now fear made sure,
Lest the foundation upon which I rose
Had no fix'd site or strength; and your grace
Hath here the manliness to own—your love,
So lightly won, as lightly shall be lost.

Henry. Now is this subtlety to trick an angel!
Shall he who plucks a fruit for sweet and proves
It sour, be damn'd for the deceit on him!
Tut, tut, you trouble us. Pray Heaven to make ye
Humble, and take this for consolation—
We have sworn no more to get our boys with you.

Anne. Forgive him, Heaven! that speech has half unsexed me.

[*Exeunt.*]

A soliloquy put into the mouth of Wyatt is very fine, and being poetical, in all respects appropriate. It will be, perhaps, the best evidence we can give of our author's poetical powers:—

Secret and shadowy comes certain death,
Arm'd in its fleshless hand with temper'd spear
Of monstrous length, and lightning tipp'd at point.
His aim is trembling, but a touch destroys!
Up starts the slaving fool appall'd,
His nostril fierce distended; in the damp
Of vacancy his lewd mouth hideous yawns;
There's one convulsive gasp shakes all his frame,
And he's stretch'd lifeless at the tyrant's feet!
The wise one lies a moment, as if fainting,

Th' expressive features shrunk, the jaws agape,
 The eye unmeaning, and the mouth misus'd,
 And every organ of high genius prostrate.
 A sigh as gentle as the air of perfume
 Awhile revives the sensitive machine,
 And, as he lifts his languid face to Heaven,
 He culls a moral for his weeping friends,
 And yields submissive to the general ordnance.
 So death makes poor distinctions, and the world,
 Therein resolving death is right, ere long
 Th' example follows, and forgets us all.

We have been led to indulge more in extracts from the production before us than is our custom; but upon the present occasion we think it right that our author should be permitted to vindicate his claims to the title of a dramatic writer of no mean promise; and we are too happy, in this unproductive period of dramatic labour, to forego the opportunity of making the most of a hopeful candidate.

One more extract, and we have done. It is the Queen's farewell to her attendants immediately before her execution.

Anne. And yet a moment's respite:
 I had well nigh been most ungrateful.
 My good, my gentle, and best hearted maids,
 Ye, of the host that bask'd in my emprise,
 Who have alone been constant to my woes;
 And tended me more kindly in reverses
 Than others ever did in golden state—
 Weep no more for us or our parting thus!
 But give me in prompt charity your pardon,
 That of the good I have had power to do
 So little hath been done. Here are we happy!
 Our new spouse, death to a long bridal beckons,
 And it were shame to tarry. So pass we o'er
 Your several merits and our thanks to each,
 And personal leave taking. Dearest and best,
 Ye of the many that I counted friends
 Have been the last to sever from me,
 And unto you I bid my last farewell.
 Adieu, I cannot kiss you singly, but Lee,
 Come hither you, and for yourself and all,
 Take this embrace and this penn'd book of prayer,
 In honourable memory of poor Queen Anne Boleyn.
 Bless thee, kind soul! so dry thine eyes so, so—
 Look up, and heed how I shall triumph.
 Now, then, Sir William, my pain must soon be o'er.

Mr. Smyth tells us, in his preface, that he has attempted to bring his play upon the stage, and that he has been unsuccessful. Nothing can be more likely—nothing might have been more certainly predicated of such an application to modern managers; and we think we may assure him, that unless he go before them furnished with a name—backed by a troop of horses—or strengthened by the fantastic toes of a *corps du ballet*, he will be as little likely to ensure attention for the time to come, as he has succeeded in awakening an interest for his play in the present instance.

THE RED TARTANE;

A TALE OF THE SPANISH COAST IN 1760.

CHAPTER III.

WE must now refer to a period of our tale, antecedent to the gale before described, when the Tartane of the Gitano was riding in security in one of the numerous inlets or channels, formed by the rocks on the coast of Andalusia, the entrances and outlets of which were known to few human beings indeed, and to none so perfectly as the Rover. His vessel was moored almost beneath a steep and rocky cliff, the bottom of which could only be gained by a narrow and circuitous path cut into the rock; the Gitano was pacing the deck alone, apparently absorbed in a reverie, that was only interrupted from time to time by a searching glance which he darted along the beetling cliffs.

The sun had disappeared but a few minutes beneath the horizon, when a single horseman was indistinctly visible through the increasing twilight; at the commencement of the path, he appeared to hesitate, and confer with some one concealed by a clump of aloes, then took a cigarito from his mouth, and threw it down the rock, so as to produce a slight momentary train of fire; a signal, in reply, made by the Gitano, caused him to advance, attended by about a dozen Spaniards, all mounted, who evinced the utmost caution in descending the dangerous path.

Some of these horsemen wore the common sombrero, others had gay coloured handkerchiefs, the ends of which floated gracefully over their shoulders; their countenances were weather-beaten, their features strongly marked, and bearing that reckless bold expression, which distinguishes the Andalusian dealer in contraband; each of their horses bore two large, but exceedingly light panniers, covered with tarred cloth, the rider being seated behind, almost upon the crupper.

When the little troop had descended to the beach, the leader stopped his horse at about a hundred yards distance from the Tartane, and thus addressed his companions:—

“By the shrine of my patron, my friends, the light of the rising moon shews only on the deck of the vessel the cap and white feather of the accursed Gitano.”

“Where then is the holy brother?” demanded several of the party.

“True,” continued the leader, “if the holy man is not here, not the value of a real of this merchandize shall enter my coffers. Heaven help me, but I think the Superior of San Juan is wrong to employ such a miscreant to disembark this contraband merchandize; and, though we have a priest to bless and efface the marks of Satan’s claws, I fear we shall, some time or other, be punished for trafficking with an excommunicated wretch.”

The Gitano, who understood not the cause of their delay, repeated his signal, and a bright red flame momentarily illumined his vessel.

One of the party now advanced sufficiently near to hail the Tartane, and shouted in a tone of contempt:

"Señor Gitano, the accursed! have you forgotten that good Christians will not approach thee, unless the reverend father by his presence re-assures the consciences of his lambs?"

The Gitano, without replying, blew a shrill sound from his little instrument, and the black head of a negro immediately appeared at the hatchway.

"The monk!" exclaimed the Rover, and the black vanished; but almost as suddenly reappeared, making a negative sign with his head.

"Well, hoist him up then," said the Gitano.

The negro promptly rigged a derrick, fixed to it a tackle, and descended to the lower-deck; three minutes afterwards the reverend father arose majestically from the middle of the hatchway, hovered a second or two in the air, and then descended slowly to the deck, close to the Gitano, who hastened to disentangle him from the girths and cords that had sustained him. When the priest stood once more upon his legs, he regarded the Gitano with the utmost disdain, and assuming an air of dignity, looked like a martyr eyeing his executioner.

The Rover was the first to speak,—“Excuse me, father, if I aided you to ascend, but these honest smugglers are impatient that you should exercise your holy ministry;” and he pointed to the group, who had been attentive observers of what passed on board.

“With how much Christian charity,” replied the monk, “must I not be endowed, to consent to pass entire days with an apostate—a renegade, like thee, and all to purify what thy heretic and satanic contact has soiled, in order that Christians may make use of this merchandize without fearing the wrath of heaven!”

“Between us, holy father, your benedictions and your exorcisms will neither render the silk finer, nor the steel more flexible.”

“Execrable reprobate!”

“Enough, monk,” continued the Gitano sternly; “begone to these people who wait for thee, for time presses, and night draws on.”

The monk was put on shore by the negroes, while the Gitano, mounted on his little horse, landed without other assistance, and proceeded to give various orders to the blacks for the disembarkation of the merchandize.

While the Rover was thus occupied, the monk approached and accosted the smugglers with “Peace be with you, my brethren!”

“Amen!” exclaimed the leader, kissing the robe of the holy man.

“You see, my sons,” said the latter, “what interest I take in your welfare, obliging to pass entire days with this son of Satan, that heaven may not be offended at your intercourse.”

“Holy father, receive our blessings,” returned the smugglers.

“My sons,” resumed the priest, “I shudder that this Tartane should be commanded by such a wretch; is it possible he is the only

man thoroughly acquainted with this coast? Alas! alas! why does not a Christian present himself?"

"Listen, father," said the sailor, who had suffered the sanguine evacuation of Master Florès, "is it not a good action to rid the world of an unbeliever?"

"Doubtless, my son, it will render you worthy of heaven."

"Thanks, reverend father," returned the seaman, advancing towards the Gitano, who had dismounted from his horse, and was standing on the beach leaning against the saddle, as usual lost in thought; a sudden start of the animal caused his master to turn half round, in time to behold the knife of the mariner raised with deadly purpose in the air behind him; the Rover appeared almost instinctively to spring forwards, so swift was the movement of self-preservation; then drawing one of his long pistols from his belt, in another instant the assassin was stretched lifeless on the sands.

The priest and his companions rushed towards their fallen comrade, but ere they had half reached the fatal spot, the whole party were startled by the fisherman, Pablo, shouting from the top of the cliff—"Fly—by the holy Virgin, fly; we are betrayed, and the leather jackets are close at hand."

The holy man, although dreadfully agitated, enjoined his followers at once to seize the murderer of their comrade; but mounted on his well-tried Iskear, and guessing their intentions, he had, immediately after shooting the sailor, dashed into the sea, and was already far advanced towards his vessel; and notwithstanding their imprecations and loud threats that they would use their carbines unless he stopped, he still held on, until two or three balls whizzed passed him, when sliding off his horse, he continued to swim, keeping the animal between himself and the shore, till Iskear having received a fatal bullet, he was compelled to proceed alone; and so vigorously could he swim, that, in another minute or two, he was once more in safety on the deck of his Tartane.

The blacks who were toiling in unloading the vessel, were ordered to desist and prepare her for sea, while the Rover calmly paced the deck, carefully watching the proceedings of his treacherous confederates.

In the meanwhile the bales and packages of various articles already landed were hastily placed upon the horses; and the smugglers had commenced their retreat, when the reports and flashes of several muskets from the summit of the rocky cliff, shewed them their only means of retiring was already cut off.

"Heaven help us!" exclaimed the monk, "none can save us but the Gitano, who knows the secret passage through these rocks, but it is now too late—fools that ye were to meddle with him!"

Indeed their situation was most desperate; surrounded partly by the sea, which was rising rapidly, and by perpendicular rocks impossible for any human being to climb, while the only path of egress was occupied by the douanniers, who were now plainly to be seen in considerable force, gradually descending by the narrow way.

The monk turned towards the Tartane, and raising his clasped

hands, exclaimed as he pointed to heaven, "In the name of our Saviour, thou must save us! In the name of God, I command thee!"

A wild and taunting laugh from the Rover mingled in reply with the noise of the advancing surge, which was every instant rendering smaller the space occupied by the little band.

The Spaniards tremblingly made the sign of the cross; but one, cocking his carbine, was again about to level at the Gitano, when the monk, catching his arm, exclaimed, "Hold! he alone can save us—he alone knows the secret passage."

Two more rattling volleys now came from the rock, wounding at each discharge a smuggler, and the word of command given by the officer could be distinctly heard.

The horror of the monk was at its height; he crawled to the margin of the water, and shouted, with an accent of the most profound terror, "Save me, save me! By the soul of thy father, save us, and we will give thee gold!"

"Gold enough to fill thy Tartane," yelled the smugglers; and they implored his assistance with clasped hands, while three of them were already stiffening in the last agony of death.

"Heaven is deaf; invoke Satan," shouted the Gitano.

"Away, away, blasphemer," replied the monk, and he raised himself, shuddering with renewed horror.

The tide had now risen so much, that the waves broke over their feet, and their clothes were saturated with the foam.

"Invoke Satan, and I save you," again shouted the Gitano; "behind those rocks is a secret issue, masked by a moveable stone, which will at once place you beyond the reach of the coast-guard."

At this moment, although the douanniers were not visible, the noise of the cocking of their muskets met the ears of the monk, who no longer hesitated to obey the Gitano, exclaiming "Well, then, Satan save us; for you are, you can be, but Satan."

"Satan save us! save us!" shouted the band, with an accent of indefinable terror; then breathless, with fixed and eager eyes, they expected the reply.

"Seek the fissure nearest the path; three feet to the left the rock will give way, by pushing inwards and to the right at the same time," returned the Gitano; but ere the unhappy Spaniards could rush to the spot, the coast-guard had reached the bottom of the path, and the officer, seeing the smugglers advance, immediately formed his men in platoon, exclaiming, "Fire, by San Jago, fire!"

"But, captain," said one of the men, "I see a priest."

"Horrible, impious disguise! fire upon the apostate."

The monk received the ball in his breast, and fell upon his knees, while the few smugglers, who had escaped the last volley, threw themselves in the sea, and attempted ineffectually to gain the Tartane.

"My sons," murmured the unhappy monk, "I am a brother of San Juan, sent hither by my superior; pity, in the name of Christ, pity!"

"How!" shouted the officer, "the infamous apostate still alive—fire, fire upon the miscreant."

Three carbines were discharged at once and with deadly effect; the blue robe of the priest was visible for an instant on the waters, then horses, men, and monk were hid beneath the foaming waves, which already broke over the entrance of the footpath. The Tartane meanwhile was slowly making way through the breakers, and *malgré* the evil wishes of the douanniers plentifully bestowed, and the violence of the wind and waves, she ultimately shot through the narrow passage known so well to her commander, and was once more in deep water and in safety.

We must now transport the reader on board the Tartane at a period immediately after the levant had comparatively ceased to blow, and when her commander, having satisfied himself of her safety, had quitted the deck for the luxurious accommodations provided below.

It would be scarcely possible to imagine any thing more dazzling than the little cabin of this vessel, in which the Rover and a single guest were seated at table. A lamp in an enormous globe of crystal, and suspended from the ceiling, shed a pure and brilliant light that played upon rich Turkish silk of a blue ground, on which were embroidered splendid crimson birds with gilded wings, holding in their silver claws long serpents, whose scales were green and bright as emeralds; a divan covered with rich brown velvet, was tastefully arranged around the cabin; the centre was occupied by a table served with admirable elegance and refinement, but instead of being supported by feet, four light chains of bronze attached it to the ceiling to secure it from the rolling and pitching of the vessel. Tintella of Rota, Xérès, and Pacœrete sparkled in costly flasks of crystal, the thousand cuttings of which reflected back the light in tints bright and varying as those of the rainbow.

The purple grapes of San Lucas, the black figs of Medina, the pomegranates of Seville, split by the heat of the sun, and the long oranges of Altrava, were piled in elegant pyramids, in baskets of filagree gold and silver, such as are seen at Smyrna; whilst the table-cover of snowy whiteness was, after the oriental fashion, crossed every way by threads of mingled silk and gold. Plain bottles of brown glass, with long straight necks, and corks sealed and fixed with wire—bottles, in short, that reminded one of France and *La Champagne*, contrasted singularly with the Asiatic luxury that reigned in this apartment. And it was indeed champagne, for two tall slender glasses had just been filled with the glorious liquid, which rose sparkling and foaming over their edges.

"Attention, commandant, the tide rises," said the second personage, a mere stripling, on whose chin the down of manhood scarce shewed. "Commandant, the tide ebbs, and if you do not take care, it will be quite run out;" and at one draught he quaffed a glass of what he called the tide; then continued—"Ah! how I love this French wine! As for our dark yellow Xérès and Malaga, they appear to me as dull as a spiritual song sung by a duenna, whilst this rosy, laughing champagne entrances me with delight; by my soul it is as if I heard my Juana trilling some light and lively air on her guitar,"

cried he, joyously replacing his glass on the table with so much force that it broke.

"France, Fasillo," said the Rover, "by my word it is a noble country."

"The land of hospitality," continued Fasillo, drinking a second bumper of champaign.

The Gitano looked at him, and leaning back on the cushions of the divan, burst into a hearty laugh.

"And of liberty," resumed Fasillo.

Here the Gitano's shouts of laughter were so violent as to echo above the noise of the tempest that raged without, to the great confusion of poor Fasillo, who regarded him with a displeased and astonished look. The Gitano perceived it.

"Pardon me, Fasillo—pardon me, my friend, but thy *naïve* admiration of France, that smiling country as they call it, brought to my recollection many a strange thought."—After a moment's silence the Gitano passed his hand rapidly across his brow as if to chase away some painful remembrance, then smiling said,

"Now that our misfortune will no longer permit us to continue our contraband trading, whither shall we go, Fasillo?"

"To Italy, commandant! for there, as here, the sun is hot, the sky blue, the trees green, and the women brunettes, singing to the guitar, and kneeling before the Madonna! Besides, more than one creek along the coast of Sicily will afford good and safe anchorage to the Tartane; let us then turn her head towards Italy."

"To Italy? No! for there murderers are punished with death; do you understand, Fasillo?"

"Great God, you a murderer?" cried the horror-stricken youth.

"Listen Fasillo: I was fourteen years of age, when one day my sister Sed'lha and myself were supporting my father, who walked with difficulty, when he was killed upon the spot by a musket-ball—it was the deed of a Christian, who detested our faith. I had no weapon but my stiletto, but I pursued and overtook the assassin; he was strong and vigorous, but my father's blood had stained my hands, and I stabbed him with delight. It was thus I left Italy with my poor little Sed'lha; what would'st thou have done, Fasillo?"

"I should have avenged my father," said the youth, after a moment of expressive silence; "but surely, commandant, the law would have pronounced you justified in revenging your father's murder?"

"The Christians justify an infidel? an accursed Ghebie?"

"Then," said the young man sighing, "let us cross the sea, and visit Egypt. It is said Mahommed and Ismael Beys, receive strangers favourably; shall we go to Alexandria?"

"Alexandria is a fine city, it was there I disembarked after flying from Italy. A benevolent emir received myself and sister, and sent me to college, for there were as many colleges in Alexandria as in all Spain, Fasillo. There I learnt the French and Spanish languages, algebra and naval tactics; in short, they made a sailor of me."

"And by my faith, they made a brave one," said Fasillo.

"At the expiration of six years I commanded a galliot, which fell in with a fire-ship of Canaris; compelled to put back into port to

refit, and repair the ravages made by the fire, I was welcomed with joy at Alexandria. In truth it is a pleasant city on a fine evening, when the sun is setting behind the sandy deserts, and gilding with his rays the harem of Mohammed, the fortifications of the old port, the palace of Pharoah, and the pillar of Pompey; whilst the sea-breeze cools the heated atmosphere, and the negroes having spread their tents on terraces, repose on soft cushions and inhale the rose-scented tobacco of the Levant. Then a beautiful girl from Candia or Samos kneels, and blushing offers you a richly-chased cup of iced sherbet—you make a sign, she approaches, and with one arm round her lovely bending neck, you gaze carelessly on that sweet face, resembling a beautiful apparition amidst the clouds of blue and odoriferous smoke that curls from the amber-tipped hookah."

Fasillo's eyes certainly sparkled more brightly than the cuttings of the crystal flasks. Half rising, he cried eagerly, "Let us go to Alexandria, commandant?"

"To Alexandria! what dost thou desire, my poor boy? what, if they seated thee on the sharp arrow of a minaret, whose pewter dome almost reaches the clouds, and if they left thee in that horrible situation until the crows pecked out thy large black eyes?"

This question extinguished the ardour of Fasillo, who, however, quickly filled his glass, and smiling said, "Let us put about, commandant."

"Yes, Fasillo, for such is the fate that awaits me if ever the bowsprit of my Tartane should be directed towards that enchanting land!"

"Alas! commandant, why so?"

"Because I plunged my knife five times into the throat of the good emir who sheltered my Sed'lha, and instructed me like a rabbi."

"God of Heaven! another murder! you the murderer of your benefactor!"

"He took advantage of his hospitality to seduce my sister, and he could not marry her. What should'st thou have done in my place, Fasillo?"

The young man covered his face with his hand, then whispered, "and your sister?"

"There remained a last proof of affection for me to give her, and I gave it," replied the Gitano, his voice broken by emotion.—"I killed her, Fasillo."

"Killed your sister, too!—accursed be the fraticide!"

"Boy, dost thou know in Egypt the fate that awaits a young girl who falls, should her seducer be already married?—dost thou know it? They strip her of her clothes, and lead her naked through the streets, mulitating her in the most horrible manner; after which, she is dressed in sackcloth, and exposed at the door of a mosque, where every one, even a Christian, may load her with blows and reproaches. What more wouldst thou have done for thy sister?"

"Hitherto, murder—nothing but murder—still, in spite of myself, I admire!" said Fasillo, dejectedly.

"Let us drink, boy!—look at the sparkling, silvery foam! Let us drink, Fasillo, and chase away the gloomy remembrances of times

gone by," exclaimed the Rover, forcing himself to smile.—"Here's to thy mistress—to thy Juana, and her black eyes!"

Fasillo repeated, almost mechanically, "To Juana, and her black eyes!"

"Where then shall we cast anchor, *mio caro*?"

"By the love of Juana!" exclaimed Fasillo, arousing himself, "I am for France, if the French resemble their wine;" and he held up his foaming glass to the light.

"Right, Fasillo, right; like their wine, they sparkle, effervesce, and evaporate."

"But, commandant, I hope there are no minarets, with pointed arrows, on which to seat you; no mosques, where poor girls are tortured; nor Christians, who shoot old men as they would deer, because they are faithful to the religion of their fathers!—But you have been there?"

"Yes, Fasillo."

"And your sojourn was long in that beautiful country?"

"When I quitted Egypt, I went to Madrid; and during the reign of Fernando the Sixth, I became known to that excellent man, Don Josef de Carvajal, then minister for foreign affairs; through his friendship, my naval talents were appreciated, and I rose to the command of a frigate; but, having unfortunately incurred the hatred and resentment of Farinelli, a singer, and creature who almost governed the weak king, on the death of my upright and virtuous patron I ran the utmost danger of falling into the hands of the atrocious inquisition;—my eastern origin was discovered. I was denounced, and only avoided the horrors of burning by a timely escape to the French frontiers, where I first proceeded to Bayonne, and ultimately to Paris."

"To Paris, commandant!—you have been at Paris?"

"Yes, Fasillo; and I led there a new and singular life. I renewed my acquaintance with a merchant-captain, whom I had seen at Grand Cairo, at the moment he was about to be beheaded for having raised the veil of a wife of Ismael Bey. Through my exertions he was saved, and I received him on board my little vessel. Meeting me in France, he wished to give me some proofs of his gratitude, and introduced me to a select number of his friends as an Egyptian proscribed by the inquisition; this occasioned such warm and lively expressions of interest that I was quite overcome. In a short time, the circle was enlarged, and each one would hear the history of my unfortunate existence. I complied, for it is ever agreeable to speak of your misfortunes to those who pity you; and the unfortunate have even a miserable self-love which prompts them to say, "See, see, how my wounds bleed!" But I was cruelly punished for this pride in my sufferings. One day, I remarked they made me repeat my misfortunes so often as to fatigue me. I became mistrustful; and closely observed these generous beings. I listened to the reflections caused by my suspicions, until at length I appreciated the sort of interest felt for a man overwhelmed by grief. At first I was stupified—it has never since produced but a smile of contempt. Think, Fasillo, new emotions were necessary at any price, as they said; and to find such,

I believe they would have sought the bed of suffering of a dying man, to analyse his convulsive movements ; but, instead of my death, they amused themselves with the recital of my misfortunes—they were gratified by making each painful chord of my heart vibrate, to ascertain the effect produced. Yes ! when with eyes flashing fire, with my bosom swelling with indignation, I told them the agony of my poor sister—of my horrible imprecations on beholding her lifeless—dead—dead for ever, they said, clapping their hands, “ what expression ! what action ! how admirably he could play Othello ! ” Again, when I described to them my dreadful retribution on the dishonourer of my sister, with all the fierce enthusiasm of my race and clime, and almost delirious, I imagined I again grasped the villain and stabbed him to the heart—they said, “ He is an extraordinary man ! he would play Brutus excellently well. ” Then, when they had witnessed the mental torture they imposed on me by recalling my *souvenirs* of past events, they would retire with indifference to dress for a ball—return to their business—or to various pleasures ; for all was said—the piece was played. Then I seemed to awake as from a dream on finding myself with my friend only, who was as proud of me as of a tamed tiger for exhibition ! ”

“ The wretches ! ” exclaimed Fasillo.

“ No, Fasillo ; these honest people sought amusement—time hangs heavily—the day is so long—and, besides, of what should I complain ? They did not hiss me ; on the contrary, they applauded—what would'st thou ? My life has been my character ; for in *that*, as elsewhere, all is character—friendship, courage, virtue, glory, devotedness ! ”

“ Oh commandant, ” sighed Fasillo, bitterly.

“ All, boy, all ! even the pity of woman for misfortune. Listen : I loved passionately a beautiful woman, young, rich, and brilliant. One evening I slipped into her boudoir, and crouching behind a splendid glass I awaited her arrival. Suddenly the door opened, and she entered with a friend as lovely as herself. They spoke in confidence, and as her friend envied her success, Eulalie replied thus—‘ Do you suppose I love him ? No, countess, no ; but he astonishes me, he melts my heart, he frightens me—in fact, he amuses me. How insipid are the lamentations of a hero of romance compared with his despair ! for, dearest, when I make the poor fellow recount the events of his past life, he *really* weeps, and—would you believe it ?—I am quite moved,’ added she, laughing aloud.

“ Dost thou see she favoured me to witness alternately my remorse, my fury, my despair, my love ? I pity her, Fasillo—but drink, my poor boy—so much for the hospitality of France of which thou speakest. Now for ‘ *La Liberté*. ’ One morning my friend, the captain, came to inform me my presence in Paris would no longer be permitted, as the Spanish government had denounced me as a comunero, freemason, and plotter against the state ; that I was at Paris for the purpose of carrying on intrigues in Spain ; and that, finally, unless I quitted the capital within three days, I stood a good chance of being arrested and conducted to the frontiers—there thou knowest what awaited me. Perceiving my embarrassment, my friend, who

was about to proceed to Nantes, to take the command of a slaver, proposed that I should accompany him. I agreed, and ten days after we were in sight of the Straits of Gibraltar. We put into Tangiers for a few days, and I fortunately encountered Zamerik the Jew, the bounden friend of my race ; and here the wealthiest of that scattered people. It was then, *caro mio*, by virtue of what this belt contains that the Jew ceded to me the *twins* I love so much—and thou, Fasillo, into the bargain—thou, a poor volunteer of the Spanish navy, taken in a yacht in which nearly all besides were massacred—thou attached thyself to my fate. Poor child ! thou could'st love the accursed ! Speak, Fasillo, dost thou love me ?”

The Gitano pronounced these last words with much emotion ; the only tear he had shed for years trembled a moment on his eyelids as he extended his hand to Fasillo, who seized it with the utmost enthusiasm, exclaiming “As my life—to the death, commandant.”

The Gitano unclasped the ornamental belt from his waist, and pressing a small polished silver stud, a portion of the leather flew open, showing a little recess, from which the Rover took a slip of parchment, covered apparently with Arabic characters and various fantastic marks. Unsheathing his dagger he cut it into two equal parts, and returning one to its former niche, held out the other to Fasillo, saying, “Take it, boy ; it is perhaps the best gift I can confer on thee, for whether thou art rich or poor, powerful or desolate, wherever a member of my race exists, with that scrap of parchment shalt thou command his services, his fortune—nay, even his life—’tis thine, Fasillo.”

“Oh, commandant !” sighed the young man—his heart too full to find words with which to express his gratitude to his generous patron.

“Let us drink,” continued the Rover, assuming an air of vivacity ; “let us drink, for I have fatigued thee with a long and tedious confession, *amico caro mio* ; recollect only never again speak of this—never, never speak of my past life ! *Allons*, to Juana.”

“To the *mouja*, commandant.”

“Alas ! I fear my project of escalade is useless ; the walls are too elevated, Fasillo.”

“By the heavens above us, commandant, if the walls of the convent of Santa Magdalena are elevated, an arrow attached to a silk cord, and launched from an arbute, may reach still higher, and descend even in the garden of the old cloister.”

Well, *mio caro* ?”

“Well, commandant, your *mouja* will receive the silk line, of which you retain the end, and informs you of it by a slight movement ; you then attach a rope ladder to the line, and the *mouja* makes it fast inside the wall, as you have already done on the outside, and, by the Virgin ! you may on a fine night enter the holy place, and return again as easily as I empty this glass.”

“By my kangiar, young man, thou understandest marvellously well the strong and weak points of the affair ; it has all been considered, Fasillo, long since, and indeed I am—”

At this moment the old chief of the negroes, the only man of the

crew not dumb, descended rapidly from above, interrupted the Gitano by rushing into the cabin, and making a hasty salaam, stood upright again before him.

"How now, Bentek!" exclaimed the Rover, "what would'st thou?—why jump in upon us like a shark pricked with the harpoon?"

But Bentek, living almost entirely with mutes, had acquired a dislike to talking, and had almost forgotten how to speak, so that the only answer his master obtained was the monosyllable "Paong—paong!" accompanied by rapid and eager gestures.

"Ah! I understand, commandant," exclaimed Fasillo, "the old cormorant means the sound of cannon."

Fasillo was not deceived, for scarcely had the words escaped his lips, than a distant cannon-shot was distinctly heard, a second and third followed, and immediately afterwards the sounds of a sharp and incessant cannonade was heard above the rushing of the still angry waters.

ADDRESS TO DEATH.

On Death! grim Death! why com'st thou now,
With thine hollow eyes, and thy skinless brow?
Why is thy form so gaunt and so gray,
Like a skeleton stripp'd of its dress of clay,
Thus sternly still in the solemn night,
Now plac'd before my waking sight?

Vision of hope! Vision of fear!

Death, grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away! for the sick man's breath
Is spent in imploring thy presence, Death!
He'll welcome thee as the dearest friend
That heaven in his utmost need can send.
Away—then away! nor waste time here,
Thy presence, oh Death! is pray'd for elsewhere.

Vision of hope! Vision of fear!

Death, grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away to the princely tower,
And thousands will bless thy potent power;
For the tyrant's curse is upon the land—
Seize him, grim Death, in thy bony hand.
Away—then away—and a nation's breath
Will echo thy work in shouts, grim Death!

Vision of hope! Vision of fear!

Death, grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away to the battle-plain,
 Where hundreds are wounded, and none are slain!
 Why—why dost thou haunt my humble bed,
 When so regal a banquet is for thee spread?
 Away—then away—and the rattling breath
 Will hail thine approach, thou grisly Death!
 Vision of hope! Vision of fear!
 Death, grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away! there's an infant's breath
 Just struggling to be free, grim Death!
 'Tis the first-born flower—the primrose child,
 And hark thee!—the mother with grief is wild.
 Away—then away—for there's music, O Death!
 In the mother's groans—in the young child's breath!
 Vision of hope—vision of fear!
 Death—grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away!—there's a scream of pain,
 The maniac is gnawing his iron chain!
 Hie! hie! grim Death! he will laugh in thy face,
 Haste to him, Death, with thy quickest pace.
 Away—then away—why laggest thou here,
 When the madman's cell has such noble cheer?
 Vision of hope—vision of fear!
 Death—grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away!—there are palaces built
 For the children of sickness—the sons of guilt!
 There thou wilt find thy most sumptuous fare
 The ulcer'd breath, and the murderer's stare.
 Away—then away—grim Death, haste away,
 There are thousands that curse thy tardy delay!
 Vision of hope—vision of fear!
 Death—grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away—ha! I see it now
 In thine hollow eyes, on thy skinless brow!
 I hear it, Death, in thy stealthy tread—
 My hour is come—I must join the dead!
 Haste thee, O Death! break the mortal chain
 That fetters me fast, both heart and brain;
 Loose the 'silver cord' which has held my life
 Fast bound to this world of woe and strife.
 Ha! ha! grim Death! I feel thee now,
 Thy bony hand is upon my brow.
 Vision of hope—vision of fear,
 I know, grim Death, why thou comest here.

PANDEMONIUM ; OR THE TACTICS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

“ ————— facilis descensus averni.”

THERE is no feature in the history of the present age which we venture to predict will more powerfully arrest the philosophic gaze of posterity, than the rapid rise, and the extraordinary influence on human affairs, acquired by our Stock Exchange.* We challenge the annals of the world to produce a phenomenon equal to this political *novum organum*. Woe to the northern despot, whose ambitious designs receive not its approbatory fiat ! A mere decision of a committee of this financial inquisition will produce more effect in regard to a loan or any other monetary transaction, than the decrees of all the sovereigns in Europe put together. Truly we may now exclaim with Burke, that the days of chivalry are past, when monarchs make the telegraphs of their dominions subservient to the base purposes of stock-jobbing, and when the fate of nations are no longer decided by the astute combinations of the diplomatist, or the daring stratagy of the soldier, but by the sordid calculations of the Jewish financier.

Oh ! for the magic wand of an Asmodeus, to draw aside the curtain that veils from public observation this corporation of hell, this sink of national honour and of public† happiness—oh ! for Juvenal's pen of fire to paint the moral turpitude of the wretches who gloat upon the fruits of this system of delusion and fraud. Yet vain would be the effort, powerless the voice of admonition, when opposed to the glittering temptations of that fatal demon which pollutes every grade of society—which is found on the steps of the throne, in the chancellerie of the minister of state, the tribunal of the magistrate, the academic chair of the professor, the barrack-room of the soldier, the printing-office of the journalist, the counting-house of the merchant, the glittering saloon of the duchess, and the luxuriant boudoir of the

* The influence exercised within the space of the last twenty years by this community, through their colossal monetary transactions, is indeed extraordinary, while its operations are guided by no other principle than that of gain : thus it revolutionized South America, overthrew the Constitutional systems in Italy and Spain in 1823, re-established it in Portugal in 1834, and may be said to hold at this moment in their hands the destinies of Spain.

† “ Le mal,” says the *Constitutionnelle* of the 26th of July, in alluding to the stock-jobbing phrenzy at present prevailing in Paris ; “ est plus sérieux qu'on ne pense. En presence de ces fortunes scandaleuses et de ces ruines soudainés qui sont un egale sujet d'epouvante pour la société, mal n'est content de sa position. Les commis sont quittes pour se bruler la cervelle quand ils ont joué aux dépens de leurs maîtres et trop souvent à leur exemple. Les travailleurs renoncent aux travaux pour chercher leur fortune dans le jeu. Les femmes abandonnent les soins du ménage pour courir après les courtiers marrons. Nous savons des propriétaires qui ont vendu leurs propriétés pour en jouer le montant ; et nous voyons après plus d'un siècle et de deux banqueroutes recommencer les folies du system de law. Le Café Tortoni n'a plus rien à envier à la rue Quincampoix.”

courtezan ;—nay, more, in the vestry-room of the church—for Protæan like, it assumes every form, and revels with fiendish delight in the wide-spreading misery of its deluded victims.

To what genus of the human species the stock-jobber belongs, I must leave the naturalist to decide, contenting myself with observing, that in the whole range of creation, a more singular animal is not to be found. Of him it may be truly said, as of the financier of old, that—

“ ————— sang sagesse il est sage
Il a, sans rien savoir, la science en partage”—

for without the slightest pretensions either to literature or science, with scarcely the rudiments of an ordinary education, he is in geography, a Malte Brun—in politics, a Tallyrand—in statistics, a Schnitzler—in geology, a Humboldt—in war, Jomini. Again—

“ Il est aimé des grandes, il est chéri des belles,—”

for so intimately acquainted is he with the secrets of every cabinet in Europe, that he can repeat every word of Nesselrode's last despatch to the Muscovite ambassador at Constantinople, and describe to you every member of the wily Metternich's female brigade, and even what passed at the last interview between one of these diplomatic Circés and our foreign minister ; nay, more than this, he knew what nobody else did, the secret of our late premier's resignation or expulsion, and the exact nature of the financial measure the Spanish minister, Torreno, was about to submit to the Cortes ; while with a map before him, he will criticise Rodil's movements in Navarre with all the professional acumen of a Bulow or an Archduke Charles. But this is not all ; he is gifted with the supernatural power attributed by the Brazilians to some mathematical instrument in the possession of the English mining companies, which had the singular property of discovering the auriferous lode hidden in the bowels of the earth ; for at many thousand miles from the spot, he knows the geognostic character of every mine in Mexico, and with mathematical precision will predict the exact moment they will come into *bonanza*.

Such is the versatile capacity of our English stock-jobber, on whose unblushing forehead the *impudens mendax* of the poet is written in broad characters, who is vulgar in mind, sensual and dissolute in habits, slangish in language—a singular compound of the citizen and the horse-jockey—an epitome, in the prostituted *modern* acceptation of the word, of the *gentleman* and the blackguard, the bully and the black-leg—a being lost to all sense of honour, to all human sympathy ; whose sole principle of action may be illustrated by those two well-known lines of the poet—

—————“ rem facias, rem
Si possis, recte ; si non—quocunque modo rem !”—

The funding system is a political system of such immense power, and has been used in this country for so long a period, and to such an extent and with such prodigious success, that to deprecate its existence would be considered as the act of a madman. Still difficult as it is at all times to predict what may be the ulterior operation of

any peculiar system upon this complicated machinery of society, this is one which it requires no great effort of sagacity to discover, that, from the excess into which it has degenerated, it must exercise the most baneful influence upon public morals and happiness. Were the operations of the Stock Exchange solely confined to *bonâ fide* transactions, the evil would be comparatively a minor one; but it is the fatal practice of *time-bargaining* that has grown out of this system, which so imperatively calls for the interference of the legislature. Of all species of gaming, this is at once the worst and the most dangerous.

Several great mathematicians, such as Pascal, Fermat, Bernoulli d'Alembert, Euler, and others, devoted much time and attention to the analysis of games of chance; and the result of their scientific labours ought to deter the most determined gambler from entangling himself in that labyrinth of chances which sooner or later must overwhelm him.

Thus at rouge-et-noir d'Alembert has triumphantly proved that it is impossible for human ingenuity to combine any system for winning with certainty, or even by which the chances of the bank can be in the slightest degree diminished. But time-bargains set all mathematical analysis at defiance. The player knows not even the extent of his risk, the very basis of all calculation. And yet strange as it may appear, it is with the furor of this fatal species of play that almost every branch of society is at the present day inoculated. Compared to the time-bargain operations of the Stock Exchange, the money lost and won in all the hells of Europe put together is but mere child's play.* In the course of a few hours, millions sometimes change hands, and thousands are reduced from affluence to beggary.

When we are assured that a certain event can only happen but in a certain determinate number of ways, and that we know that the advent of each of these is of equal possibility, we may with safety assume that the probability of the event happening in one particular way is equal to so many parts of the certainty. For instance, we know perfectly well in throwing a die, that we shall surely throw either 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6; the chances are the same for all these numbers; there are then six equal chances, which together constitute the certainty; each of these

* Since July last, by the fluctuations in Spanish stock alone, upwards of twenty millions sterling have changed hands, and the war of misery and crime it produced is truly appalling. To such a height was stock-jobbing carried in Paris, that Le Café Tortoni received the name of *La Petite Bourse*. Such was the crowd before its door at one time, that there was no passing, and bargains continued to be made till past midnight. On the expulsion of the ladies from the payment of the Bourse—a measure rendered imperative by their clamours—an old countess, who had imbibed the fatal mania of stock-jobbing, took lodgings immediately opposite the Exchange—taking a position herself *au premier*—her governor was posted at the bottom of the staircase, her cook half way across the street, and her *femme de chambre* on the steps of the Exchange—by means of this *échelon* of posts the fluctuations of the market were instantaneously conveyed to her. A committee of the Parisian Stock Exchange have by a late regulation greatly narrowed the field for time-bargains, while in Germany anti-stock-jobbing associations are forming.

numbers is, therefore, one-sixth of the certainty. It is upon this simple principle that all games of chance are founded, and in fact every chance is *susceptible* of calculation.

But do time-bargains come under this category ?

Is it possible we would ask, 1st, to reduce to calculation the influence of the press upon the public funds. 2ndly. Is the complicated machinery of the market itself to be grasped by mathematical analysis. 3dly. Can you measure the rascality of your broker, or calculate the operations of great capitalists like Rothschild and others, who by means of their immense capitals raise or depress the funds at their *bon plaisir* ; and lastly, can the advent of political events be calculated with such nicety as to form the basis of an operation extending from one settling day to another, an interval of only fifteen days.

But supposing, for the sake of argument, that this last point were possible—that the truths of the moral and political sciences, as some mathematicians have advanced, were susceptible of the same degree of certainty as those which form the system of physical sciences, and even the branches of those which approach mathematical certainty,—even then, without the possibility of reducing to calculation the elements we have enumerated, the results would be equally disastrous ; for there is in this species of gambling one peculiar feature—which is simply this, that the player never knows the extent of his risk. Thus at roulette, or any other game of chance, we are acquainted with, he only risks the sum actually staked ; but in making a time-bargain, let but a panic seize the market, and he may be ruined before he has the possibility of closing his account.

Nor are these panics of unfrequent occurrence ; for if there be one thing in the whole range of creation more sensitive than another, it is the heroes of the Stock Exchange. A mere rumour, the absurdity or falsehood of which imbecility itself would detect, will produce in this singular region a panic that will shake the financial world to its foundation. And yet such is the infatuation, such the prejudice of mankind, that many a man who would deem his credit blasted, his moral reputation tainted, by being seen within the walls of a hell, day after day risks his fortune and his happiness in this fatal vortex, deluding himself with the idea that while the *habitué* of the hell is pointed at by the finger of public scorn as a gambler and a black-leg, the frequenter of the stock exchange, the worst gambler of the two, is, by the besotted prejudice of the age, *decoré* with the respectable title of a *man of business*.

“ *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.* ”

Often, as I have lingered on the Exchange, it has struck me, that were the power of speech imparted to the regal statues that tower above its crowded quadrangle, what schemes of deep-laid villany, what tales of human folly and misery, might be unfolded ! How plainly, in the care-worn countenances and shabby appearance of many of its denizens, can you read the history of their lives ! It was an observation of Napoleon, that “ two planks covered with a carpet make a throne.” With equal justice may it be said now-a-days, that

a high stool and a desk, in some dark alley in the purlieus of the Stock Exchange, make a merchant. For no other right to that appellation have the crowds of these *soi-disant* traders who are seen on the Exchange from the hours of ten till three, and who derive a precarious subsistence from stock-jobbing—many of them by this fatal pursuit have been reduced from affluence to indigence. These men may be called the Cossacks of the Stock Exchange, and let the young tactician beware of them, or before he can look round they will be upon his flanks and line of communication, for there is no species of trickery and roguery with which these fellows are not familiar. As an instance of this, a few months ago a gentleman, a large holder of shares in the South American Mining Companies, was prevailed upon to sign what in the jargon of the Stock Exchange is called a *round robin*, or in other words, an engagement to support the market *coute qui coute*. No sooner had he done this, than two of the vagabonds, parties to the transaction, privately sold to a large amount, with a view of depressing the market, and thus made him instrumental to his own ruin.

In pursuing this fatal system of play, too much discrimination and judgment cannot be exercised in the selection of a broker. There are in this class, doubtless, many men of the highest integrity, and who are sometimes let in for large sums; though from the opportunities they have of *hedging*, it is seldom to the extent they would lead you to imagine; but, on the other hand, there are among them some villains of the deepest dye. The battery of invective, too, they open on the unfortunate defaulter on these occasions is truly terrific. Compared to their abuse, the language of Billingsgate is "the sweet south, or a soft Ionian measure." Some time ago, a young friend of ours became a defaulter to a considerable amount; his brokers having failed, by all the cajoling they were masters of, to extort from him a bill, which would have been a legal acknowledgment of their fictitious claim, tried what threats would do, and, by way of climax, threatened him with a visit from the notorious Colonel Ch—ty, "Tell your friend, the Colonel," replied the young gentleman, coolly, "that if I find him within rifle-distance of my father's park, I will effectually put an end to his bullying career; and let me tell you, that one who, like me, has for months past been in the daily habit of picking off the Miguelites across the Douro, is not likely to miss his mark."

Of the numerous schemes concocted in the City for picking the pockets of the public, none have been attended with more success than mining companies. It is true that the disastrous results of the South American speculations for some time discredited these operations; but of late a revulsion has been produced in the public mind, and under the specious pretext of developing the mineral riches of our own island, Cornwall has been selected as the theatre of operations.—Thus, in the course of a few months, companies have been brought out, bearing the high-sounding title of "British Copper Mining Company"—"Albion Mining Company," and so forth. Considering the characters of the individuals by whom similar schemes have been concocted, one might logically question the existence of

these mines. But not to dilate upon this subject, we shall endeavour, by the following rough sketch, to convey to the minds of our readers some faint idea of the nefarious manner in which they are conducted:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DIRECTORS.

Duncan Camelo (Chairman),—a canny Scotchman, exercising the trade of wine and spirit merchant.

Christopher O'Faquin,—a low Irish Stock-jobber.

Dr. O'Faquin,—a curious compound of the quack and the knave.

Captain Ashtree and *Dr. Camelo*,—two respectable gentlemen, who apparently have forgotten the old adage of "*Noscitur a sociis*."

SCENE.—*A large Room in a narrow Street of the City ; Directors are discovered sitting at a long table covered with papers.*

Capt. Ashtree (rising). Mr. Chair, the preliminary business of this board having now been disposed of, I rise to offer a few observations of the highest importance to the interests of the company over which we preside. Gentlemen, surrounded as I am by men of such distinguished talent and ability (*hear, hear!*), by men of such high honour and rigid integrity (*immense cheering*), I hail the present moment as the proudest of my life. Gentlemen, we have a public duty to perform.—The object of this association, and I say it with the proud feelings of a patriot, are to develop the mineral riches of our own soil, which, to every well-wisher of his country, will be a source of bitter regret should so long have been allowed to lie dormant, while millions of British treasure have been buried in the exhausted mines of South America. Gentlemen, unlike the concoctors of those nefarious schemes, we seek not by golden visions to delude a too confiding public. Our motto, gentlemen, is honour and honesty, our determination, to faithfully discharge the trust reposed in us (*hear, hear!*) Gentlemen, you must all be aware that the affairs of this company are in a critical state (*groans*). We are deeply involved, without having the adequate funds to meet our engagements; the shares of the company, too, from the very general opinion entertained out of doors, that it was organized by a set of stock-jobbing swindlers, for the sole purpose of getting up a rig (*marks of indignation*), are at a discount in the market, and the result is that we have at this moment 500 shares still on hand. Now, gentlemen, as we have a public duty to perform, I move that these 500 shares be immediately taken up by the members of this direction, to enable the company to meet its engagements (*violent marks of disapprobation on the part of the O'Faquins*).

Dr. O'Faquin. By the powers! gentlemen, and is the honourable member, who has just sat down, after imagining that any reasonable man will be cajoled by his balderdash? Sure! and if we have a public duty to perform, does it not consist in taking care of our own pockets? Talk of honour and honesty, indeed! make money any how is my motto. Blood-and-ouns! when by the blessing of God I became a director of this company, it was with the expectation of filling my pockets at the expense of the public; and does he think

me spalpeen enough to be after touching the dirty shares now they are at a discount? I oppose the measure any how.

Duncan Camelo (aside). This smooth-tongued Ashtree will ruin us all. (*Aloud*) Although on a superficial view it will appear that the motion of the honourable mover be founded on justice, and emanates from that high sense of honour that so eminently distinguishes him, nevertheless, on a more matured consideration of the matter, I feel confident that as a *man of business* he will see that there really exists no immediate necessity for the measure, particularly as, by a little dexterous management, the unappropriated shares, which I allow we ought to take up, may be saddled upon the public. The honourable mover is but new in office. With a little more experience he will entertain, I hope, juster notions of the nature of a public duty.

Christopher O'Faquin. Question, question!

[Captain Ashtree's motion is put to the vote, and lost by an overwhelming majority.]

Enter Mr. Doubleddealer, a broker.

Mr. Doubleddealer. Gentlemen, the Stock Exchange is in a blaze. Such has been the effect of the dispatch from the mine which I yesterday concocted by your orders, that the shares of the company are actually at 3 per cent. premium, and looking up!

Omnes. Hurrah, hurrah, hillabaloo!

Chairman. Mr. Doubleddealer, open immediately a Bull account for 1,000 shares on the directors' account; and, do you hear, spread a report of our having struck upon a lode 100 fathoms in extent, and worth 100*l.* per fathom.

Broker. I fly to obey. (*Exit.*)

Chairman. Yes, gentlemen, after we have *rigged up* the shares to 10 per cent. premium, I shall instruct Doubleddealer to close our account, and to *Bear* us 1,000 shares; by which means, and the false reports we must industriously circulate, we shall, I have no doubt, be able to *bang* the market down to par. and net a clear 20 per cent. by the transaction.

The O'Faquins. Bravo! Mr. Chair! Bravo! Mr. Chair!

Dr. Camelo. Have I heard rightly, or do my ears deceive me? What! lend ourselves to a system of robbery, fostered by falsehood and delusion!—sacrifice the interests of those it is our duty to protect? Gentlemen, I want language to deprecate in the terms it merits such an atrocious system of swindling. I shall oppose such a measure *toto cælo*; and I further suggest that the 500 unappropriated shares which not many minutes ago it was proposed and negatived should be taken by the directors, be now sold for the good of the concern, as with the premium they will produce a sum equal to meet all the engagements of the company. (*Groans from the O'Faquins.*)

Dr. O'Faquin (with unblushing impudence). Sold for the good of the *consarn* indeed! Sure the learned doctor has taken leave of his seven senses. And have we not a public duty to perform? and shall we for the credit of the company allow these shares to be thrown on the market? Och and by Jasus! have we yet touched a rap of salary? And now that we have an opportunity of making a

few hundreds, is it into the pockets of the shareholders that you will be after putting the dirty premium. As I am a gentleman, I move that we take the shares to our own cheek, and let the shareholders know nothing of the matter at all at all.

Christopher O'Faquin. Question, question!

[*Dr. O'Faquin's motion is put to the vote and carried.*]

Dr. Camelo. I rise to pronounce the measure which has just been carried an act of the most deliberate robbery; and from the nefarious transactions of which this direction has been the scene, I am under the necessity of resigning a situation I can no longer retain with honour.
(*The curtain falls.*)

Let not my readers suppose that this is a mere fancy sketch. With but a slight transmutation of the names of the actors, it contains all the elements of an over-true tale.

The company in question was established a few months since, for the purpose of working some English mines. The shares, which were at a discount, from the equivocal character of certain members of its direction, was suddenly, by some skilful stock-jobbing manœuvre—such as fabricating false reports, and so forth—suddenly got up to 8 per cent. premium. At this time there were actually 500 unappropriated shares lying at their bankers, which of course ought to have been sold for the benefit of the concern. And, in fact, had the premium realized by these shares been properly applied, they would not only have paid off the debts of the company, but have actually paid a dividend nearly equal to the sum originally paid, and this without working the mine—an instance unparalleled in these speculations. But this premium, amounting to some thousand pounds, was pocketed by the directors!

On expressing my surprise to a gentleman, who had the misfortune to have embarked some money in this concern, that the great body of the shareholders did not take legal measures to make the directors refund their ill-gotten spoil, and further to remove them from an office they were so glaringly unworthy of filling, I received the following answer:—"You must know but little of the City, if you think that the integrity of a great moral principle will be defended at the expense of the pocket. Unfortunately for the honour of our mercantile character, the reverse is but too often the case. Not a single shareholder will move in this affair, from the conviction that it would immediately produce a panic in the market, and send down the shares to a discount; and this the directors know too, and thus they will proceed in their course of iniquity with triumphant impunity."

The apathetic indifference with which the public looks on, and allows itself to be openly robbed by a few designing villains, is to be deeply lamented; but we earnestly hope that the legislature will some day interfere to check this national demoralization before it reaches a frightful climax; for even now may be applied the reproach of the Roman satirist to his degenerate countrymen:—

"O cives, cives! querenda pecunia primum est
Virtus post nummos."

NAVAL REMINISCENCES.

THE LATE LORD SPENCER.—His Lordship was a great ornithologist, and his collection is described as numerous and interesting ; he was also a prodigious buyer of old and scarce books ; and, what is better than either, he bore the character, I believe very justly, of being a singularly benevolent and well-meaning old man. He was not often nor long in office—I suppose from his love of literary ease ; for a man so generally liked, and possessed of so large possessions and influence, might have taken office, and held it, when, and for what time he liked. He was first Lord of the Admiralty for a considerable time, and, in that capacity, contrived to win golden opinions from all the humbler class of petitioners that approached him—I don't know if he was equally acceptable to the aristocrats. He was, indeed, the most popular First Lord that I remember : or, perhaps, I should rather say, the most popular of those to whose conduct I have been at the trouble of attending, for there are many that I remember of whose popularity or unpopularity I never heard anything at all, or, if I did, it has passed from my memory.

The next to him in point of estimation was, I think, LORD MELVILLE. I mean the first Lord Melville—"Old Harry," as the Edinburgh people used to call him—not the present Lord. He, when in office, was a proud, cold-blooded, pompous old gentleman, one, forsooth, who could not condescend to see any one below the rank of a captain ! "Old Harry" was terribly ridiculed for a scheme which he patronized or originated, I forget which, for shutting up Cherbourg harbour by sinking old ships filled with stones at the mouth of it ; but, in the main, he was a good-hearted fellow, and, politics apart, very much disposed to give fair play to all men—I mean as head of the naval service, in which capacity alone I speak of him.

ST. VINCENT was excessively disliked. He promoted nobody, if he could help it, unless those who had sailed with himself ; he was severe, tyrannical, and worse. I remember his sending some forty or fifty midshipmen to the West-Indies in one frigate, where commissions awaited their arrival, and where the yellow fever was certain to carry off the half of them in a twelvemonth ; he did this rather than promote the midshipmen already there, and who had got, to a certain degree, accustomed to the climate. It was reported, at that time, in the service, that it was his rule, in promoting young men (unfriended ones of course), to send them to foreign and unhealthy stations in the first instance. There might be some exaggeration in the general charge. I well know that it was current, and that Sir John Jervis was very cordially hated in consequence.

Of BARHAM, who was also a First Lord in my time, I recollect nothing whatever, for good or for evil. I have seen in some of the journals, and, I think, read in Parliamentary speeches, that he was a great man, as all men holding high office are to those they befriend

in particular, and to the base part of humanity in general ; but I never happened to see the grounds of his greatness specified.

But to return to LORD SPENCER.

He was, I have said, very much beloved by the service, and more especially by the humbler and non-influential members of it. Of his attention to modest and unpretending merit, a case occurred within my knowledge, which is my present purpose to tell, and I shall do so in my own round-about way.

Our carpenter in the K—— brig—his name was John W——, but we used to call him Charley, for shortness—was pressed in the “Spanish Disturbance,” as it was called, in the *eighties*, and served for some nine months in the Channel, and elsewhere. He was a raw landsman when pressed, but the violation of his freedom as a native of Britain and a citizen of London, in one instance, afforded an excellent plea for its violation a second time ; for no sooner did the war of 1793 break out, than he was kidnapped *as an old sailor*, and hurried off to the West Indies, with as many companions of sin and misery, as the ruffians in the pay of Government, the press-gangs on the river, could contrive to pick up by fair means and foul. The ship in which he served was one of those that were destined to co-operate in the attack on the French islands ; and Charley, who was a spirited active fellow, though he was a cockney of the first water, soon found himself “quite promiscuously,” as he described it, amongst the party of sailors, which formed no mean nor useless portion of the force destined for the reduction of St. Lucie. The English forces seem to have been on that occasion, as on almost every other during the early part of the war, most scandalously led, and great loss was sustained in consequence. They were, at length, successful, however, chiefly, if not wholly, from the dare-devil character of the men, before which the better instructed and disciplined Frenchmen found it impossible to stand.

At the capture of—I forget whether it was *the* fort or *a* fort, but it was a station of importance, and its reduction led to the immediate surrender of the colony—the sailors, by chance or arrangement, were mingled with the military appointed to storm the place ; and, in their helter-skelter way, they were foremost to scramble over the wall, and to take possession. My old friend Charley was second over. The first man that entered—he was also a sailor—with characteristic thoughtlessness made a spring to gain the colours of the fort, which floated over the bastion, into which he had clambered, wholly unmindful of the fact that the flag-staff was guarded by a French soldier, who was pacing within half-a-dozen yards of it. In his haste the poor devil happened to lay hold of the haulyard, instead of the downhaul, and he had drawn the flag half way through the sheave-hole before he noticed his mistake. Immediately on perceiving it he fell to climbing the staff, in order to disentangle the flag, when the sentry levelled and shot him through the groin, and both he and the flag came down, by the run, together. Charley was second over, as I said, and had got within a few steps of the flag-staff, when his unfortunate precursor fell. His first object also was to get hold of the colours ; and, in the attempt, he might have shared the fate of their

first captor, had not a party of military been at hand, by whom the sentry was instantly bayoneted, and the remainder of the garrison, who were advancing, driven back. Having now no competitors but two dead men, he found little difficulty in appropriating the flag, which he secured by wrapping it round his waist; and, in this way, carrying it on board the vessel he belonged to, he presented it to his captain.

Charley was praised of course; promotion was promised him if the interest of the captain could procure it; and, altogether, he thought himself a particularly lucky fellow.

Some months after, the ship returned to the river, and, on an appointed day he was ordered to accompany his commander to the Admiralty, where the latter was to report his case, and to have him placed on the list for a commission, when it should please the First Lord to give him one. The commander entered the official residence of the great man, while Charley, who looked on it with very different feelings from those with which he used to regard it, when he mingled with the crowd in Whitehall to see the King go to Parliament, stood without to hear the issue of the application in his favour. One hour, two hours, three, four, passed away, and his commander did not re-appear; and still Charley lingered about the great door. At length the porter, seeing the poor fellow waiting and wearying so long, thought good to ask his business, and, on being informed of it, acquainted him that Captain —— had left the office by the park door, half an hour after he had entered. The truth was, the captain had succeeded in an application for promotion to himself; and as for Charley's case, he had never once thought of it.

"But I'll tell you what to do," said the good-natured porter; "when you get on board again, write an account of your services to the First Lord, in your own way, and be very particular in relating every thing you have done, and depend upon it the First Lord will examine into your claims; and if he think they are deserving of promotion, you will get it."

Charley thanked the porter, and promised to follow his advice, though he had some considerable doubts of the promised issue—however, it was but trying. Accordingly, as soon as he got once more on board, he turned to, and wrote a letter to Earl Spencer, in which he set forth every thing of and concerning the capture of the flag, as well as all the particulars of his connection with the service, from the hour of his first impressment downwards.

He had now a new commander; and one of the first regulations issued by this gentleman—a species of animal very common in the navy in those days—was, that no subaltern or sailor should correspond with any government-office on pain of his displeasure. The letter, however, was, by the kindness of a mess-mate, put into the post-office, and in eight-and-forty hours an answer arrived from Lord Spencer's secretary, directing Charley to transmit his certificates to his Lordship. On the letter, with the printed heading "On his Majesty's service," and the Admiralty seal on it, being brought on board, Charley was called up, and, after a few curses preliminary, informed that if he dared to answer it he would get a couple of dozen

forthwith. He trembled not a little under this threat ; but at length he took courage from despair, and, by a bribe of a shilling and a glass of saved grog, the certificates were dispatched as the narrative had been before.

One week passed, and no answer came ; a second wore away, and still there was none ; a third week elapsed, and poor Charley's heart sunk to his heels ; a fourth, and his hopes vanished altogether. At length, one day, some six weeks after his letter had been despatched, when he was peeping out at the gangway-port, the serjeant of marines, returning with the post-bag, tipped him a wink, and in half a minute afterwards he heard the boatswain's-mate exclaim—

“ Pass the word for John W—— there forward.”

“ My eyes,” said Charley, “ how I shook ! I thought it was all up with me then.”

“ You idle, mutinous scoundrel !” the captain exclaimed, holding out the packet, “ what have you to say to that ? Did not I tell you, if I caught you corresponding with the government-offices again, I would give you a couple of dozen ? There, you rascal, read your letter, and then strip. I'll see if I can't make you obey my orders.”

Charley took the fatal billet, fumbled at the seal, and after having with some difficulty broken it, opened and read :—

“ Mr. John W——, I am directed, by the Lord Commissioners, to acquaint you, that their Lordships have been pleased to appoint you Carpenter of his Majesty's sloop of war K., now lying at ——, and it is their Lordship's orders that you, with the least possible delay, repair on board the said vessel. You will receive the warrant of your appointment on application at the proper office.”

“ D—m his eyes !” roared out the impatient captain, “ is the fellow going to stand all day turning over and over that letter—what is in it, rascal ?”

“ Sir,” replied Charley, a smile contending with the terror which had not yet altogether forsaken his face—“ Sir, I am a warrant-officer !”

And so he was, and so, I hope, he is still, for it would be a pity for so honest a fellow to die one day under fourscore at least. The good old Earl had waded through Charley's long story, had deciphered his bad hand, his worse spelling, and worst grammar ; he had examined his certificates, and having satisfied himself that the humble applicant spoke the truth, and no more, he at once raised him to the summit of his ambition, by making him a warrant-officer.

THE CATASTROPHE OF TWELVE HOURS;

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

“ A tale of sorrow—for your eyes may weep.”—*Old Play.*

ALL persons to whom Manchester is familiar are aware that many of its more ancient portions consist of old but picturesque-looking black and white houses, built of wood and mortar. This style of building was in vogue during the latter half of the sixteenth century, and the strange and grotesque figures placed over many of the doorways, the carved and projecting cornices, with the low and pointed windows filled with exceedingly minute glass panes, on which much ingenuity must have been exercised, combine to produce a very singular external appearance. Many of these houses are still to be found surrounding the collegiate church, and forming portions of the streets known as Long Millgate, &c. &c.; that part of the town, in fact, originally inhabited by our wealthier progenitors. Some few still remain in all their pristine singularity, as far as the outside is concerned; but there are very few indeed with the interior in a state of similar originality. If we might judge of the character of our ancestors by their style of building, we should at once pronounce that it was pre-eminently social; for, not content with making their streets little more than eight feet wide, they contrived that, as their houses increased in altitude, they should in like ratio approximate towards their opposite neighbour.

In several of the courts and lanes in the immediate vicinity of the college this odd style of house-neighbouring is very strikingly seen; and any one disposed to make the experiment may readily step from one house to its fellow on the opposite side of the street, provided he is not troubled with a particularly short pair of legs. This contiguity overhead acted as a complete screen to the light of day, and as the streets were arranged with an utter contempt of right lines, ventilation was in like manner imperfect; and when we bear in mind that entire towns were composed of streets, lanes, and courts of similar narrowness—that these were uniformly unsewered—that the floors of the houses themselves were unflagged, and generally covered with straw or damp rushes, which served as a receptacle for family filth for many days—that the rooms were low, small, and irregular—and that the habits of their indwellers were coarse and rude—we can feel no surprise that the plague and other contagious and epidemic diseases have in past times made such horrible ravages; and it is equally consolatory to reflect that the removal of so many causes obnoxious to health will, in all probability, ever prevent the recurrence of similar scenes of devastation.

In one of these courts opening into Long Millgate dwelt the family to which our present story relates. It afforded one of the

very best sites for the development of disease, and is a prototype, both in its wretchedness and the miserable character of its inmates, of too many other neglected and secluded spots that may be found in the very heart of most of our large towns. Eleven separate tenements composed the buildings in the court, occupying a length of thirty-six yards, and separated from each other by a causeway partially paved, little more than five feet in breadth, in the middle of which ran, or rather stood, a gutter, forming a receptacle for the filth and ordure of the inhabitants. The houses are lofty; but the upper stories are much dilapidated in consequence of a dispute concerning ownership; so that although somebody has always appeared to claim a pittance of rent, no one has been found to keep them in decent repair. The roofs of most of them are almost entirely destroyed, and little left but bare and blackened rafters, affording a resting-place for a colony of rooks, which have, from some strange freak of fancy, taken up their residence amidst the noise and smoke of the town. Fortunately, however, for the indwellers, the upper floor is formed of thick oaken planks, which are likely to resist the ravages of time and exposure quite as long as the outer walls may stand, and these, with a layer of soot and other *débris*, compose a very tolerable roof. Except during the continuance of very heavy rain, little moisture finds its way below in a direct form, but gradually percolates the mud walls, and drops into the court. If, however, little moisture finds its way in a direct form to the inmates, it reaches them, if possible, in a much more obnoxious form. Gradually oozing into the structure of the walls, these have become little else than damp earth, and, sheltered as they are from the influence of the sun, evaporation goes on very slowly. Their cold feel and miserable aspect render them, in reality, no better than graves or charnel-houses. To one, indeed, who has never been in a thoroughly damp house, words can convey no idea of the strange and death-like chillness ever pervading it. Firing, clothing, every thing is in vain to keep out the insidious vapour, while the rapid decay and fungous appearance of all around, indicate but too truly that destruction is busily, though silently, at work.

The first floor of these houses is alone habitable, and it is almost needless to say, that none but parties in the severest gripe of penury or crime would ever live in situations which have long since been deserted by "rats and mice, and such small deer"—the pests it may be, but the never-failing attendants on man, in nearly all the localities where he is to be found. The furniture is in strict keeping with the dilapidated and mouldering walls; a few broken rush-bottomed chairs—wooden stools—a rude settle—an old bedstead, with a straw mattress—a tattered blanket or two—no sheets, and a coverlet, once, no doubt, capable of confining animal heat, but long since reduced to a skeleton of its former self—a grate built up with loose bricks, in the enormous original fire-place, with a piece of a broken iron spike, forming the entire complement of fire-irons—a few potatoes, covered with tallow, as substitutes for candlesticks—a broken pitcher—a few fragmentary articles of brown earthenware—an old frying-pan, miserably battered—the remainder of a tin kettle, with the

stump of a besom, are all the household gear and culinary utensils to be generally found in these retreats of want.

Strange as it may seem, the whole of these ruins were constantly inhabited, and at the epoch of the present narrative forty-five human beings were to be found within their precincts. They formed a sort of colony, as completely excluded from the rest of the world as if living amongst the ruins of Balbec, as the court formed a *cul-de-sac* at one extremity, and laterally was bounded by the dead walls of lofty warehousing, whilst its entrance was so uninviting that few voluntarily advanced beyond its antique gateway, save its own inhabitants. The four first houses on the right-hand side were occupied by as many wretched-looking old couples, old men and equally old women, who picked up a scanty subsistence by vending matches, blacking, or small wares, about the streets and outskirts of this metropolis of the manufacturing world; the fifth house on the same side contained no less than ten inmates, women and girls, who supported themselves ostensibly by dressing flocks. On the opposite side dwelt families, consisting of children of all ages, ragged and dirty urchins, beggars, pickpockets, and prostitutes, living with their parents or not, as the case might be. The sixth house in the row stands rather farther back than its companions, and is somewhat smaller, and looks as if it had been thrust in by main force between its neighbour and the boundary wall, for its timbers were all awry, one window-frame seemed jutting out, and its door-posts approximated oddly, so that taken altogether it presented a most miserable and rickety appearance.

CHAPTER II.

“Fearful of a living grave.”—BROWNE’S *Pastorals*.

In the middle of September, 1832, when that singular, and somewhat equivocal disease, the cholera, was at its zenith; when the minds of all classes were too much disturbed by undefined fears, to admit of the adoption of any rational measures; when selfishness had, in too many instances, swallowed up all better and kindlier feelings—a family of seven persons was occupying the sixth cottage on the right-hand side of the court described in the last chapter—Robert and Sarah Hodgson; three boys, of the various ages of seventeen, fifteen, and ten; a daughter, thirteen years old, with their grand’am, now verging on eighty, though still a hale and vigorous woman, composed its members, with a tame jackdaw, and a grimy-looking, and apparently not a very young nor amiable cat. Every thing was clean, as far as cleanliness could exist in such a hovel; but every thing bore marks of the extremest poverty. The furniture was barely equal to what has been already mentioned. A few broken and defaced specimens of Derbyshire spar and lead ore might, however, be seen on the mantel-piece, marking to the observant eye that the family had been either born in the mountainous districts of that county, or had, during some period of their lives, resided there. How the family found resting-places for the night appeared somewhat difficult of expla-

nation, unless they lay down promiscuously on a part of the floor, bearing some faint marks of a bed ; but of what materials made up, was not very clear, as little could be seen except tattered coats, and two parallel blocks of wood forming its sides. There was, however, something in the general appearance of the family inconsistent with such a barbarous mode of passing the night ; though, had this been the case, it would have excited very little surprise. And, on more minute inspection, a few bundles of straw, partly covered by cotton-flocks, were discovered in a back apartment, partially separated from the larger room by a screen, formed of two or three old sacks. It required, indeed, quick eyes to detect any thing very clearly in this miserable abode, gloomy as it ever was from the narrow opening between the lofty houses, and the still loftier walls behind them. A blackened fragment of a pipe, and a curious leaden tobacco-pot, were also seen occupying a corner of the huge fire-place, shewing that some one, probably the old woman, indulged in the inhalation of that article.

A few potatoes, and a piece or two of scraggy and not very fresh-looking mutton, were preparing for dinner by the grand'am, whilst Sarah herself was busily engaged in arranging various ill-assorted platters and broken pewter spoons on a ricketty table, and the bell of the collegiate church hardly tolled twelve, before all the members of the family were standing or sitting round it, partaking of the ingredients of a large brown dish, filled with stewed meat and potatoes. Apparently, the meal was a more palatable one than had been recently enjoyed by the group, judging, at least, from the assiduity and continuance of each applicant. Few words were spoken for some minutes, and little heard, beyond the clatter made by the parties eating, and the tapping of the beak of the tame jackdaw on the window-sill, and the discordant solicitations of puss for her share of the dinner. There was an expression of considerable anxiety on the several faces of old and young ; for the "plague," as they ominously termed the cholera, had already carried off several victims in a neighbouring entry. The terrors of the disease amongst the lower classes were at their maximum, aided, as these were, by several unfortunate, though fortuitous circumstances, and in one or two instances by the culpable conduct of subordinate parties connected with the hospitals.

"And so Mary Jones is dead of the plague," said the old woman, after a pause—"and they say that James is bad of it, and is to be removed to the hospital."

"Nay, grannie," answered the oldest boy, "he is already taken away ; for I saw the plague-van fetch Mary, and very shortly come back, and the men put him in without any covering, and drove off at full gallop with him."

"Oh ! the murdering, poisoning wretches," exclaimed the mother.

"I don't know, wife, how it is that the doctors should poison them, but every body says it is so ; and I would rather rot where I am, than be carried away in that cursed van."*

* So strong were the objections of the lower classes to the Cholera hospitals, that they wilfully abstained from making their cases known, and many perished

"Ay, so would I, a thousand times," said the girl; "for didn't they cut off the head of poor William's boy, that hadn't got the plague at all, but was only sent to the hospital to be out of the way after his mother's death?"

"That they did, indeed," answered the father; "for I helped to take the poor creature out of its grave, and to carry it through the street headless as it was—ay, and had we caught the villains when we broke open the pest-house, every one should have been carried out in the same condition as the poor child; but the poisoning rascals had fled, and we could only wreak our vengeance on the walls and furniture of the house, and by breaking that accursed van into atoms."*

"God save us," said the grand'am; "Jane at the next door has told me, that no sooner is any one taken in, than the doctors pour down their throats, and have them nailed up in coffins, dead or alive, and carried away while they are yet warm; and then to think if any of the poor creatures should come to life again!"

"It's almost too horrible to think of," said the mother, "and if I should have the plague let me die quietly, and not be hurried away with the dread of being murdered on my mind. Perhaps even I might be buried alive, and reviving find myself thrown into a noisome hole amongst many others in the same condition, struggling and screaming to be released. Oh! it's quite horrible to think of."

"That you never shall be whilst I have life," answered her husband; "but whoknows if it has not been the lot of hundreds! for the moment a patient ceases to struggle, after he has been dosed with laudanum, he is taken into the dead house as they call it, instantly nailed up, carried off and thrown into a wide trench amongst the putrefying remains of many others, a few planks drawn over the opening, and not covered with soil till it is nearly filled with coffins."†

"It's very dreadful, and many may have been buried alive. Perhaps poor Mary Jones has met with this shocking fate, and her five little children will be left helpless orphans, for James will never come alive out of the pest-house."

No time was allowed for farther conversation, for the bell chimed three-quarters past twelve, and all but the mother and the grand'am were at once dispersed in pursuit of their various occupations.

whom attention might probably have saved. One evil effect of this was, that the authorities seldom heard of a case till it was so far advanced, that removal almost invariably hastened death, and thus indirectly hastened the popular opinion, that they were carried away only to be destroyed.

* An incident like this actually occurred from the ill-advised conduct of a boy in one of the hospitals, which gave rise to many horrible, though unfounded reports.

† The most extraordinary tales were afloat of people being buried alive, and of others having been carried off by their friends when pronounced dead and found to be alive; in fact, a very curious book might be made out of these unfounded stories.

CHAPTER III.

“The mother and the wife.”—SHAKSPEARE.

Sarah Hodgson was the remains of a very pretty woman, and although traces of suffering were visible in her face, she was still good-looking. She appeared to be about forty years of age, and a certain something not to be described was yet sufficient to indicate that brighter scenes and happier prospects had been once familiar to her. Married early in life to the man of her choice, with the sanction and high approbation of both her then surviving parents, she had left them a happy though weeping bride, and departed from her quiet and retired mountain-home to accompany her husband into the centre of a large manufacturing town.

For some years she was an equally happy wife, a family was rapidly born to her, and the world went well with them. In the meantime her father died, and her mother doatingly attached to her as her sole surviving child, left her native home and the graves of her husband and children to live with her son-in-law. But a sad change before long came over their fair prospects; visionary speculations reduced them to poverty, while bad passions and baneful habits developed themselves in him on whom the happiness of so many was now dependent, and the mother and daughter had long trod the thorny path of adversity.

Passive courage—that most beautiful attribute of woman—had, however, borne Sarah through her difficulties, aided by a devoted attachment to her family and her mother, and by undying love for her husband, who had indeed in too many instances shewn himself utterly unworthy of it. Many of her children had been removed by death, and she had laid them in their graves with a mother's sorrow, but with no farther regret; for their home had been one of ceaseless struggling with poverty, and, in spite of all her efforts, much was exhibited before them which tended to their demoralization. Her beautiful example—her patience under all sufferings—her unceasing devotion to their comfort, had, however, produced the most beneficial effects on the character of her surviving children, and all looked up to her with a love almost amounting to idolatry. For some time back also, her husband had much reformed his habits, and a gleam of hope seemed breaking through the dark horizon which had so long surrounded her.

Her mother possessed in a great degree the same excellence of disposition, but the change had come over her too late in life to accommodate herself readily to its privations, and one of Sarah's greatest trials had been the occasional querulence of her whom she so much revered. She had, however, gradually almost forgotten her former wants, and both were now engaged in earnest endeavours to cultivate and strengthen the improvement in Robert's morals, rarely looking back to a former state of enjoyment which they felt could never return.

For a time after the departure of the husband and children, Sarah and her mother sat in silence on opposite sides of the almost expiring

fire. Both were occupied by a train of reflections suggested by the previous conversation, and with thoughts of the family left by Mary Jones. Some degree of friendship had existed between the families, and to a certain extent gratitude was owing to Jones, who by accident had been instrumental in procuring work for her husband. It is rare, indeed, that benefits can be conferred in these situations, and Sarah had felt the obligation deeply. Suddenly rising, she spoke to her mother, and hurriedly putting on her cloak, seemed preparing to leave the house.

"Mother, mother," she said, "I must go and see Mary's poor orphans, and strive to do something for them."

At first it did not appear that her mother heard her, or if she did, she heard imperfectly; for time, which had passed lightly over her in some respects, had rendered her somewhat deaf, added to which her daughter spoke in a low and agitated voice, and it was not before she had addressed her again that she fully comprehended her intention. When she did, however, she appeared utterly confounded, and catching hold of her cloak, intreated her to remain.

"Oh! Sarah, you must not go. Remember, Mary caught the plague by visiting a neighbour, and the town will take care of the children. My dear daughter, you will not be so rash—what must become of us if any thing should happen to you?—we should all be ruined—think how you have toiled to keep me from the workhouse—a home I fear worse than death; but if you go, such must be the refuge for the miserable remnant of my days. Think of little Sarah—you cannot go, my dear child!" and bursting into tears, she clung to her daughter, and in a voice choked with sobs, continued her intreaties. All were, however, in vain—governed by one of those impulses peculiar to woman, Sarah gently disengaged herself from her mother's grasp, and hastened away upon her perilous errand.

CHAPTER IV.

"A matter, deep and dangerous,
And full of peril."—*Henry IV.*

In a few minutes Sarah was approaching the house lately the abode of the deceased Mary Jones. It stood close to, and its walls were partly washed by, the foul and inky-looking stream of the Irk, which in this neighbourhood is almost built over by numerous dye-works, soap-houses, and vitriol manufactories, the noisome stench exhaling from which is enough to poison a whole district. It was slightly detached from a mass of other cottages, chiefly inhabited by individuals working at these various nuisances, upon a miniature peninsula projecting into the river. As she neared it, a confused sound of crying, wailing, and sobbing struck her ear, and opening the door a scene presented itself, horrible and appalling enough to have checked all but a mother's advance. A deadly faintness and sickness, indeed, came over her, as she stood within the room, and some minutes

elapsed before she could rise from the chair upon which she had nearly fallen. On the side opposite the door stood the bed, on which the mother of the family had died a few hours ago, and from which hardly an hour had elapsed since the father had been removed. The children, when all had become quiet, had crept out of the house, but had been harshly driven back by threats and blows by the more immediate neighbours. Thus cooped up alone, they had dismantled the bed of its coverings, with which the floor was literally covered, soiled and foul as they were from the effects of the disease under which their parents had laboured.

The oldest boy, a child of eight, was sitting sobbing on a low stool, profusely covered with blood, which had flowed from a deep cut on his head. The little fellow had been endeavouring to clamber up by the aid of two chairs to a high shelf, on which a loaf was seen, but had fallen in his attempt, and, independent of the cut, seemed very severely bruised. His right arm was supported on his knees, and was powerless, and on examination was found dislocated at the shoulder. The two younger children were rolling about the floor, alternately playing and fighting; and the youngest child, scarcely two years old, was lying beneath the bed, from which it had fallen, wailing in a voice almost exhausted by long continued screaming, and calling out at intervals, "Mam, mam, mam!" in a most touching and pitiable tone. The whole four were hungry, and the misfortune of the boy had been caused by the importunate cries for food of his younger companions.

The weeping Sarah proceeded to soothe the children, gave them food, lighted a fire, and after the youngest had satisfied its hunger, hushed it to sleep, and then set about arranging the room. She collected all the soiled linen, removed it into a back place, and immersed it in water. She tidied the house, washed the younger boys from the foul stains of the plague; but to their repeated questions, when would their mother come home, she could only answer by tears. Her efforts to relieve the injured boy only added to his sufferings, and before long he placed his head on a chair and fell asleep, exhausted by pain and weeping. A considerable length of time was of course occupied by these humane attentions, and before preparing to leave them, she got the children undressed, put them to bed, and sat beside them till sleep overpowered their young and harassed minds; she then extinguished the fire, placed the loaf and a bowl of milk within reach, and prepared to leave the house in haste, in order to make immediate application to the town authorities on the subject of the hapless children.

Nothing but the engrossing feelings of a mother could possibly have carried Sarah through the task she had voluntarily imposed on herself, disgusting as in some respects it had been, and joined with the terror of the "plague," in whose very path she had thus thrown herself.

CHAPTER V.

"Nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure."

All's Well that Ends Well.

The sun of early autumn was already declining, and the windows of the mass of houses crowning the summit of the eminence rising from the eastern bank of the Irk shone in his light like molten gold; whilst daylight, in the lower portions of the town, with its courts and lanes, was becoming gradually fainter, when Sarah issued forth from that house of misery and utter destitution. Sick, faint, and in slight pain, the cool air of evening felt infinitely grateful as she hurried away towards her own home, her mind filled with anxiety for the wretched orphans she had just left. Passing rapidly through several courts which separated her from the main street, a few minutes only elapsed before she entered its gloomy and gothic archway, and the visible darkness now spread over the court filled her with strange feelings of awe, and she panted some time ere she ventured to lift the latch.

The different inmates of the court were gathering together for the night, and various sounds were issuing from the separate tenements, but in hers all was silent. Even these were shortly hushed, and nothing heard save the cawing of the rooks now assembled on the roofless buildings, answered by the tame bird, which, perched on a piece of broken wood projecting from the second floor, was stretching his body, flapping his clipped wings, and vainly endeavouring to poise himself in the air.

As she stood in the chill atmosphere, dreading, though hardly knowing why, to enter her home, a startling conviction of the rashness and danger of the step she had taken burst upon her, and to her disturbed fancy already the plague seemed to have seized upon her family. Hastily opening the door, she was in a moment in the midst of her household, for the hour which released them from labour had been some time past. They were sitting in the deepest silence round the flickering blaze of a wood fire, which occasionally threw out a brighter flame as it was fed by the oldest son from a heap of chips that lay before him, and which he had procured from some building where he had been working. The husband had been informed by his mother-in-law, with constrained composure, of her errand, and all were sitting in the gloom of that miserable apartment, filled with fear and the darkest forebodings. All immediately rose on her entrance, and crowded round her, eagerly inquiring how she was, and in what state she had found the family of poor Mary. Her tale was soon told, and she urgently pressed her husband to go immediately to complete the good work she had begun, by soliciting the town authorities to remove the children to the workhouse. He complied reluctantly, not that he was insensible to the miserable state in which they were placed, nor from want of disposition to aid them as far as lay in his power, but he shrank from the idea of appealing to the Board of Health, from a vague fear that they would order them to the hospital. After much intreaty from his wife,

and not indeed before she had expressed her determination immediately to go herself, he put on his hat, and proceeded on his way to the Town-hall.

His statement was immediately attended to, and proper officers dispatched for the purpose of carrying the orphans to the hospital as a temporary abode, until it was ascertained whether the disease which had proved fatal to both parents (as he was here told that Robert Jones was dead) might not be lurking in the systems of their offspring.

In vain he appealed against this order—his remonstrances were listened to indeed, but he was coldly ordered away, and he left in a storm of anger and invective, impotently thrown out against those who had probably taken the most wise and humane course. He would have hurried, and removed them to his own house, but the terror of the plague was too potent even for his naturally strong mind to face it, and the limited room, and worse accommodations, would have rendered such a proceeding almost futile. It was hardly an hour since he had unwillingly left his own home, and to which he was now approaching with his worst fears confirmed, and in a frame of mind little consonant to the scene which was awaiting him.

The sounds of her husband's footsteps had scarcely ceased to be heard, when Sarah complained that she was ill—as yet, however, quite unconscious of the deadly nature of her ailment. She attributed it to the grief and fatigue she had undergone, and requested her mother and children to get their evening meal, whilst she lay down on her pallet, hoping that an hour's rest would in some degree recruit and restore her. Sadly, however, was she mistaken, and before long it was too obvious that she had not braved the plague with impunity. The change produced in her countenance during so few hours was very striking: she had left home in the enjoyment of health, and borne every trace of it upon cheek and person—she had returned, after a brief absence, pallid, drooping, and despondent, after the burst of excitement produced by seeing the family was past. She became rapidly worse, and fear and sorrow were at the height when Robert returned. He entered hastily, and in a loud and angry tone was proceeding to detail the occurrences of his visit to the Town-hall. The sight that was now before him rendered him instantly silent, and the anxious and terrified glance that met him from every eye, betokened plainly that the plague was amongst them. His wife was stretched on the bed, ghastly pale, and with features strangely sunk and contracted. The noise made by his entry roused her, and she anxiously enquired if he had been successful in his application? His faltering answer in the affirmative seemed to give her infinite pleasure, as she turned over as if relieved from a great burden, and he forbore to inform her where the children were to be removed, or rather had not the power, so overwhelmed was he at the sight that almost bewildered him.

CHAPTER VI.

"No dawn of hope broke through their dismal night,
No thought of help."—REECH'S *Lucretius*.

There are, perhaps, no periods in the course of human life in which so many harrowing and exquisitely painful feelings are crowded into the same short space of time, as when, unexpectedly and unwarned, we find ourselves on the brink of losing one who has been long dear to us. Vivid impressions of happiness long enjoyed, desolate anticipations of the future, are wildly mingled with the more immediate sorrow, and an unendurable weight of terrible agony is felt, far too deep for the source of tears.

The group now bending over her who, as a daughter, wife, and mother, was so beloved, presented a striking picture of the utter abandonment of sorrow. The Grecian painter might have shewn his sensibility by hiding the faces *of all*—for painting or language would alike vainly strive to portray their expression. The unusual sound of lamentation so extreme, quickly brought in several of the neighbours; but, no sooner were they aware of the nature of the disease, than they immediately retired, and "the plague! the plague!" was hastily shouted through the court. The approach of no mortal enemy could have so quickly emptied the houses of their inmates, in haste and terror—the place was abandoned, and the miserable family left to their own resources.

Meanwhile the "plague" was making rapid progress on poor Sarah—totally unchecked by the feeble means within the reach of her humble home. These were, however, diligently and earnestly employed—friction with hot flannel, mint-tea, and bags of hot sand were incessantly applied for her relief. The fatal prejudice existing in their minds prevented all recourse to means which might possibly have been more available. Hitherto her sufferings did not appear to have been of a very painful character, and her mental faculties had remained uninjured. Maternal feelings, gratified by having succeeded in snatching the poor orphans from a state of such utter misery, were mingled with bitter remorse for the lamentable consequences to herself. The evils of her removal were stretched wide before her, and as she turned from side to side, gazing wistfully at those around her, heavy sobs told how deep a regret and sorrow were preying upon her heart, not for her own sake indeed, but for the sake of those whose unwearied efforts to assist her, she felt to be quite hopeless.

The "plague" was rapidly mastering its victim, though a vitality which had withstood so many rude shocks of fortune, clung tenaciously to its possessor. Violent spasms, accompanied by throes of agony, came on, and the leaden hue and deathlike coldness of her extremities defied all the means used to restore their proper warmth. In a voice strangely thin and wiry, she earnestly begged her husband to cherish her mother and children—no word of reproach had she ever uttered of her "young hopes blighted," to him—even in his worst and most unkind moments—and now, as he bent

over, in an agony of tears, he vowed to do all she could wish. Gratefully blessing him, she became more composed; and, during a momentary respite from suffering, she slept. Her repose was, however, short; and the recurrence of still more severe spasms too plainly shewed that death was approaching with hasty strides. The groans of the father—the screams of the girl—the lamentations of the sons—and the wailing cry of the mother, sounded through the solitary court, and amongst the tenantless and mouldering buildings, as if some unholy sacrifice were proceeding.

Midnight was at hand, and her struggling and suffering became less intense. A more placid and composed expression of countenance gradually took place of the distorted and writhen features which had recently glared upon her miserable family; and now—"tears such as tender mothers shed," fell upon her children, as embracing them one by one she kissed and blessed them; and her mother, her fond and doating mother, was long locked in the arms of her dying child.

The concentration of sorrow was at its height, and all became silent, disturbed only by a sob or groan from one or other of the group. The angel of death was hovering over his victim, and the deep awe with which his approach is ever beheld had silenced even the grandmother, whose wailing had been most pitiable as she hung over her child, vainly imploring aid, when, alas! none could be found. The dimly lighted apartment, with its bare and blackened walls—its gigantic mantelpiece overshadowing the fire, harmonized sadly with the scene of death. A thin and solitary candle, placed on a stool near the head of the dying woman, served only to picture forth her sunken features and the convulsive heavings of her chest, whilst its dim light threw in strong relief the group around her.

The struggle was over—the "plague" was triumphant—and the shudder which marked the departure of life opened anew the floodgates of sorrow which the instant anticipation of death had partially closed. Noon had seen her in high health—midnight, which was now tolling, found her a blackened mass of inanimate matter. She who, but a short time previously, would have sympathised with the lightest grief of any one individual of her family, now was stretched before them passionless and stirless—and the Catastrophe of Twelve Hours was complete!

ANCIENT LANGUAGE OF ENGLAND :
WICKLIFF'S BIBLE.

ON some previous occasions we have expressed our sense of the importance of a knowledge of our original tongue, both for the right understanding of our early literature and history, and enjoyment of purity and nobleness of diction among our contemporaries. We had, however, almost begun to despair of seeing any general attention paid to the Anglo-Saxon, or to the mixed dialect which was gradually formed in this country after the Norman Conquest. It seemed as if none but a few professed antiquarians could be brought to pay the homage of patriotic retrospection to the language of our forefathers. We have witnessed the establishment, and we have for years seen the continuance of a college in London (one of the laudably professed objects of which was to prevent the denationalization of the people), having professorships of the language and of the literature of every country, except that of England, as if her speech, the most variously derived, the most frequently subjected to change, and the most enriched from its use by thousands of powerful and inventive minds, were unworthy of separate and serious study.

The second university in the kingdom (*proh pudor !*) possesses not even a lectureship which comprises the slightest portion of instruction respecting the vernacular tongue, though its libraries are said to contain many old inedited works of great value and curiosity, by the publication of which a moderate proficient in old English might make for himself a respectable reputation. One of the most distinguished of our Saxon scholars, Mr. Kemble, the editor of "*Beowulf*," lately gave lectures at Cambridge to intelligent, admiring, and gratefully instructed auditors, on the value, interest, and beauty of the remains included in north-derived speech. He has engendered in many minds a conviction that there ought to be regular tuition in this particular—that it is a disgrace to the university to be wanting therein. But nothing has yet arisen in consequence of this rational belief; no opulent and munificent worshipper of the reverence-worthy relics of elder times has yet either consecrated a temple for their preservation, or endowed a hierophant whose pleasure and duty would consist in initiating the young and ardent in the Borealian mysteries; but the Mammon science of Political Economy, the offspring of calculation and cupidity, has found a wealthy patron, and a well paid expositor, within the very walls where neither Bede, Alfred, nor Cædmon receive the honour of due comment and praise. There the writings of Adam Smith and of his cashwise followers, are made text-books of—as if the wealth of a nation was wholly pecuniary—as if worth were synonymous with value, and nothing deserved attention which kept alive in the minds of the people of this day the characters, events, and ideas of ancestral ages. But we will not think that these disgraceful deficiencies will remain for ever a matter of just reproach to us, though we are hardly warranted in anticipating any improvement.

Hope dawns upon us from a new source—we are led to expect that the lore which ought to descend upon us from collegiate turrets, will take a welcome possession of the minds of many persons whose knowledge of English literature reaches back to the age of Queen Elizabeth, but does not extend to an earlier period. There are thousands who have often perused the plays of Shakspeare, who know no prior native compositions. The History of King Lear and his three Daughters is one of the works that is most studied by this very numerous class, who welcome any illustration of its meaning, or corroboration of its essential truth, and often complain of the meagreness of the information which commentators have attached in their notes upon it, and shrewdly suspect also, “that there may be in existence cotemporary details, that will, if ever discovered and published, throw light upon the dramatised history.” Now it happens, that an English gentleman, already distinguished as a Saxon scholar, Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, has discovered a manuscript nearly nine hundred years old, which is a history in Anglo-Saxon rhyme of the worthy, ill-treated monarch and his cruel daughters. Mr. Thorpe has printed* some very curious extracts from this manuscript, and he promises to edit the whole of it; with an eye probably only to the gratification of a few veteran archæologists. We hope that so admirable an opportunity of creating interest in precious and recondite literature, by grafting it upon that which is both excellent and well-known, will not be lost; the gulph between the scholar and the mere reader of modern English may be lessened without any loss of dignity to the higher character, and with delight and advantage to him whose actual range of philological information is not extensive. We are apprehensive that, under the groundless fear of not being able to excite an extensive interest in the aforesaid history of King Lear, Mr. Thorpe may send it forth unaccompanied by those explanations which will be essential to the comprehension of it on the part of those who have not already received a good initiation into the language in which it is composed, and we, therefore, exhort him to popularize it as far as possible. We do not call upon him to make any sacrifice to popularity—that is a very different thing. But there are many who do not appear to recognize the reality and validity of the distinction between a vile *ad captandum* literature without depth, or elevation, instantly comprehensible—but not worth understanding—and a literature of which profound thoughts, noble principles, and high imaginings are the characteristics, and the comprehension of which is rendered easy to ordinary attention and capacity from the copiousness and the familiarity of the accompanying illustrations. They differ as the demagogue does from the philanthropist—the one of whom pleads *to* the people, but never *for* them; the man of sincere and comprehensive benevolence will plead *for* them, will instruct them, implant in their minds the most important truths, eradicate, if possible, the errors which may have taken root in their minds, and, as far as he can do so, banish from their thoughts all unhallowed purposes.—He

* In a graduated Saxon reading book, entitled “*Analecta Saxonica*,” of which we shall ere long give a regular notice in our reviewing department.

may thus obtain an honourable popularity. His title to esteem is not invalidated because another may falsely pretend to a degree of humanity which he does not possess, and may mislead, inflame, and pander to the worst feelings of people belonging to the same class. The spirit of this contrast applies equally to matters of mere literature and intellectual instruction towards the mass of readers. We would intreat those heads of the University of Oxford who have the control of the Clarendon press, to attend to this earnestly enforced, and we trust valid, distinction. They deserve far more abundant thanks than they have received, for reprinting many works of great worth, which are little known, except among the inmates of their own learned halls. The edition of Isaac Barrow was worthy of the mind displayed in his masterly compositions; it remains a noble typographical monument to a great genius; it does ample honour to its object, and to the designers. More, however, might have been done than has been done, to encourage and facilitate the timid and admiring student, who knows or fears that he cannot master the whole of the vast body of thought before him; and who finds no indication, either rationally or alphabetically arranged, of the places where those topics are treated of, to which he feels most disposed to pay attention. This deficiency might be removed; and we hope it will be, by a separate copious index. Of English prose literature, during the 13th century, nothing of extent, value, or importance, exists in print. The illustrious John Wickliff undertook and executed translations into the cotemporary language of the common people of England all the books of the Old Testament, the Apocrypha, and the New Testament. Manuscript copies of these versions exist entire in some of our public libraries. Wickliff's New Testament has been printed; but no individual or body of men has yet printed the early reformer's versions of the Hebrew Histories, Laws, Precepts, and Prophecies. The University of Oxford have most laudibly undertaken to publish this great mass of precious matter: they will entitle themselves to the gratitude of all who have any right feeling towards the memory of a conscientious and intrepid opposer of ecclesiastical tyranny, and a praiseworthy desire to rescue from unmerited and threatening oblivion the venerable remains of our ancient speech. We would suggest to the heads of Oxford the practicability and the desirableness of bringing out this work (at least one edition of it) in such a shape as may render it accessible to those who have within them the spirit of religious patriotism, but who may want the ample purse, which alone renders possible the purchase of fine-papered and broad-margined volumes; a few such may gratify the taste of those who are opulent; and let not the supply of their demand be wanting. We only deprecate an exclusive regard to the wealthier book-buyers, and a contemptuous slighting of the more numerous class of intellectual readers. We would further suggest, as a valid substitute for the very copious and frequently repeated glossarial notes which may appear to be necessary in illustration of Wickliff, a copious, verbal index (after the manner of the one which Mr. Todd has attached to his edition of the Poetical Works of Milton); this, by referring the student to every book, chapter, and verse in which each characteristic

and important word is used, demonstrates the acceptation and shade of meaning peculiar to the term ; and, by deriving the sense of an author's expression from the testimony of his own context, invests the interpretation with a stamp of certainty far more satisfactory, at least in the majority of cases, than can belong to glossarial notes. In fact, the difference between the two modes is this : in the one case, the meaning of the author is fixed by the annotator ; and in the other, he is suffered to be his own interpreter.

THE YOUNG POET'S FIRST LOVE.

* * * * *

FOR weeks, from morn till sun had set,
 I walked with restless pace,
 From street to street, nor ever met
 A single cheering face,
 Save one—a portrait beautiful !
 A maiden's features mild,
 Placed in a dusty window dull,
 Where sunshine never smiled.

And there I stood for hours, and gazed
 Until my brain became
 With bright delirious fancies raised,
 And burned with hidden flame ;
 Until I thought each feature rife
 With animation high,
 And that the very soul of life
 Was waking in the eye.

I wished to be alone, alone
 With that beloved face,
 Where other look might ne'er be thrown
 To dim its lovely grace ;
 But still some careless passer by
 Would come with stride of might,
 And hide the glory of her eye
 A moment from my sight.

That picture was my earliest love,
 My most delightful dream,
 The raiser of my thoughts above,
 To fond poetic theme :
 The dusty window was forgot,
 The darkness all around ;
 And boyish fervour made the spot
 A lover's holy ground.

That portrait lies before me now,
 Still beautiful and meek ;
 But sorrow's lines upon my brow
 Of different image speak ;
 The world for me is cold and void,
 Ambition's cup is full ;
 O for that blessed dream beside
 The dusty window dull !

W. M.

THE TALISMAN;

AN ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

A FEW leagues from the celebrated city of Barcelona is a small village, called Puebla Carmona. It stands at the base of a lofty and singularly shaped mountain, the Sierra de Montserrat. The inhabitants are chiefly the proprietors of the adjoining vineyards, and their labourers; hence, the houses and cottages are neater, and present to an English eye an appearance of comfort not very usual out of the large towns in Spain. During my wanderings in Catalonia a few years since, I took up my abode in this village, with the intention of making it my head-quarters for a time, and effecting some excursions in the neighbourhood, particularly to the ornamental caverns known as Las Hermitas (the Hermitages), which I understood to be situate at a very considerable elevation, and inhabited by some poor monks. I found but one public-house in Carmona, and it is dignified by the title of Fonda Catalana (the Catalan Inn). The *fonda* can at all events boast of cleanliness, and I did not look for any luxury beyond that rare one in a Spanish hotel. Nevertheless, there were more *agrémens* in it than I was at first prepared to expect. I usually sallied forth early in the morning, and passed the day in the Sierra. On my return in the afternoon from my mountain ramble, a well-cooked *olla podrida* awaited me, which I washed down with a bottle of a delicious red wine they called *guarnacha*. The evening did not afterwards pass heavily. The daughter of the innkeeper and vineyard proprietor, for he is both, Marguerita by name—a lively, olive-complexioned beauty, with a pair of sparkling intelligent black eyes, *ojos habladores*, as I called them—would, after attending upon me at my meals, bring her guitar, and accompanying her voice with considerable skill, sing to me some of her national *canciones*, those romantic ballads of the times of the Moors, which are so little known out of Spain, although they contain much beautiful poetry and music. One of these was my especial favourite, and always received an encore. The number of couplets amounted to more than twenty. It was a Moorish love tale, the adventures of the valiant Gazul and the beautiful Lindarabel. With this and other songs, the time passed quickly enough. I found altogether so much amusement, and I regained my health and spirits so rapidly, that I was induced to extend my stay at Carmona, and at length I determined to make a longer excursion up the mountain than I had hitherto accomplished. I resolved to endeavour to reach the summit of Montserrat, and enjoy from thence the splendour of sunrise, which I had often heard described in flowing colours. Marguerita, however, used the most earnest persuasions to induce me to abandon the project. Although she allowed that my health had wonderfully improved, yet she insisted that I was not yet equal to the fatigue that I

must undergo. But she more particularly dwelt upon the circumstance of the Sierra being the rendezvous of a formidable banditti, whose detachments were then robbing on the roads towards France. It was impossible, she averred, that I could avoid falling in with some of the band, when I should certainly be plundered, and perhaps viewed and treated as a spy. I was, however, in an obstinate humour, and would not be scared from my purpose. Having made every arrangement for a pedestrian journey, I put into one pocket a few dollars, and into the other my small bright double-barrelled pistol, which although in reality a very inefficacious weapon, I have known to cause the greatest alarm to even a well-armed Spaniard. They rarely use the pistol, but have an idea that it is the Englishman's national weapon, and unerring in his hand. At this moment I remember me of an instance of this. I was passing on foot through a street in a town in Andalusia, when a savage-looking Spaniard rushed unexpectedly from a house, and nearly overthrew me. Instead of apology, he uttered some rude exclamation, and I looked at him, as I felt, indignant enough, adding a Spanish word of insult which I need not here record. My antagonist's eyes flashed fire. "I have something to punish you insolent foreigners," said he, drawing from his side-pocket the formidable knife, which, although prohibited by law, every man carries in Spain.

"But I have an article worth more than that," I replied as coolly as I could ; and I produced at the instant my small pistol, which, however, was unloaded, and by mere accident in my pocket. I cocked and presented it at him. The moment he saw the shining barrels, which glittered in the rays of the noon-day sun, he drew back and lowered his knife.

"You are right," said he, with amazing composure. "That pistol is of more value than my *navaja*. I ask your pardon."

I had not altogether lost my temper from the first, so that I was enabled to accept, with a good grace, his *amende*, and to add the *vaya usted con Dios* (God be with you), as I put up my weapon and passed on.

But to return to my Catalonian adventure. Prepared as I before stated, I set out on my trip. As I quitted the door of the inn, I found Marguerita at my side.

"You English are strange creatures," said she. "Had I spoken to a man of any other nation, half as much as I have done to you, to induce him to give up such a ramble, the scheme would have been abandoned at once. I ought to be offended. Nevertheless, I am interested about you. Take this."

She placed in my hand a lock of hair, of the same raven hue as her own. It was bound together by a narrow ribbon, striped with a variety of brilliant colours.

"If you encounter robbers, as I fear you will do," continued she, "make no resistance ; but, in a resolute manner, demand to be at once conducted to their chief—to Alonzo, and exhibit this token ; it will protect you."

I smiled at her earnestness, but expressed my grateful thanks, and pressing the talisman gallantly to my lips, I deposited it in my vest,

as I bade her adieu. I, however, considered that my pistol, which I had carefully loaded, would avail me more in any position of danger; but this I did not believe I was likely to fall into.

I proceeded cheerily up the mountain, having ascertained that all the footpaths, in the direction pointed out, led to the hermitages, in one of which I intended to pass the early part of the night, and then start betimes, so as to reach the summit at a proper hour in the morning. It was late in the afternoon that I had toiled through a thickly-covered brush-wood track, which conducted me to a small open space. A path led across this to another wood. I followed it, and was advancing to a large cork tree, standing at the entrance of the cover, when I perceived, protruding from behind it, the barrel of a gun levelled at me, and, on looking attentively around, several others were distinct to view. I could now have no doubt as to the profession of the party into whose hands I was about to fall, and I felt at once how little avail, in this instance, my pocket-pistol could prove. In a moment, some one on the other side of the tree spoke.

"Stand fast on the spot where you now are!—Stir not an inch! Lay down on your face instantly, or you are a dead man!"

Enforced as these commands were by the array of armed men, who emerged from their hiding-places, there was no remedy, and I obeyed. I was soon surrounded by a numerous band. One man approached close to me, and ordered me to rise, which I did quickly enough, feeling much humiliated at the grovelling posture I had been obliged to take. The robber, who I now met face to face, was an uncommonly handsome young man, dressed in the singular but rather unbecoming costume of the Catalan peasantry. He evidently had the command; for, at his signal, the guns which were all directed at me in a threatening manner, were removed.

"Who are you, my friend?" demanded he.

"I am an Englishman," I replied, "bound to Las Hermitas, to pass the night."

"*Valgame Dios!*" (God save me!) rejoined the bandit, with an "*Un Lordo Ingles!*" (an English lord!) "then you have some valuable watches, and plenty of money. Hand them to me!"

I earnestly assured him that I was but a rambling English military officer, without even *one* watch, and with only a very few dollars in my possession.

"So much the worse for you," said he. "If you have no money, or cannot obtain any from Barcelona as a ransom, there is but one way of proceeding, which is to shoot you through the head. Heretic as I am sure you are, we will give you a few minutes to prepare yourself, and then you shall sup with the angels, or otherwise, as the case may be."

I did not at all admire the half-jest, half-earnest, tone in which these words were uttered, and I heartily wished I had taken the advice of my little brunette of the inn at Carmona, of whose token I now bethought myself. Producing the curiously bound up lock of hair, which I thrust forward towards the capitano, and assuming as much as I possibly could an appearance of confidence I must confess I did not really feel, "Conduct me to your chief," said I. "If *you*

be not he, I demand to be escorted at once to Don Alonzo. I have a communication of some consequence to make to him."

He regarded me for an instant with an expression of amazement, and then looked at the token, which he had snatched from my hand.

"*Caramba !*" exclaimed he, "is it so? Has she given you the safeguard? Why should she interest herself for such as *you*? No matter—I have sworn."

These words, muttered in various tones, somewhat reassured me. In a minute he motioned to the band; they immediately withdrew into the wood, except one man, to whom a signal had been made, and who loitered at a short distance from us.

"You are safe," said the chief to me. "I know not who you are, or why Marguerita should have given you this passport; but I have vowed to respect it, and I feel well assured that she would not compromise us by putting it into unwise hands, or allow a babbler to become possessed of our secret. You are at liberty to proceed, but as you may encounter others of my party, and thus be delayed, I will send one of my people with you as a guide. He will quit you to-night at Las Hermitas, but meet you again in the morning, and conduct you in safety to the vineyards at the lower part of the mountain, from whence you must return alone to Puebla Carmona."

"You say you are an Englishman," continued the robber, after a short pause; "I therefore know your word is of more value than a Frenchman's oath. Promise not only the strictest secrecy as to what has now occurred, but also that if you ever meet me again under other circumstances, you will not give the smallest sign of recognition."

I did not hesitate a moment in making these promises. Exchanging the Spanish adieus of "*Vaya usted en hora buena*" (Good luck attend you), and "*Queda usted con Dios*" (God be with you), I parted from Alonzo. Accompanied by the man who had remained in sight, and who received his directions in a few brief commands whispered by the chief, I pursued my way to the Hermitages. These I found to be twelve small grottoes of crystalline spars, ornamented with hanging crests in the form of icicles, the entrances to the caves decorated with a variety of evergreens and odoriferous plants. A single hermit dwells in each. I entered one of them, was received with cordiality by a venerable old man, and partook of his supper, consisting of wild fruit, boiled millet, and delicious spring water. My host also accommodated me with a bed, formed of fragrant dried leaves, upon a heap of which was spread a coarse rug. I obtained a few hours' sound sleep, and took leave of the hermit, placing upon the couch a dollar, which although he observed, he did not object to. Not far from the cave I fell in with my robber-guide. I signified to him my desire to move upwards before we returned towards Carmona. He nodded assent, and marched on before me. From one of the peaks of the mountain, although not from its highest point, I enjoyed a splendid view of the sunrise, and then was conducted down to the vineyards by my attendant, who took a very circuitous route,

evidently avoiding all the usual paths. I endeavoured several times to enter into conversation with him, but in vain; he always repulsed me, growling some few words in the Catalan dialect, which I could not understand, and he firmly declined to receive the two dollars I offered him when we parted.

I proceeded direct to my *fonda*, refreshed myself with a bath, and sat down to my meal with no false appetite, attended, of course, by Marguerita, who evinced much impatience to be made acquainted with the particulars of my journey, and why I had returned so soon. I recounted to her my adventure, expressing my sincere and grateful thanks for her valuable talisman, without which I considered it not improbable but that I should have lost my life. Marguerita, however, vehemently assured me that Alonzo must have been entirely in jest on that point; but she admitted I might have been stripped and maltreated.

"You will not, I am sure, betray me," continued she. "I need scarcely tell you that Alonzo is my lover—that I am his affianced bride. He is a *Valenciano*. Had he been of the violent and jealous disposition of the Catalans, I dared not have aided you; but he knows my truth, and justly confides in me. He is about to give up his present dangerous profession, in which he has been fortunate enough to amass some doubloons. We are to go to Valencia, where he has many relations, and we shall set up an inn there. If, in your travels, you visit that city, you may possibly encounter us; but I feel secure in your discretion and honour. You will not forget your promise. Remember, you must meet my husband as an entire stranger."

I remained a few more days in Puebla Carmona, and then returned to Barcelona. I did not part from Marguerita without repeating my acknowledgments for her invaluable protection, and expressing my sincere wishes for her future happiness and welfare. I also forced upon her acceptance a small diamond ring, which, on my first arrival, had several times attracted her notice. It was but a poor return for the very important service she had rendered me.

J. W.

LESSONS FOR THE LITERATI.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

THE OWL AND THE LAMP.—THE DOGS AND THE BONE-GRUBBER.

SOME critics wait with prudent care,
 Coward assassins that they are,
 Until their hapless victim dies
 Before against his fame they rise ;
 For living authors have a sting
 Which they may use in answering.

A tale which suits such persons well,
 My good old grandam used to tell :
 By chance an owl (I've heard her say)
 Entered a convent-hall one day—
 I lie—one day it could not be ;
 No doubt, full many a degree
 Had sunk the flaming charioteer
 Below the western hemisphere.
 Be that, however, false or true,
 As through the passages she flew,
 A lamp or lantern, I forget
 Which 'twas, the bird of wisdom met ;
 And turning suddenly about,
 To this effect she hooted out :—
 " Lamp ! with what ecstasies divine
 Would I suck up that oil of thine,
 Did not thy flame so fiercely rise,
 And with its radiance blind my eyes.
 But though I cannot dare just now
 'T' attack a light well-trimmed as thou,
 If I some future day return,
 When thou art out and cannot burn,
 Boldly thy harmless wick I'll pull,
 And have a sumptuous belly-full."

Now, though the critics, whom I lash,
 Resent my liberty, they gnash
 Their literary teeth in vain,
 Have at their worships once again !
 Here is a tale, with touches rife,
 Which draw their portrait to the life.
 A dealer, then, in bones and rags,
 Was grubbing up, to fill his bags,
 A dunghill, or some other place,
 When two of Cerberus's race
 Barked at him, as they always do
 When fellows of his stamp they view.
 " Leave the poor wretch," exclaimed their sire,
 " He is too worthless for your ire ;
 The mastiff dead he skins, but flees
 Whene'er a living one he sees."

THE MOUSE AND THE CAT.

THAT Æsop had a brilliant brain ;
 How rich his moralizing strain !
 What life-drawn incidents we note—
 What happy wit, in all he wrote !
 Perhaps 'twill be no mispent time
 To put a tale of his in rhyme.
 " Yes," said a sapient mouse, one day,
 " Whate'er philosophers may say,
 Fidelity must be confess'd
 To be of all the virtues best,
 And 'tis because his faith I know,
 I love the honest spaniel so."
 " Ay," cried a cat, " most true—most true,
 And I possess that virtue too."
 " You do, indeed ? if that's the case,
 (Slinking within his hiding-place,
 And then with caution peeping out,
 And turning up in scorn his snout),
 My admiration passes by,
 It is a worthless quality."
 The attributes which many deem
 The very best of virtues, seem
 To sink to vices, when they grow
 Within the bosom of a foe.

" And now, Sir Reader, may I ask,
 If I have well performed my task ?
 How does the fable meet your views ?
 Does it instruct you, and amuse."
 " It does indeed, throughout I find
 The marks of Esop's mighty mind."
 " Indeed ! I am glad you do not slight it,
 The more, as Esop did not write it ;
 Within my humble head it grew."
 " The fable, then, is your's ?"—" 'Tis true,
 And since as his, it seemed so fine,
 Please now to cut it up, as mine."

THE OWL, AND OTHER BIRDS.

AMID the woodlands, sad and still,
 Soft warbled music ceased to thrill ;
 The nightingale, the minstrel pride
 Of sylvan solitudes, had died,
 And left no one the birds among
 Heir to her sorrows and her song.
 That such, however, was the case,
 Seemed not to all the feathered race ;
 For, when the sun had reached the west,
 Instead of seeking each his nest,
 Ambitious of a songster's fame,
 A host of plummy rivals came,
 And perched upon a willow-tree,
 Scene of the late bird's melody :
 Sparrows, and tom-tits, not a few—
 Nay, I believe, a crow or two—

The very wrens did not despair
 Of gaining some distinction there.
 Such noisy persevering stavers,
 Such shakes, and cadences, and quavers,
 Had never in the woods resounded
 Since first the universe was founded.
 On went they, chirping, whistling, cawing,
 When an authoritative pshawing
 On the discordant conclave broke
 Proceeding from a hollow oak,
 And an old owl, who sat within it,
 Begged their attention for a minute.
 "Trust me," he said, "your noisy strain
 Loud as it is, is all in vain.
 The linnet and the lark are known
 Each for a music of his own ;
 But, can your vanity suppose
 That such as you are, wrens and crows !
 Can make your voiceless throats avail
 To warble like the nightingale,
 Merely because by night you sing,
 And try to mock his quavering ?
 Twit, chirp, and whistle as you will
 His tuneful voice is wanting still.
 Then stop these songs of yours, I pray,
 Or if you must sing, sing by day ;
 But do not with this visitation
 Disturb my hour of meditation."
 The birds abashed, agreed to cease,
 Went home, and left the owl in peace.
 Oh ! that as readily as those
 Our literary wrens and crows
 Would to the censor's strictures yield,
 And leave the lyre they cannot wield !
 Lo, when a mighty poet dies,
 What crowds of poetasters rise,
 Who think to claim his mantle, while
 They copy servilely his style !
 Is there no friendly Mentor near
 This truth to whisper in their ear,
 " Unless the muse inspires your strain
 You twit and whistle all in vain ?"

THE LION, THE EAGLE, AND THE BAT.

The lion and the eagle met
 In solemn conference, to set
 Some matters right which crossed th' intents
 Of their respective governments.
 Against the bat the eagle laid
 A long and heavy charge, and said,—
 " Why should this nondescript create
 Misunderstandings in the state ?
 Oft 'midst my subjects he has come
 And claimed, as if by right, a home.
 A thousand arguments he brings,
 And, above all, he shews his wings,
 But when he chooses thus he'll speak,—
 ' Mine is a snout, and not a beak ;

And if you dare for any cause
 To make me subject to your laws,
 Then be the peril on your head,
 For, look you, I'm a quadruped.
 When, 'mongst my vassals, he'll complain
 Of the excesses of your reign ;
 And when with you he lives, he showers
 All sorts of calumnies on ours."
 "'Tis well," the lion said, " I swear
 He never more shall breathe the air
 Of my dominions."—" Nor of mine,
 I vow by all my royal line."
 Since then, an exiled outcast grown,
 We see the bat by night alone,
 For neither quadruped nor bird
 Will now with srch a comrade herd.

Ye literary bats, who strive,
 Deceiving all with all to live,
 To wear the hide and feather too,
 This fable I inscribe to you.

THE ASS AND HIS MASTER.

" THE blockhead public values still
 At the same worth both good and ill ;
 My pen the taste depraved obeys,
 And writes its worst secure of praise."
 A playwright, of the lowest station,
 Poured forth one day this declamation,
 Excusing, under such pretence,
 His own defects and want of sense ;
 But a shrewd poet who was nigh,
 Approached, and made him this reply :—
 " A man, I know not what his class,
 Or rich, or poor, possessed an ass ;
 He made him bear, he made him draw,
 But gave him nought to eat but straw,
 And, as he gave it, always cried,
 ' Eat, since with this you're satisfied.'—
 The patient beast bore all awhile—
 At length, his master roused his bile ;
 So oft the self-same thing declaring,
 'Twas e'en beyond an ass's bearing :
 So as he took his straw one day,
 He thus with boldness said his say :—
 " I eat, because I wish to live,
 Whatever you may choose to give ;
 But why th' unjust conclusion draw
 That therefore I prefer your straw ?
 Give me some corn to nibble at,
 And see if I don't relish that."

Beware, ye authors, how ye blame
 The public taste, to veil your shame :
 You give her straw, perforce she chews it,
 Try her with corn—she'll not refuse it.

R. A.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

PATRIOTISM v. PENSION-HUNTERS.—A correspondent in a morning paper, emulous of Æsop, puts forth the following fable, not, however, disguising it in zoological clothing.—“The Duke of Wellington recently said, with references to many applications—‘I have one answer to all: these are not times to consider what can be done for friends, but what can be done for the country.’”

Important, if true; but chiefly important to prowlers after pensions, or the Nimrods of place. In this confession, were it authentic, how much of the old system of Tory plunder is openly confessed. “These are not times to think of friends!”—an avowal leading to the foregone conclusion, that there *were* times when friends only were thought of! It is now time to consider “what can be done for the country.” *Now* time! the thing was never thought of before! “God bless my soul! we have hitherto quite overlooked that minor consideration, the country. The country! what was the use of the country, if it were not to be made to pay taxes at pleasure, and be quiet on compulsion.” But now, it seems, something must be done for it. We are, however, in spite of these wolfish indications of amiability, rather mistaken if the country will consent to be “done for” by the Duke of Wellington.

THE MIRROR OF MAGISTRATES.—Somebody suggested as a reason why there was no longer, as of old, a Lord Mayor’s fool, that the chief magistrate was himself perfectly competent to undertake the duties of that elevated office; and that accordingly, it had for many years become merged and amalgamated with the official routine of the mayoralty.

We have no overweening admiration of magistrates, although we feel duly solicitous for their intellectual improvement. In accordance with these sentiments, we presume to

“————— Hold them up an ass,
Where they may see the inmost part of them.”

The Lord Mayor has declined to call a Common Hall in compliance with the desire of a respectable requisition.

The Duke of Wellington may well cry, “Defend me from my friends,” when he beholds his creatures attempting, by such means as these, to stifle the expression of public feeling;—or is this municipal functionary to be considered a *demy*-official organ of the new Tory Cabinet;—and are we to take his promises upon his recent election, of calling a Common Hall whenever the citizens of London required him to do so, as a sample of the sincerity with which the promises and indirect professions of his master, the Duke are likely to be fulfilled.

We call upon the citizens of London to mark their sense of the antics of this paper-headed person, in a marked and not to be misunderstood manner. How he can look the statue of Beckford in the

face after this display, we are at a loss to conceive ; but certain we are, that all the foolscap in his warehouse would not suffice to furnish forth (ears included) a covering for that vacant globe—called, by courtesy, his head—commensurate with his deserts as a donkey.

We are prepared for a bushel of Tory impertinence from a chief magistrate of that persuasion ; but we, assuredly, hardly expected to receive it by the “ Winchester measure.”

THE “ OPERA ” OF THE CABINET.—We find the following in the “ Quarterly Review,” just published :—

“ There were two parties in the Cabinet : one, the majority, we fear, thought that they could not meet Parliament without announcing some strong measures of what they called church *reform* ; or, to speak more truly and plainly, church *spoliation*.”

We really cannot by any means understand, or lend a sympathetic ear to, the various tunes which the organs of the Tory Cabinet are simultaneously grinding for us.

We are told upon “ unquestionable authority,” in some of the newspapers, that the Duke of Wellington intends to proceed with Church Reform ; and yet the Quarterly Review, the most powerful instrument of the whole, repeats the old air of “ things as they are,”—“ the diapason closing in lluf”—church and corruption for ever.

Now, we may be permitted to enquire whether these jarring, if not discordant melodies,—emanating, as they do, from the same party, or rather faction, do not warrant the people of England in not only withholding their confidence from the Tory administration in embryo, but also in denouncing and openly protesting against their return to power.

But we are to wait and see what the Tories mean to do for us. We are to wait to see whether a twice-convicted pickpocket with fingers outstretched, does not mean to present us with an handkerchief, instead of abstracting one from us ; we are to pause till a confirmed hectic transforms itself into the bloom of health, and eschew tonics in the meanwhile ; we are to invite the wolf at the door, even though he do not come disguised in sheep's clothing, to take a seat in our open Cabinet,—and defer till the next morning, when we are awake—if we should ever chance to do so—the enquiry as to whether he be really a wolf or no ?

No—no—old birds are not to be caught with chaff, particularly with chaff of this description. Neither can we hope to catch an old bird like the Duke, by sprinkling, after he has hopped into office, salt upon his tail. *We must give him pepper !*

REFORM IN A LARGE MEASURE.—Cambridge is minus a wonder this month—we don't mean that Gloucester is not as near as ever, but certainly Buckingham appears to have approximated marvellously. Eye-kill Law, Esq. of the first-mentioned place has been gathered to his fathers at the somewhat premature age of forty-four. We fear the poor gentleman has martyred himself to a too rigid sense of duty ; for during the last seven years of his sublunary existence he

duty ; for during the last seven years of his sublunary existence he was accustomed to slacken the fires of his inward man with no less than *fourteen quarts of water daily* ! He should assuredly be canonized by the lovers of intemperance ; for if this be abstemiousness, we think it is a case of most absorbing interest to all concerned. Eyekill was appropriately interred at *Fullbourne* ; but would he not have immeasurably enhanced his reputation had he sacrificed himself at the lordly conflagration at Westminster—he would have “ dropped like gentle dew from heaven ” on the igneous embers of St. Stephens.

BASE IMITATORS.—Our American brethren, who contrived to keep pace with our temperance antics in an inverse ratio, have lately become enamoured of self-denial to such a degree, as to dispense with wine in the sacrament of communion. When the gentry, whose meddling empiricism has succeeded in unhinging the machinery of every-day life, have so long exhibited themselves independent of common sense, it is time for those who are not so heroically constituted to cease to wonder at these marvels. We would venture, however, to suggest to all who are ambitious of the reputation of prodigies, that fêtes in the starvation way would be quite unique just now. Let any man ensconce himself for fourteen days on the top of the Monument, regaling his epigastric with the *sight* of civic demolitions of edibles, and we promise him a six months' immortality from the next general attenuation bill he submits to the collective wisdom.

A FRIENDLY LIFT.—An Irish journal, altogether emancipated from obligation to Locke or Murray, announces, with no little gratulation, the amount of the O'Connell rent for the present year. With an enviable happiness of diction sufficiently *pointed* to be almost epigrammatic, it exultingly declares that the county, beatified with its lucubrations, “ contributed nearly one-twelfth of the *gross* collection ! ” What a delicate inuendo is conveyed to the genius of Derrynane by the word in italics ! though the “ hereditary bondsman ” who wrote it modestly neglected to underscore it—**GROSS COLLECTION !** This is, indeed, killing with kindness, after the true Irish fashion. We apprehend that the idol of the finest peasantry will strenuously pray for a deliverance from his *friends*.

An admirer of a certain naval writer finishes an elaborate encomium by designating his author “ a prose Crabbe.” This is nautical panegyric we presume.—It sounds oddly. In the ordinary acceptation of the words, “ a prose crab,” conveys nothing particularly lively—this fishing for pet phrases is amusing.

DISTANCE BETWEEN FRIENDS.—If there be any class of personages this side of the Tweed who successfully emulate the caw-me caw-thee doctrines of Auld Reekie, it is that of the clergy and the magistrates. As the exception proves the rule, we find at the last Middlesex sessions, a gentleman paid for keeping the peace deliver himself thus to a publican, who sought a renewal of his license :—“ The clergymen who signed the recommendation are men more fond of

THEATRICALS.

AMONG the numerous parts in which Mr. Vandenhoff has appeared since our last, there is none, perhaps, in which he has been more successful than in that of *Cato*. It has been said that he throws too much severity into his style, and is too vehement in his manner for the calm and philosophic *Cato*. Let us sketch a faint outline of the character of *Cato* as handed down by history.

Marcus Cato was the great-grandson of the famous censor. From early youth he was remarkable for the austerity of his manners, and the great object of his care was the safety of the republic, and the welfare of his fellow-citizens; one whose *religion* (in the words of the poet *Lucan*) whose *creed* it was

“ ——— patriæ, impendere vitam;
Nec sibi, sed toti se genitum credere mundo!”

The stoic, however, was not exempt from the failings of our nature. He is represented not to have inherited the temperate habits of his ancestor the great Censor. *Seneca* has undertaken his cause; “for,” says he, “it were more easy to look upon drunkenness as a virtue than to believe *Cato* guilty of a vice!” We question if this argument would have had much weight with the Temperance Society. There is another trait in *Cato's* life which proves his philosophy. *Cato's* second wife, *Marcia*, was a woman of remarkable personal charms; which *Hortensius* (the philosopher's friend) was not slow in admiring. *Cato*, perceiving the passion of his friend, with a disinterestedness which has few parallels in this degenerate age, lent her to *Hortensius*—mind we say lent her; for on the death of *Hortensius*, *Cato* received his chaste spouse again to his bosom. Rare examples of the perfection of domestic felicity! But *Cato's* virtue was ever in extremes. Of however light and elastic a quality his *morals* may appear to have been, all historians are agreed as to the austerity of his *manners*. *Plutarch* adds, that he was not sudden in choler; but *being once enraged, implacable!* How then can it be objected to Mr. Vandenhoff's answer to the embassy from *Cæsar*, that he is too vehement in the expression of his feelings? Look at the author's own words. Does he not make his hero most violent in his expressions against *Cæsar*? Does he not make him exclaim to *Decius*—

“ Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them!”

Should this, *could* this be spoken with the calmness of a speculating philosopher? Impossible. On the other features of Mr. Vandenhoff's performance we have only to join in the encomiums unanimously bestowed. To conclude, we have paid this tribute to Mr. Vandenhoff because we think it due to a performer who in all his personations seems to make character especially his study, and who to the genius of the actor adds the elegant resources of the scholar.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL MAGAZINE. J. COCHRANE AND Co.

This work is put forth by a committee entirely composed of Members of Parliament, the chairman of which is Mr. Cayley, the member for the North-riding of Yorkshire. We have not had time to examine its merits; but any plan having for its object the amelioration of the condition of the industrious population of England, ought to have the best wishes and cordial support of society.

JACOB FAITHFUL, BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "KING'S OWN," &c.—SAUNDERS AND OTLEY. WILL WATCH, BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH," &c. &c.—COCHRANE AND Co.

In a nation like that of Great Britain, to whose safety and welfare the empire of the sea is so indispensable, it requires no great show of reason to point out the cause of that popularity which necessarily attaches itself to every topic connected with the ocean.

The works, at the head of our page, are the last novels of two of the most popular naval authors of the day. The extraordinary circumstances which lately coupled together in public the names of these writers, naturally induce a comparison of their productions.

The page of the novelist—the companion of our lighter hours—has often judiciously conveyed historical information and moral precept in the mingled yarn of fictitious narration. Thus, frequently what was taken up only to amuse, has been found also to instruct. On the other hand, the author who, through the instrumentality of able writing, or humorous description, should familiarise grossness or indecency, deserves censure on his baseness, in proportion to the talent he displays in its advancement. From this latter charge, the author of *Jacob Faithful*, the first on our page, is not exempt. No one will deny to him the praise he justly merits, for the vividness of his descriptive powers, and the humour of his imagination; but this is poor recompence for the contempt of every well-disposed mind, which must scorn and condemn all, who by their writings, insiduously tend to gloss vice, and promulgate indecency. The low and revolting oath, together with the old and filthy story, the hackneyed yet indecent song—changed but in words, unchanged in sentiment—these, though they make the foolish laugh, yet cannot but make the judicious grieve. For the indignant blush of every modest female, who turns away from the inadvertent perusal of the ribbald page, what compensation can be found in the smile of the heartless—the applause of the polluted? With talents such as Captain Marryat possesses, a more honourable distinction might surely be sought. Grossness, however characteristic, is not to be excused where the subject of the author is one of his own selection. Gladly, indeed, would we otherwise recommend the perusal of Captain Marryat's works. In the narrative of *Jacob Faithful*, its author enters on no metaphysical disquisition. It is a mere sequence of common place events, given in broad comic humour—no display of the knowledge of the more hidden workings of the human heart (if we except the underneath extract,) but a caricature of low and vulgar life, interwoven with dialogues, scenes, and yarns, that

have no counterbalance to the indelicacy of their parts, but the vein of drollery in which they are told. To elevate the mind, to enlarge the understanding, to improve the heart, "*to leave no line that dying he would wish to blot*"—all the nobler and higher attributes of an author, as far even as they are to be attained in lighter works like these, if not beyond his capability, are not at least within his aim. The praise of a humourist is all that he desires. That the author is capable of deep-thinking, is proved by the following extract, a beautiful though single instance throughout his work:—

"How dangerous, how foolish, how presumptuous, is it in adults to suppose that they can read the thoughts and feelings of those of a tender age! How often has this presumption on their part been the ruin of a young mind, which, if truly estimated and duly fostered, would have blossomed and produced good fruit! The blush of honest indignation is as dark as the blush of guilt, and the paleness of concentrated courage as marked as that of fear; the firmness of conscious innocence is but too often mistaken as the effrontery of hardened vice; and the tear springing from a source of injury, the tongue tied from the oppression of a wounded heart, the trembling and agitation of the little frame convulsed with emotion—have often and often been ascribed, by prejudging and self-opiniated witnesses, to the very opposite passions to those which have produced them. Youth should never be judged harshly; and even when judged correctly should it be in an evil course, may always be reclaimed;—those who decide otherwise, and leave it to drift about the world, have to answer for the cast-away."

In nobleness of sentiment—in propriety of feeling, and morality of conduct, the author of "*Will Watch*," as exhibited in his work, is immeasurably above his rival. In humour he is but little inferior—it is true we have not the laughable episodes of the others yarns; but the interest of the story, and excitement of the incidents more than amply compensate. As a fair specimen of the work, we insert the following extract:—

DESTRUCTION OF A SLAVE-SHIP.—To windward in the East, the deep blue of the sky had begun to be broken by the faintest tinge of light, while before its pale silvery line of grey—the herald of the day's approach—the stars seemed counselling the night to withdraw, and, like true sycophants of royalty, to shew their queen by their example the path to retreat. In the middle of this dim gleam I beheld a dark pyramidal mass uprearing itself. It was the seventy-four in chase of the slaver on board which Will Watch and I were captured. With the most beautiful effect which it is possible to conceive, a sudden gleam of flame bursting from its base, seemed to spread itself over the whole space of sea and sky; the plunging of a shot about half a mile to windward, and the heavy sullen sound succeeding, announced that our pursuer had commenced firing. Looking on the instant towards the quarter-deck, to see how this summons would be received by Mackay, the captain of the slaver, I saw him standing by the wheel with upturned eyes, momentarily expecting to see some of his spars go overboard, or it might have been ransacking that receptacle and engenderer of guilty thoughts—the brain, for some new resource against approaching fate. If thus employed, it was in vain. His ship had been beaten on her best point of sailing. For a quarter of an hour after the first gun, no further notice was taken of us than by her continuing to bear gradually down. At the end of this time, one—two—three—successive flashes again lit up the scene around us with uncommon grandeur and beauty. Nor was that all—the flash was succeeded by a sudden tear—and crack went some of the canvas aloft, rending into strips—I looked up: a ball had passed through the leach of the weather-fore-topmast-studding sail, and the wind

following up the mischief which the shot had begun, in two seconds reduced the sail to rags. The captain regarded the spectacle with a mingled look of fury and despair, which would beggar all description. He uttered no sound, but stooping down, as I thought to hide his countenance, he patted the head of his spaniel, which was sitting at his feet; while I heard him say to the helmsman in a husky voice—‘Take that poor creature below, and tie her up out of the way of them devil’s messengers,’ meaning the shots; after which little trait of kindness he took the steerage into his own hand, and cried out in a sullen voice—‘All hands shorten sail! Aft there, Roberts, and hoist the red ensign.’ The studding-sails were now by his orders successively taken in, and the top-gallant-sails clued up, when the ship’s canvas being sufficiently reduced, he rounded her to the wind, and hove the main-top-sail aback. After this he called his mate aft, and gave some orders, which the latter executed by placing several of the crew in different stations. I, in the meanwhile, had been lying *perdu*, as it were, ‘among the pots,’ wondering not a little that he had never asked for one whose existence so strongly threatened his own. The seventy-four, for such, as Will had pronounced her, she now appeared to be, came rapidly up with us; nor since her last summons had she fired another shot. Before day had well broken, she too had shortened sail, and hove to at the distance of six hundred yards upon our quarter. Having us now pretty safe, she lowered down one of her barges, and manning it, sent a lieutenant and a midshipman to board us. How wildly my heart beat at this sight! my breath seemed to be impeded by my excess of joy at this approaching deliverance. Scarcely did I permit the lieutenant to ascend from the boat and gain a footing on the quarter-deck, where the captain was waiting to receive him, than I rushed forward, threw myself between them, and claimed the officer’s protection. At the sight of me, Mackay, who before seemed cowed beneath the weight of his own guilt, now became transported with the most deadly rage. Stepping aside, and swinging round his head an iron bar,—a monkey-tail which he had hitherto kept behind his back, I suppose for the demolition of the lieutenant,—he struck directly at me. Shrinking myself, however, into as small a space as possible, I darted on one side to escape the blow, which thus fell upon one of Mackay’s own ‘gang;’ and so effectually was the poor fellow’s skull cleft, that he dropped instantaneously dead upon the deck. Incensed at this outrage, the lieutenant’s sword was in a moment drawn, and pointed at the captain’s throat. ‘Sway away the main-yard,’ roared Mackay to his crew, who, it seems, had been ready primed for this occasion, and now surrounded the king’s officer so closely, that it was impossible for him to get at the chief object of his vengeance.

The captain flew to the gangway, where one of his men was opposing the entrance of the barge’s bowman, and thrusting at the seaman with all his strength, the blow hurled the poor fellow back into his boat; he at the same time knocking down two of the boat’s crew, who were springing up to their officer’s assistance. Under these three were thus buried the boat-hooks that had held the barge fast alongside, while the captain’s order for swinging the main yard having been instantly obeyed, the ship had, in a few seconds, gathered sufficient sway to drop them ten or twenty yards astern, while all their pulling availed them not to regain their former position. No sooner, however, did Will Watch, who was on the weather gangway, hear the scuffle to leeward, than he sprang to our assistance; but not until the barge alongside had been detached by the attack of Mackay. The last-named personage, looking round for me, encountered Will face to face. Between these two a desperate struggle now began. Size was in favour of the captain rather, but youth, strength, and activity, were

possessed by Will Watch in a greater degree. The crew fancying, however, that the latter had met more than his match, seemed to direct all their animosity against the lieutenant; who, most gallantly combating with his sword the disproportioned host assailing him on all sides with every species of weapon, was being slowly borne by his foes to the taff-rail, though every backward step he took was followed by a stream of blood. One fellow only, it seems, thought of me, as I lay alone, half-stunned, among the guns, where I had been thrown in the scuffle. Seeing this wretch approach—a drawn clasp-knife in his hand—I suppose with the kindly purpose of dispatching me, I sprang upon one knee, and as the villain stooped down, drew Will's pistol from my breast, and presenting at his—fired. Not until I felt myself borne down by his falling body, and weltering in his blood, did I know what I had done. Then it was, I suppose, the dash of the Black Douglas first showed itself in my disposition. Jumping on my feet, I seized the first object that presented itself as a weapon of offence, and looked round to see who should be my next assailant. To my horror, I was just in time to behold the unfortunate lieutenant hurled overboard from our weather quarter, when the villains who had perpetrated this outrage, made a rush in a body towards me. My days are over, thought I, as with all the fortitude I could summon I awaited my approaching fate. To my utter surprise, I beheld them, one and all, with terror in their countenances, dart down the companion-ladder to the deck below. Thus left to myself, I endeavoured to discover the cause to which I owed my safety, and beheld the seventy-four, her enormous spread of canvas distended by the powerful breeze, tearing across the waves towards us, like some infuriated giant of the deep, now within so short a distance on our quarter as to form, without any exaggeration, a sight at once terrific and sublime. The object of fear from which the slaver's men had fled was sufficiently obvious. Swarming on her fore-castle, her bowsprit and fore-shrouds, appeared her grim-visaged crew, their naked cutlasses in their hands, ready to pour upon our devoted decks.—'Will Watch!' I shouted, in the utmost despair, believing that he must be lying wounded, or perhaps even dead, near me, and that I alone was on deck. No one answered me, and I, scarcely knowing what I did, or what to do, sprang over to windward, where the first object that struck my eyes was Will locked in a death-struggle with Mackay. The expression of either countenances was horrible to behold! Their eyes seemed starting from their heads—Will's as if with the fell intensity of his rage, Mackay's from the agony of his despair! The activity and strength of Watch had, as I expected, told well in the encounter with his bulkier opponent; who, with his back bent round upon the steerage-wheel, his feet entangled with its ropes, his head jammed in between its spokes, and his face rapidly growing purple from the suffocating grasp which Will maintained upon his throat, seemed like the Bengal tiger in the strangling embrace of the more slight but deadly boa!—'Port your helm! Port—hard a port!' shouted a hundred voices from the approaching seventy-four—their hoarse accents of command, mingling with the roar of waters, the crashing of spars, and an infinity of other sounds.—'Watch! Watch!' I exclaimed, frantically clasping my hands, ignorant of what to do, and unable to withdraw my gaze from the horrid struggle going on before me. Will replied not a word, but scowled upon his foe with eyes that only seemed to regret they had not the power, as fully as the wish, to slay. Without loosening his deadly hold, he looked around for some speedier mode of destruction; then, catching a sight of the approaching line-of-battle ship, something with the speed of lightning appeared to flash across his mind, as with one hand he rapidly untied a silk handkerchief from his waist. At this moment a sudden crash seemed to shiver the vessel into a thousand atoms, and the shock threw me with a violent blow upon the deck. I looked up—the figure-head of the seventy-

four was directly over me, her cutwater was grinding us into the yeast of waves beneath. 'Watch—Will Watch! for mercy's sake'—but, before I could utter another word, some one lifted me in his arms, and, springing on the sinking bulwark of our prison-ship, caught hold of one of the man-of-war's ropes hanging from above, and by this means seated himself upon the protruding muzzle of one of her guns. Frightfully insecure as was such a station, I did indeed feel thankful for attaining even that, and looking round to see who had thus rescued me, found, to my inexpressible joy, that I was again indebted to my old friend Will. Panting from the deadly contest in which he had been so lately engaged, he was only able to point to the scene on the deck of our late tyrants below. I shudder even to recall it. Writhing upon the steerage-wheel, to which his neck was bound by Will's silk handkerchief, and struggling in vain to get free—his blackened and distorted face the image of despair and guilt, and his hand uplifted in appeal to those whom he had taught any lesson but that of mercy—I beheld Mackay whirled heard downwards by a sudden movement of his ship's rudder, which left no part of him visible, save his feet, struggling in the air. In the next instant the seventy-four, like some vindictive and relentless monster of the deep, seemed to ride over the crushed decks of the slaver with her stern; and while her crew were starting from their hiding-places, with ghastly looks of horror, she disappeared swiftly from our view beneath. A mass of wreck amid the foaming surge—a slight perceptible grating of the keel for a second or two over the sinking and dissevered hull, was all that seemed to evidence the fact to our senses; and the line-of-battle ship sprang on, upon the blue bosom of each succeeding wave, as uninterruptedly as if, within a few brief seconds, she had not dispatched so many human beings to their irrevocable doom!—What that was to be, it was indeed awful to consider!"

We must not, however, omit to mention the several touches of real pathos which the author introduces throughout his work, and in which style we think he excels. The conclusion, too, of the orphan's remarks, on reading the manuscript of the fortunes of his family, immediately after his parent's death, is beautiful,—“The world was before me, and busy life teeming around me, but I—I was alone,—” and will be responded to by every heart of any feeling that shall peruse the work.

In comparing this work with “Jacob Faithful,” we must remark, that, the author, though evidently a younger man, has drawn his knowledge of human nature from a deeper and a purer source.

From his perception of the workings of the heart, he represents the actions of the man, whilst it is only from the exhibition of outward acts that his competitor informs you of their inward inclination. In conclusion, we should say, that the author of “Will Watch,” has decidedly powers of a much higher description than those exhibited by the author of “Jacob Faithful,” and have no doubt, with experience and attention, he will increase the reputation his former works have justly gained him, and which this last is well calculated not only to support, but considerably to advance.

With these remarks we now dismiss, as a mere literary production, the above novel. In corroboration of our criticisms, we need only refer the impartial reader to a respective perusal. To Captain Marryat, however, it might not be improper to add a word at parting. Before he again industriously thrusts upon the public an invidious claim to *superior writing*, we would recommend him first to consider what may be the result of an impartial comparison.

As an appendix to “Will Watch” are the details of a correspondence which led to the recent collision of these two authors. We cannot but regret that these unseemly fracas should take place between gentlemen occupying a station in the literary world; but there are emergencies when the last resource of the insulted must be put in operation.—The letters of the parties speak for themselves.

CATARACT; A FAMILIAR DESCRIPTION OF ITS NATURE, SYMPTOMS, AND ORDINARY MODES OF TREATMENT. BY JOHN STEVENSON, ESQ., OCULIST TO HIS MAJESTY, &c. LONDON, 1834.

Cataract, a disease which consists in an opacity of the crystalline lens, middle humour, or apple of the eye, comes home to every one's feelings; since it is liable, as the author elegantly remarks, "to assail without discrimination, the rich and the poor—the indolent and the laborious—the old—the young—the middle-aged, and even the infant at birth."

It has hitherto been regarded as incapable of relief "until it has attained its last, worst, and most inveterate stage," and, during its more or less tardy progress, never fails to consign its unhappy victim to the complicated miseries attendant on blindness.

The object of the present little work—which is freed from technicalities, so as to become peculiarly interesting to the community at large,—is to enable the afflicted to recognize its existence,—to portray, in plain and intelligible language, the operations usually resorted to for its removal,—namely, those of *couching* and *extraction*—but, above all, to describe a mode of cure calculated to secure all the advantages which the ordinary processes seek to obtain, while it obviates the difficulties and dangers inseparable from those in common use.

The plan proposed—the efficacy and superiority of which the author has established, upon the firm basis of ample experience,—instead of being, like its predecessors, restricted to certain forms, and the advanced state of cataract, can be rendered available to every variety, and at the earliest invasion of the disease—is productive of little or no pain, or inflammation, and therefore, rarely requires bandages, local applications, or even confinement; and, what is of still greater importance, it accomplishes the restoration of sight in the highest attainable perfection, without occasioning any subsequent mark, or visible derangement in the structure or appearance of the affected organ.

Such is a brief sketch of the contents of this small, but truly classical and valuable publication, which affords satisfactory proofs that cataract, —for centuries esteemed one of the most formidable and terrific among the numerous complaints of the eye,—is at length stripped of its terrors, and placed under complete control by the simplified and eminently successful treatment, devised and matured by the genius and industry of Mr. Stevenson.

THE POPULAR ENCYCLOPÆDIA; BEING A GENERAL DICTIONARY OF ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY. Reprinted from the American Edition of the "Conversations Lexicon," with Corrections and Additions, so as to render it suitable to this Country, and bring it down to the present time. WITH DISSERTATIONS ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF LITERATURE, BY SIR D. K. SANDFORD, LL.D., OXON: AND ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE, BY THOMAS THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.S., L. AND E., &c. &c. PARTS I. AND II., COMPLETING VOL. I.

The appearance of the second part of this volume enables us to take a more integral view of the work, and to obtain a more definite opinion of its merits, with respect to those peculiarities which form its characteristics. The facts that of the original "Conversations Lexicon" more than a hundred thousand copies have been sold in Germany alone, and that it has been translated into the Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Italian, and French languages, form a sufficient guarantee for the value and interest of the work.

But the Americans have produced also an English version, enriched by contributions on matters of native interest, from the pens of their own writers ; and to us is left the graceful task of receiving from the hands of the Americans, that which we ought to have presented to them !

The object of the "Conversations Lexicon" was to furnish accurate and condensed information on subjects likely to be discussed in enlightened conversation. This was accomplished in a most complete and attractive way. The Americans have added what they deemed important relating to themselves ; and the advertisement to this edition contains a promise of further additions, equalling in extent nearly a fourth of the whole. Dissertations on various topics are announced, and one given, as a sort of introduction to the first volume.

Many popular works have appeared of late, which are not of the least benefit to the people : this, however, is of a totally different class, and we have given the title fully to prevent mistake. There are other cyclopædical publications professedly based upon the "Conversations Lexicon," but which, in point of worth, are not to be compared with the "Popular Encyclopædia." To this, the first volume, is prefixed a "Sketch of the Progress of Physical Science," by Dr. Thomson, in which is traced the growth of this branch of knowledge since the revival of letters. This sketch, on the whole, is admirably drawn, and is a very interesting and useful accompaniment. The short, but well-written lives of eminent men in the body of the work, enable the reader to contemplate each as an individual ; whilst in this and the other dissertations, they will be found grouped, compared, and placed in their relative positions. These prefixed dissertations complete the interest and convenience of the publication. In the purely scientific parts, Dr. Thomson is at once succinct and perspicuous ; but when he touches upon metaphysics, he seems to be treading on ground with which he is not familiar. A profound knowledge of metaphysics is not necessary to the formation of a good chemist ; it is, therefore, not intended to charge Dr. Thomson with being incompetent to the task he undertook, but we should have been glad to see the positions of so great a man as Leibnitz handled a little less unceremoniously ; and it would have been gratifying if the Doctor had engaged so much logic on his side, as to prevent his intended refutation of Leibnitz from appearing as an actual demonstration of the position in question. Nor can we resist the conviction that the following flippant, unbecoming, as well as scanty notice of Descartes, in the Section on "Mechanics," is the result of prejudice, or a want of power to judge. "Descartes, whose reputation was so great, and his pretensions so high, likewise treated of motion ; but in general his opinions were so erroneous or unsound, that in the present rapid sketch they are not entitled to notice." We do not consider the rapidity of the sketch an excuse for either this treatment, or the grammatical blunder in the second clause of the sentence. But we are bound to acknowledge that, with these exceptions, the perusal of this treatise afforded us much pleasure, and we feel assured it will be very acceptable to the purchasers of the book.

Of the work itself we cannot speak in terms of too high praise. The variety of topics ; the candid, condensed, and lucid manner in which they are discussed ; the skilful adaptation of the book to the wants and tastes of the English ; the excellence of the plates, of which there are sixteen to the first volume ; and, though last, in no way least in importance, the very moderate extent of its cost,—render the "Popular Encyclopædia" a production to which we can most freely give our recommendation. In this age of utility, it is the most full and comprehensive of the publications that have appeared. It will be a most instructive and attractive object on which to occupy those interstitial moments, from the judicious employment

of which, Dr. Johnson justly remarked, so much wealth of knowledge may be acquired. And it will serve as a satisfactory work of reference, or an intelligent guide to further investigation on all subjects of general occurrence. We shall expect with pleasure the appearance of the next part. The title-page of the second part announces a third dissertation, by Allan Cunningham, Esq., on the "Progress of the Fine Arts."

LARDNER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY. BY WILLIAM SWAINSON, ESQ. LONGMAN. 1834.

THERE is much harmony, eloquence, and acuteness of observation in this volume, much useful and sterling information—much research, and much matter eminently deserving of the attention of all those who love nature and her wondrous works—manifold, various, infinite. The study of Natural History is of all pursuits the most interesting. Man put aside for a while, we trace the evidences of that marvellous spirit that fashioned and put into shape this glorious world, to the mighty beast or the minutest insect—hear him in the wilderness—see him in the woods, and in the desert and the distant valleys, tread in his awful foot-marks. We have always been attached to the enquiries of naturalists, and delighted in their speculations; and, therefore, we sat down to the perusal of the book before us, with the complacency of an old acquaintance, and the anxiety of a friend. Mr. Swainson, however, in a very short time, apprized us of our being in superior company, and we rose from his work, we hope, a wiser and a better man. It is decidedly one of the most valuable of the many valuable works that have appeared in this collection.

Our space will not permit of our noticing, at any length, the method, style, and arrangement of this Preliminary Discourse, which, we think, are excellently adapted to promote a sound and serviceable intelligence in all classes; and especially fitted for the perusal of the general reader, for whom, unhappily, so few works of science have any charms, in consequence of the startling—many-syllabled—amplitudinous—obfuscating—obnubilatory—anti-simplifying—human-intellect-distracting manner in which the learned professors think fit to array their thoughts and hypotheses. We have no fault of the same nature to find with Mr. Swainson; he is, in general, clear and perspicuous, and endeavours, as far as possible, without impoverishing his style, to meet the quality of the meanest apprehension. Why all interesting truths connected with the sciences should be smothered beneath the weight of a pitiless circumlocuting hyperbole we know not. A thunder of diction is raised to describe a dew-drop—a fifty-four pounder is found necessary to dispatch a tom-tit—the daisy dies in a whirlwind—and the unfortunate little ant, tugging its grain of wheat along, is crushed into annihilation with a mountain's ponderosity.

There is one part of this discourse, irrelevant though it be to the general subject, to which we must call the particular attention of our readers; it is with reference to the uses of honorary titles conferred on men distinguished for high literary or scientific excellence—on men foremost in the van of enlightenment—on men who elevate the character of and adorn the age in which they live—of men, in fine, whose genius or whose industrious and unwearied talents have exalted the thoughts of their species—refined their feelings—and kindled the light of truth throughout the world. Mr. Swainson combats eloquently, and with a warmth which manifestly springs from a true love of what is truly great, the unworthy and narrow-minded sentiment delivered by Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons on this subject. We remember him well, and remember also a blush of what we hope was honest indignation that mounted into our cheeks on reading

them, mingled with somewhat of regret that such a man could have so forgotten, as well what was due to common sense, as common honour, as to have uttered them. It has indeed been too much the fashion to leave greatness to the uninterrupted enjoyment of its immortality, and the pleasant companionship, moreover, of unmitigated wretchedness. They are beyond this world—earthly honour could not elevate them—they are constitutionally unfitted for the enjoyment of competence—misery agrees with them—they thrive in indigence;—money in their pockets, a house to shelter them, and a meal in prospect, would be the death of them. Bah! That which is good for the goose is good for the gander; and the poet or philosopher have as good an appetite, as lively a notion of what is comfortable, and as shrewd an idea of the convenience of a five-pound note as your statesman or your warrior. Furthermore, if honours have anything in them at all, they may be considered equally honourable to the man, who, by his genius, has achieved a victory over error or ignorance, as to the hero who has routed his country's enemies; and since they express—and by that means become honourable—the admiration of his fellow-countrymen for that genius and those achievements, they become gratifying, and a source of pride to the possessor of them. "What," says Mr. Swainson, "it has been asked, could a blue riband or a collar do for a Newton?—would they make his name more hallowed, his family more durable?" "What," let us in return demand, "can a multitude of ribands, and crosses and collars, do for a Wellington?—will they make *his* name more famous—*his* family more endurable?" The answer to both has been already given—"No, certainly not." What, then, is the use of such things, baubles though they be? The answer is obvious,—“They evince the gratitude of a nation for benefits conferred.

“What could a blue riband or a collar do for a Newton?” asks Sir Robert Peel. We cannot say we have any idea that either would add many inches to his height, or parts of inches to his nose; nor is it probable that he would magnify to the size of Daniel Lambert. But we have an idea that he would become a nobleman by that means; and that, as the world goes, a title is a distinction, and the conferring of it the only delicate method by which a nation may make manifest its opinion and sense of genius or valour—its appreciation of what is noble, and its admiration of what is great. Supposing, too, the title was accompanied with a more tangible distinction, and the patent of nobility happened to be wrapped in a parliamentary grant for the sum of a few thousand pounds, which is not altogether, we believe, unprecedented, we may readily imagine that “a Newton” would not be fool enough to turn up his nose at it, but might probably be prevailed upon to believe that it was a very agreeable assistance, and decide that it would “do” a considerable benefit to his temporal concerns, while his hereafter immortality would not be affected very grievously by the bounty of a generous people.

How is it, that with the idea of great genius, especially poetical, is invariably associated the concomitants of misery, penury, and distress? How is it that the mental portrait of a poet or philosopher stretched by the fancy shall generally present the figure of a noble man in mortal shape, and the back-ground occupied by hideous objects—ghastly and horrible—bearing every appearance of want and wretchedness? Or, how is it, if the imagination take a lively turn, the possibility of a goodly joint upon his board is connected inseparably with the necessity of his flying over the street to the baker's for it—hurrying down from the top of the house, and bringing it himself smoking in his grasp to his habitation, and afterwards, flying like mad for a pot of porter, and carefully protecting its foamy head, placing it beside its hard-bought companion, to the infinite delight of himself and some other unfortunate wretches who happened to be cursed with

the affliction of original thinking! This is a picture not over-drawn of the fate of many men who are now held to have been the primest spirits of our country. The truth is, that if a man possesses a genius at all, either poetic or scientific, he had far better either engage himself to Mr. Warren to indite his puffs, or invent some new easy chair, than apply his powers to the prosecution of higher and nobler pursuits—for he may well know from the fate of others that the result must be either a razor or a work-house:—

“ ——— As the poor bird, his eyes put out,
Doth cheer the sorrow of his sightless gloom
With plaintive songs of precious melody;
So in the poet's heart sits misery perch'd,
And through the thronging region of his thought
Makes such immortal music, that men
Enchanted come, and dream they are in heaven.”

THE BOOK OF FAMILY WORSHIP. WAKEMAN, 1834. DUBLIN.
THE SACRED HARP. Ditto.

We earnestly recommend these two pretty little works to all persons who desire to bring up their children in the ways of truth and rectitude. At this time of the year the presentation of such a gift to the young, instead of ridiculous story books, would undoubtedly much better promote the desirable end of impressing on their minds an early sense of religious duty, which we hope is the first consideration of all who have the guardianship of children. We repeat our recommendation of these useful little works.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALCULES. BY ANDREW PRITCHARD. LONDON, WHITTAKER AND Co., 1834.

This is a most interesting, instructive, and curious book. Mr. Pritchard, deserves great praise for the labour he must have employed in constructing his treatise—more particularly for his complete classification and arrangement of his materials. This department of zoology has not hitherto found many students; but, we think, now that Mr. Pritchard has pointed out the facilities of its attainment, and has shewn how interesting the study itself is, scarce a drop of water will escape the microscope of the philosophical tyro. The work is illustrated by plates, containing more than three hundred figures on steel, and great care has been taken to give the drawings as nearly as possible the appearance of what they are intended to represent, when viewed under the microscope.

THE COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1835, WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTHS, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. TILT, LONDON.

This is the most original thing we have seen for some time past—it is what the publishers call *a hit*. George Cruikshank's name is a tower of strength at any time, and here some of his most exquisite touches of humour are brought out. The work contains all that is useful in an almanac, accompanied by considerable wit and satire at the expense of the old almanac-mongers and their astrological productions. The moral is peculiarly appropriate at the present time in more ways than one.

“ WHILE WE VENERATE WHAT IS DESERVING OF VENERATION, LET US NOT FORGET THAT QUACKERY, KNAVERY, BIGOTRY, AND SUPERSTITION ALWAYS MERIT EXPOSURE AND CASTIGATION!”

The work does great credit to the press of Messrs. Vizetelly, Branston, and Co.

THE BIBLICAL KEEPSAKE. JOHN MURRAY, AND CHARLES TILT, LONDON.

MANY have been captious respecting the appearance of this beautiful volume, on the ground that it is illustrated by engravings which have already been before the public. This fact has been made known to the world by the publishers through extensive advertisement, and does not in our opinion deteriorate in the slightest degree the merit of the volume. The engravings are from drawings by Turner, and embody all that is interesting and beautiful to the enquirer into sacred history.

FAUST. A SERIO-COMIC POEM, WITH TWELVE OUTLINE ILLUSTRATIONS. BY A. CROWQUILL. B. B. KING, MONUMENT-YARD.

ALFRED CROWQUILL has lately been gaining ground in public estimation by some comic sketches, which bear great evidence of talent. He has now entered into competition with the various humourists, who have lately elevated their powers to clothe "the German in an English Dress," and, we think, with much better success than his rivals. Lord Levison Gower, Hayward, and others have been completely eclipsed by Alfred Crowquill. We extract his preface:—

"So many translations, both in prose and verse, have already appeared of Goethe's celebrated drama, that we consider some apology due to the reading public for this new attempt. The fact is, our predecessors, one and all, only draw this wild poem into tame English. Now, we propose, not to give a dull and literal translation of our author, but the true spirit and meaning of the poem in the vernacular.

"In order to prove that our ability to execute this proposed task is equal to our inclination, we beg to inform the gentle reader, firstly, that our brother played the German flute; secondly, that we have fed invariably on German sausages during our labours; thirdly, smoked a veritable German maerschaum; and lastly, to perfect our Teutonic inspiration, have swallowed two tonics every night.

"This explanatory exordium, we think, will be sufficient to confound the critics, and win the admiration of the public at our extraordinary endeavours at perfection. And now to the goodwill of our amiable readers, we introduce and leave



THE GERMAN IN AN ENGLISH DRESS.

THE RED TARTANE;

A TALE OF THE SPANISH COAST IN 1760.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IV.

As the boat containing the unhappy Jago and the ten seamen gradually receded from the lugger, the active imagination of the lieutenant conjured up with tenfold horror the fearful reception so maliciously described by the gunner, and every instant he expected to receive a sudden discharge of cannon and musketry from the still silent Tartane. The boat, notwithstanding, continued to approach without interruption, and in a few minutes was alongside, but in so doing she unfortunately touched so rudely as to cause some little noise; and Jago, remembering this was the time when the masked guns were to be discharged, cried in a low voice, but loud enough for every man to hear, "Kneel, my friends, or we are lost,"—an order the boat's crew at once obeyed; and seeing their commander throw himself down in the bottom of the boat, they were not slow in following his example. Still, however, the same silence continued, and nothing could be heard or seen, but the solitary light that burned in the cabin. Jago, somewhat reassured, raised his head, and perceiving neither *tromblons evasés* nor masked ports, assumed an air of martial ardour, and courageously ascended the vessel's side, the men being actually astonished at the valour of their commander. On gaining the deck, the only objects to be discerned were torn sails, shattered yards, &c., the wrecks of the vessel's rigging, scattered in the utmost disorder—every thing, in short, combining to show that the Tartane had suffered most severely from the gale. Perceiving no appearance of resistance, Jago and his men boldly advanced towards the helm, until they were suddenly alarmed by a movement below, followed by a loud crashing, as if part of the bulkheads dividing the cabin from the centre of the vessel had been forced in. Alarm immediately seized upon the boarders, and two or three retreated so hastily as to capsize the lieutenant down the main hatchway; quickly regaining his legs, the astonished Jago discovered at one glance the cause of their alarm; for a moment he was irresolute, then advancing rapidly he extinguished the light, and called loudly on his followers to descend, or fire down the after-hatchway. The seamen prudently preferred the latter; and, after discharging their carbines into the cabin, precipitately retreated to the boat. The victorious Jago soon after came on deck, battened down the hatches firmly, and then rejoined them, ordering the seamen at once to pull for the lugger, whose commander and crew were by this time extremely anxious to learn the event of the expedition.

Scarcely had the valiant lieutenant returned on board, than he gave, with the most consummate impudence, all the details of a most sanguinary combat, which he averred he had maintained with the Gitano, assuring the Captain at the conclusion he was either dead or *hors de combat*. Massareo, who was well aware of his lieutenant's cowardice, heard with astonishment this story of his bravery, in which

it exhibited itself for the first time, and could by no means understand the sudden change, till observing some stains upon his dress, he exclaimed with interest, "You are wounded, Jago; your sleeve is stained with blood."

"It is nothing, nothing at all, Captain," returned the lieutenant with the utmost coolness; "but it is now of the first importance to sink this accursed vessel; the hatches are battened down—a few broadsides will do the business, and we shall then have finally purged the coast of the greatest miscreant that ever infested it."

Massareo acquiesced in the propriety of this proceeding, and by the orders of the valiant Jago, so vigorous and continued a fire was poured into the unfortunate Tartane, that it was evident that a few minutes would complete her destruction. The lieutenant's shrill voice was heard throughout the Shrine of San Joseph, encouraging the men at the guns—"Courage, men; God is just, and with his assistance and mine we shall shortly be delivered from this infernal Gitano."

"You are then certain," demanded Massareo, "that the accursed cannot escape?"

"Do you suppose in such weather as this a man can save himself by swimming? besides with my own hands was he not mortally wounded and bound!"

"Thy hands!" exclaimed Massareo, with an air of incredulity.

"If you had seen him, Captain, when I lodged two balls in his side—his struggles were dreadful; by the seven pains of our Lady his blood was black—black as pitch, and smelt so strong of sulphur that Bendito thought they were burning matches in the hold."

"Holy Virgin protect us!" replied the worthy Massareo, extremely interested; "but why did you not give us these details at first?"

As a broadside was discharged at this moment, Jago pretended not to have heard his commander's question, and continued with the most imperturbable assurance, "I fancy I still see him, dressed in scarlet, the wretch! with deaths' heads embroidered in silver; and then his stature—six inches higher than the tallest of men, with shoulders as broad as the stem of the lugger. As to his feet, they were cloven like those of my father's cow Peleika."

Massareo crossed himself, and devoutly blessed Heaven that he had been pleased to remove so vile a reprobate,

At this moment the Tartane went down with a crackling noise, amidst the joyous shouts of the whole crew of the lugger, and the thick mists which, during the cannonade had been partially dispersed at intervals, now appeared denser than ever. The sea had become almost calm, the feeble breeze which blew from the south scarcely agitating its sullen waves.

"At last then," cried the Captain, "we have succeeded by the intercession of our Lady and the courage of Jago, which may be considered as a miracle! but God's will be done in all things—kneel, my sons, and let us return thanks to Heaven for the favours it has shown the blessed, and its anger towards the accursed."

"Amen," responded the seamen, as they sunk on their knees.

Massareo had already begun to pray, when the words died away

upon his lips, and the whole crew remained as if petrified, kneeling upon the deck with fixed and haggard eyes and terror-stricken countenances. We have said the sea was calm, the night dark and misty, but at this moment a brilliant red flame burst forth a short distance from the lugger, so powerful that the very atmosphere appeared on fire, and the light reflected by the waves rendered the scene most awful. Fresh bursts of flame ascended in streams every instant, and then again descended in showers of blue and golden light.

But the object that operated most fearfully on the nerves of the trembling seamen was the Gitano himself, who appeared with his Tartane in the midst of this flood of fire. It was indeed the Rover, surrounded by his black slaves, whose hideous features showed like masks of bronze, reddened by intense heat. The Gitano stood upon the deck as usual, dressed in his sable habiliments, his head covered by his black cap and white plume; his arms were folded, and, like the whole of his crew, he was motionless and silent. On his right hand stood Fasillo, dressed also in black, his arms resting on a richly ornamented carbine, while in the back ground were ranged Bentek and the negro crew in two equal lines, every third man bearing a slight rod lighted at the extremity, ready to be applied to the small but efficient battery before them. Nothing can well be imagined more imposing than this spectacle, which had every appearance of an infernal assemblage, for the profound silence of the crew of the accursed, their motionless attitudes, the dark vessel with its red sails in the most perfect trim, and which seemed to have sprung from the abysses of the ocean in the midst of volumes of flame and light, at the moment when they believed they had for ever destroyed it—the calmness of the Rover, whose countenance bore an expression almost superhuman—all combined to terrify the unhappy Massareo, who could see only in this fiery vision the triumph of Satan.

The Gitano at length broke silence, and the crew of the lugger, who had remained kneeling, at once prostrated themselves on the deck. "Dost thou see, miserable man, that neither fire nor water can injure me—that each of thy balls has repaired some part of my damage? By Satan, my master, wilt thou expose thyself again in the pursuit of the Gitano? Dost thou believe that miserable wretches like those can arrest in his course he who resists the fury of the tempest and the will of thy God?"

Not a soul on board the lugger felt inclined to reply to these questions, and the Gitano continued: "Begone, and tell the bloodhounds of the Douane and the Governor of Cadiz, that I *could* have crushed thy vessel like a nutshell, but that I spared thee. Look at me well"—placing his finger on his forehead—"look at me well, and remember the clemency of the Gitano; but lest to-morrow thou mayest think that it was a dream, I give thee one proof of the reality of thy vision." Taking a lighted match from Bentek, he pointed a gun at the lugger with great care and precision, then applied the fire; the ball whistled through the air, shattered part of the bulwarks and took the mizen-mast by the board, besides severely wounding three, seamen by the splinters.

Scarcely had the report died away, than the light on board the Tartane began rapidly to diminish, and in a few moments so deep

was the obscurity that succeeded to the dazzling brilliance of the flames, that not a single object could be distinguished, nor could the slightest sound be detected.

* * * * *

The reader will doubtless recollect quitting the cabin of the Tartane at the moment when Fasillo interpreted the grimaces of Bentek to signify the sound of cannon: it is precisely at that moment we resume our narrative.

"By all the saints of heaven," exclaimed Fasillo, "it is cannon!"

The Gitano listened anxiously for nearly five minutes, while Bentek continued his "paong! paong!" accompanied by lively gesticulations; and Fasillo buckled on the belt of his sabre, into which he slipped his poniard and pistols, and the latter had already placed his foot upon the first step of the companion-ladder, when the Rover sunk down upon the soft cushion of his divan, exclaiming—"Let us drink, *caro mio*; let us speak of the *monja* and the escalade of the convent of Santa Magdalena."

"Drink and talk at such a moment as this?" demanded the astonished Fasillo, letting fall the purple silk man-rope attached to the ladder.

The Gitano, ere he replied, fixed his eyes upon Bentek, and made a sign, which the old negro fully understood, for in two seconds he had disappeared.

"Yes, *caro mio*, let us drink at this moment. Fasillo, thou art like the young and eager falcon, which knows not the peaceful note of the haicyon from the war-cry of the tarak, and spreads its wings and sharpens its beak to sustain an imaginary encounter."

"How, commandant?"

"Listen attentively to the reports, and thou wilt hear that the cannonade is not returned. If thou wert not here—if thou hadst not been compelled by this hellish levant to abandon the poor sister of my Tartane, which now drives a mere wreck at the mercy of the waves, like the deserted nest of a gull—if thou wert not here, I tell thee, *caro mio*, I should not long remain extended on this sofa while danger threatened thee. So calm thy ardour, Fasillo: it is assuredly some vessel that is perishing and implores succour—let them implore—what I did for thee once, I never did, nor ever will do again, for another."

"I owe you my life a second time, commandant. Without you, and but for the fortunate wave which threw me in your course, I should have been engulfed with the frail boat in which I left my Tartane."

"Poor fellow! thou nevertheless manœuvred rarely to lead those heavy guarda-costas far from the point of La Torre, whilst I, concealed by the rocks, and having housed every mast and yard, disembarked in safety my contraband and the *shaven crown*."

"By my soul, commandant, your second Tartane was as beautiful as a gold-fish—she could almost tack in a goblet of water. Alas! what is there now remains of her, with all her trimness and beauty, but a few planks smashed upon the rocks?"

At this moment the cannonade became so distinct that the Gitano sprung upon deck, followed by Fasillo. The night was dark and

thick, and the Rover, finding himself to windward of the vessel from whence the cannonade proceeded, was enabled to approach within pistol-shot without being seen, as the firing was wholly directed to leeward.

The Gitano had previously ordered all the lights to be extinguished, and now hove to, close to the guarda costa, for such the vessel proved to be, which was now firing upon the disabled Tartane; part of the crew were busy at the guns, the remainder were grouped upon the nettings. The shrill voice of Jago, and the orders of the worthy Massareo, could be distinctly heard.

"By heaven, it is the wreck of the Tartane that the dogs are sinking—would that it had other defenders than a poor bullock!" said Fasillo in a low voice, pointing out to the Gitano the remains of their poor bark, which was lighted up by each successive shot, and was evidently settling downwards. "Fire upon them, commandant—fire."

"Silence, *caro mio*," replied the Rover as he led Fasillo back into the cabin, where Bentek was also commanded to join them. The result of their deliberations is known; the Gitano made the different arrangements requisite to produce the fiery apparition already described, in which a considerable quantity of fire-works used for signals, and no small portion of gunpowder, were consumed.

After quitting the immediate vicinity of the lugger by means of very long sweeps carefully muffled, that the mysterious manner of their departure might appear an additional prodigy in the eyes of the fanatic Spaniards, the Gitano and Fasillo again descended to the luxuriant little cabin of the Tartane.

"Well, Fasillo," demanded the former, "what thinkest thou of my vengeance?"

"Your *vengeance*! commandant—your *vengeance*! How, then, would you treat your friends? Indeed you know not what I suffered to behold the poor Tartane sinking under the fire of those wretched cowards."

"Thou art a child, *caro mio*. Had I destroyed their miserable lugger, who would have known it? It would have been considered as lost in the gale, and to-morrow two others might again be in pursuit of us; as it is, neither lugger, brig, nor frigate will dare to follow me, such is the terror I have inspired. I *might* have destroyed a score or two of poltroons. I *shall* paralyse the efforts of thousands; for your countrymen fight valiantly against men, but they still fear the devil. The monks know it well, and they avail themselves of heaven as I do of Satan."

Fasillo made no reply, but contented himself with asking what were his future intentions?

"We have now but one Tartane, Fasillo, and it would be difficult to continue the contraband trading; I have, therefore, resolved to visit South America, after having once more seen the *monja*. The terror of the Spaniards will last some time; besides which our retreat is as secret as it is safe; thus it can be accomplished with little danger; let us discourse, therefore, of the convent of Santa Magdalena."

Long and animated was the discussion that succeeded—the final

arrangement being that Fasillo should remain on board the Tartane, taking care that every thing was ready to put to sea, while the Gitano proceeded alone to visit his mistress.

* * * * *

Seven days subsequent to the events just described the Tartane arrived in the port of Tangiers, commanded by Fasillo, alone, and almost heart-broken; for the Gitano—the unfortunate Gitano—had ceased to exist. Discovered in the garden of the convent, an alarm was immediately given. The Rover attempted to escape as he had entered, over the high wall; but almost at the moment when he had gained the summit, the lines were cut on the outside, and the Rover fell senseless to the earth. It is needless to add, he was made prisoner, and, after a brief trial, was ignominiously executed in the principal square of Cadiz, amidst the yells and execrations of the populace.

Dire were Fasillo's resolutions of vengeance on learning the fatal news: his first step to their execution was to turn the vessel's head towards Tangiers, which he reached in safety after a short voyage.

No sooner did he tread upon the soil of Africa than he directed his steps towards one of those dirty narrow streets, having on either side lofty houses without windows, which branch from the Ma-Moa-B'd'hal. This is indeed a miserable street; for, in the first place, a burning sun almost calcines the earth; and, secondly, it is the abode of the Jews and Armenians, who find means of displaying their natural propensities even in the midst of the colony of pirates that inhabited this part of the African coast.

It was not without some personal danger that the street of the Jews could be visited, for often would the Arabs of the Bey amuse themselves by lying in ambush at each extremity, armed with their long guns, beautifully inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl, to watch the appearance of its unbelieving inhabitants. As soon as an unhappy Jew put his head out of his door, four or five shots informed him that the sons of the desert had been drinking of the good c'hirpa, which the old Moor who lived in the fish-market sold so cheaply, and that they were inclined for a little diversion.

Before one of these high houses Fasillo stopped, and endeavoured vainly for several minutes to attract the attention of the inmates; at length the long and cadaverous visage of a very old man, surmounted with a sort of yellow skull-cap, appeared at the narrow grated wicket or entrance, and harshly demanded the purport of the stranger's business.

"You are tardy in attending to your door, my father," said Fasillo, "though you well know that it rains balls for Christians in this accursed street."

"Is this then your only business? Adieu, young man!" returned the Jew.

"Stay yet a moment, a word ere you close the wicket," continued Fasillo; "since you refuse me entrance, I must have recourse to my best friend," and he drew forth, and exhibited to the astonished Israelite, the talisman of the Gitano.

"What do I see?—such a treasure in thy hands—who—but enter, my son, for a ball would pass easily through such a garment

as thine, and for my life I would not that the precious talisman was defiled by these miscreants of infidels."

Fasillo passed through two strong iron gates, which were again carefully made fast; and preceded by the aged jew, whose spare and angular form was enveloped in a loose yellow robe, he entered a narrow passage, lighted only from above.

"Wait, wait, my son, while I examine the precious scroll more closely," exclaimed the old man, his eyes twinkling with eagerness, beneath his thick eye-brows. "By the five stars of Stenboth, these are the proofs of high rank, indeed, amongst the select, and I obey with life and fortune he who bears them. Young man, thou hast but to command."

"Thou art called Jacob, but thy name is Zamarik," said Fasillo.

"True—may the blessed angel touch me with his finger if I lie!"

"Then, Zamarik, thou hast magazines, to which an entrance near the cave of Betim Sah gives access?"

"True—may the blessed angel touch me with his finger if I lie!"

"And in these magazines are stored the rich tissues of Tunis, the costly silks of Turkey, and the splendid cachmeres from Ispahan?"

The Jew turned pale, but, nevertheless, a third time answered:

"True—may the blessed angel touch me with his finger if I lie!"

"Thou wilt go there to-night, and without delay—without evasion—allow this merchandise to be conveyed on board a Tartane now lying at anchor under Danish colours in the cove of Betim' Sah?"

The Jew, who had hitherto been standing in an attitude of the deepest humility, started back as if he had been bitten by a viper, exclaiming:

"By the girdle of the magi, thou canst not do it—it is impossible—my hair stands on end at the mere thought!"

"Infamous Jew," returned Fasillo, "dost thou believe I desire thy merchandise for nothing? Thou shalt have gold—gold enough to buy thy magazines, thyself, and thy rabbi, twice over."

"Divine Spirit, protect thy terrified servant—keep thy gold, young man; thou art strangely deceived as to the motives of my refusal; do I not know that, with this sacred symbol, thou canst demand all I possess—my fortune and my life?—but dost thou know what it is thou askest?" And, clasping his hands in the most profound terror, with eyes fixed with intense interest upon the young man, he awaited his reply.

"I do know, Zamarik," returned Fasillo calmly.

"Thou dost know! but, no, it is impossible;" then looking timidly around as if he feared to be overheard, he approached Fasillo, whispered in his ear a moment, and fixed upon him a look of terrified anxiety.

"Again I tell thee, I *know*," said the latter, without the slightest symptom of irresolution being discernible in either his countenance or voice.

"And thou wilt?"

"I *will*."

That night Fasillo saw the merchandize embarked, and, as Bentek and the negroes carried the last bales on board, the Jew, who had not

been present, arrived from the town, and once more addressed the young Spaniard.

"A demon alone, my son, could have charged thee with such a commission. I am innocent, but vengeance will fall heavily on thee, and on those who instigate thee."

"May heaven be as merciful to thee as I am, Zamarik," said Fasillo, offering him his hand, which the Jew shrunk back from in horror. "Ah, true," he continued, "I did not think of it. Adieu, Zamarik, *au revoir*."

"*Au revoir*? We must meet then to-morrow; for, in three days thy mother will no longer have a son."

"Perhaps so, Jew; but, still we shall meet again—thou understandest—down below, where our first greeting will be the gnashing of teeth—for, though I may visit first the fiery furnace, thou mayest depend the hottest nook will be reserved for thee—therefore, again, *au revoir*."

"He thrills me with horror and affright," said the Jew, as standing immoveable on the shore, he followed with his eye Fasillo, who speedily regained his Tartane, weighed anchor, and made sail. Profiting by a favourable south-east wind, which carried her rapidly towards the straits of Gibraltar, he hauled up to the north-east, and gradually disappeared in the mist of the horizon.

When the Jew had somewhat recovered himself, he slowly returned to the town; but, coming to a low vault, which opened on the sea-shore, he redoubled his speed, and raised his clasped hands to heaven—it was the fearful entrance to his magazines.

* * * * *

A few days after the execution of the Gitano in Cadiz, a Tartane was run on shore and abandoned at the foot of fort St. Catherine.

The news soon spread through the city; and, ere long, the vessel was entirely pillaged of its cargo by the people, who appeared dressed in the richest shawls, silks, and cachmeres,—and the richer classes, finding it very agreeable to procure these articles at a low price, purchased considerable quantities; even the Alcade and the members of the Junta could not resist the desire to see their wives and daughters clad like the nobility of Spain. Thus the cargo of the stranded vessel was dispersed throughout the city.

When Fasillo bought these stuffs of the east, then desolated by pestilence, he knew they were infected, and that the Jew* only waited a favourable opportunity to purify them. Accordingly, three days after the appearance of the Tartane, the plague broke out with frightful violence, and, in an inconceivable short space of time, carried off upwards of thirty thousand souls.

What became of Fasillo and the blacks was never known; but he had indeed kept his word—the death of the Gitano was fearfully avenged.

E. B. S.

* Several Jews at Tangiers made a profitable business of buying infected goods at a low price, purifying, and selling them again in Europe.—This was the real cause of the plague of Cadiz.

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—EIGHTH YARN.

"HURRAH! lads; hurrah! sweethearts and wives," shouted Will Gibbons, as he made his way to his customary lounge on the gun tackle; "it's Saturday night, lads; now for your yarns, my bo's. Bob Short and Jack Murray, you are both booked for it to-night, so heave a-head, and let's see what sort of a fist you can make of it."

This was said by Will Gibbons just as I had lighted my cigar and taken my place in my usual retired niche. The weather had been unusually tempestuous; it had moderated a little towards the evening, though it still blew very hard, and the ship had close-reefed topsails on her. It is in such weather as this that Jack most enjoys his pipe. Wedging themselves in together they laugh at the roaring of the winds and waves, and numerous are the jokes thrown about from one to another at every lurch; indeed, the harder it blows the merrier is Jack, as if he thought it necessary to salute his old friend, a gale of wind, with a merry welcome.

"Pish, pish," said Jack Murray, as the ship gave a lea-lurch, and sent two or three fellows rolling to leeward. "Steady, old lady, steady. She's drunk, I'm sure; we must give her a week on the black list."

"The devil she is drunk," returned Will Gibbons. "I wonder where the devil she got the liquor. I wish she'd tell me, for I should like very well to drink 'sweethearts and wives,' as it's Saturday night."

"No wonder she's drunk, lads, for she's rolling in liquor," said the serjeant of marines, who seldom neglected an opportunity of making a pun, and not having his bosom friend, the ship's cook, near him at the time, he condescended to give Jack the benefit of his learning.

"Liquor, do you call it," said Tom Bennet; "I'll be d—d if I call water, liquor. Good rum's what I call liquor."

"Ay, you are right, Tom," said Jack Murray. "I was capsized in a boat some time ago, and then I drank water enough for the rest of my life; I don't care though I never taste it again. I shouldn't much mind being drowned in a cask of rum."

"Drowned in a cask of rum, be d—d!" said said Bob Short. "It would take a d—d lot to drown me, for I think they'd get tired of filling before I would of drinking. I wish our old Nibcheese (purser) would try."

"I dare say you do, lad; I don't doubt you're an able feller in that way. But come, let's have your yarns, or I shan't have time to spin mine," said Jack Murray.

"Well, lads, here goes, though there arn't much more to tell. I was just going for to tell you about the schooner what com'd round fort St. Julian; that's the fort just at the entrance of the Tagus, and a wopper it is too. Well, directly Watts saw she hove her main-topsail to the mast, and got all ready for having a game at bowls, beat to quarters, and bore up, she being to leeward, with the in-

tention of running under her stern, and raking her ; but directly the Frenchman saw this, he filled his main-topsail, and hauled his wind to meet the Dandy Lion. Watts took care to keep well on his enemy's weather bow, and directly he thought he was near enough, up went his helm to run across her bows, and rake her ; but the Frenchman was a good sailor, and saw what he was about, so he put his helm up immediately, and ran along in a line with the Dandy Lion to leeward of her. Neither had yet fired a shot ; they were both determined to get close alongside, and not waste their powder and shot. After they had been running on this way a little, both appeared to sail equally well—neither got a-head—Watts threw his main-topsail to the mast, and let the Frenchman run a-head. When the Dandy Lion had dropped a little astern, she filled, and bore up to run under the Frenchman's stern, but he was too quick for them. Directly he saw what she was going to do, he wore round and met her. They were again running in the same line, looking at each other without firing a shot. At last young Watts jumped up in the hammock nettings ; the French captain was standing in his. Directly he saw Watts, he took off his hat, and Watts did the same ; just at that moment one of the men on board the French schooner lifted his musket, for the two vessels had been edging closer and closer to one another till they had come within musket-shot. When the French captain saw what his man was about, he ordered him to desist. Watts saw it all, and in French he thanked the captain, and at the same time asked him whether he would surrender ? 'Impossible,' said he ; 'I was just going to ask you the same question.'—'It's equally impossible on my part,' said young Watts ; 'so we must try our strength. I see I have got a brave enemy to contend with.'—'No more than you deserve,' said the Frenchman : 'brave men should always have brave enemies,' and he made a low bow, which Watts returned ; and after these compliments he jumped out of the hammock-nettings. 'Close with her, Short,' says he to my father, who was at the helm ; 'put the helm up starboard, Short, starboard.'—'Starboard it is, Sir,' says my father. 'Now lads,' says the young skipper, 'give it her as hard as you like.' They were close alongside now, and directly the men heard him say this, they let fly ; they could not see what damage they had done, for the Frenchman returned the fire immediately, and the wind having died away, they were soon so enveloped in smoke that they could not see one another, so they went on firing at random, broadside after broadside. Watts was standing leaning against the companion, and cheering the fellows up. 'Hurrah ! my lads,' says he, 'in another broadside we'll have her ; aim a-midships—aim a-midships—give it her in the slaughter-house ; and then, if you miss her there, you'll hit her fore'd or aft.' Well, the men kept it up cheerily ; every time Watts spoke to them, they answered him with three cheers ; every one of them had stripped every thing off but their trowsers, their handkerchiefs tied round their waists, and a cotton handkerchief, or night-cap, on their heads instead of their hats. At last, just as they had fired about their twelfth broadside, my father sings out 'Boarders, Sir, boarders, Sir ; boarders on the starboard quarter ;' and at the same time, leav-

ing the wheel to take care of itself, he jump't aft with his cutlass in his hand, to repel them; Watts followed, and all the boarders after them. The French captain led the boarders himself; he was a fine young man, about nineteen, a good deal taller than Watts, but much thinner; they met: the Frenchman was at the head of his men, so was Watts. Without being seen they had managed, under cover of the smoke, to gain the Dandy Lion's hammock nettings. The struggle was severe. 'You are mine, or I am yours,' says the Frenchman. 'I'll not be yours alive,' answered Watts. 'Nor I yours as long as my schooner can swim.' The men fought like devils. 'Strike hard for Old England,' cries Watts. 'Remember you are of the great nation,' said the Frenchman. 'We've had harder work than this, my boys. Bear a hand and take her, lads. I want to splice the main-brace.'—'Hurra! Short;' says Watts, 'you shall command that schooner very soon. After a desperate struggle the Frenchmen were driven back to their own ship. Both had sustained great loss. Watts had lost six men, and five more were below with the surgeon, badly wounded. Directly they had driven the Frenchmen back, they all flew to their guns, and began to hammer away again. After they had fired two or three broadsides, Watts sings out, 'Come, lads, they set us a good example, let's follow it; boarders on the starboard bow, follow me, boarders,' and away all ran to the starboard bow, and attempted to board; but the French captain was there to meet them, at the head of his men. 'We mustn't be driven back, lads—fore'd;' sung out Watts; and fore'd they rushed: but they had to fight with brave fellers, who gallantly repulsed them. Watts and the French skipper appeared to single each other out; they were always to be seen fighting hand to hand in the thickest of the fight. 'Short,' says Watts, 'take half-a-dozen men, and make a diversion upon her starboard quarter, that may deceive them.' Away went my father aft, attacked her on the starboard quarter; and, at the same time, shouted out with all his might, 'she's ours—she's ours—three cheers.' The men cheered; and the French captain, thinking they'd actually got possession of the quarter-deck, flew aft to oppose them. 'Now's your time,' cried Watts, 'one rush, and she's ours.' The men dashed on; but the French fellers fought well, and repulsed them again. By this time the French skipper found it was only a feint upon the starboard quarter; so leaving men enough there to engage my father, he flew fore'd again to meet his old enemy, young Watts. They met. 'Glorious work this! you are an enemy worth fighting against,' said the French skipper, as he made a blow at Watts's head.—'You are worthy to be an Englishman!' answered Watts, as he warded off the blow, and made another at the Frenchman's right wrist. The Frenchman guarded it off; and, in making a blow at Watts, his foot slipped, and down he fell. Two or three of Watts's men flew in upon him, to seize hold of him, and drag him on board. 'Let him alone,' said Watts.—'Get up, Sir,' said he: 'you saved my life when one of your men pointed a musket at me.—I give you yours, in return.' Up he jumped: their swords were crossed again. Watts and his men fought like devils; and so did the Frenchmen, who drove Watts back to his ship again. 'To your guns, lads!' cried Watts; 'we'll

give her two or three more broadsides.' At it they went. Watts had now fifteen men killed, and ten wounded. 'Reduce your charges, lads—but double-shot your guns! we'll fight her till she sinks.—The harder she is to conquer the more credit it will be to us to take her—and take her we will, or else go down with the buntin flying,' said young Watts, who had, in his last encounter with the French captain, received a stab in the thigh, but not sufficient to make him quit the deck—it was a mere flesh wound; and, tying his pocket-handkerchief tight round it, did not inconvenience him much, except making him limp a little. The Dandy Lion's men were terribly cut up—they had only twenty fighting men left out of the fifty they went into action with; but by the Frenchmen's fire not being so regular as it was, they fancied she was hurt more than themselves; this made them keep at it cheerfully, in hopes of silencing her. After they had fired a few more rounds, the Frenchmen's fire became so slack, that Watts said, 'Leave your guns, lads, and follow me; we'll try her again—we shall have better luck this time.—The starboard-bow again, lads! we'll go in at the hawse-holes, and work our passage aft.' For'd they run. The French captain was there with about eight or nine men: his left-arm was in a sling, and his clothes all covered with blood. Watts had about twenty men. 'Forward, lads! they are done up—she must be ours this time.' Forward they rushed. The Frenchmen fought well, and opposed them as well as they could; but it was no use—they hadn't men enough. The French skipper was every where calling on his men to remember the great nation—the conquerors of the world! but it wouldn't do; nothing could rally them—they fell back, seeing it was no use. Watts followed them to the quarter-deck, where they laid down their arms. And then, the Frenchman coming forward, said to Watts, 'It is truly mortifying to be beaten; but it greatly allays the pain when we know it is by a brave enemy, and to such a one I now resign my sword. At the same time he handed his sword to Watts, who took hold of it; and, turning it round again, so as to offer the handle to the French skipper, he said, 'Keep it; for you have proved to-day it could not be wielded by a bolder hand, or directed by a nobler heart.' Well, directly they were in possession of the schooner, they set to and repaired damages; for they were both terribly cut up. They found the Frenchman was called the *Lespire* (*L'Espoir*) of twelve guns, and seventy-five men. Out of these, she had forty killed, and twenty-seven wounded, the captain among the number, leaving only eight men; while young Watts, who went into action with fifty men, had twenty killed and ten wounded, including himself in the latter number. After they had rove some fresh running gear for that which had been shot away, and got both crafts a-tanto he got his anchor up that he had slipped on first seeing the schooner, and made sail for Oporto. The French captain, having accepted his parole, he messed with Watts in the cabin, and came on deck, and acted altogether as he liked, without any watch being kept upon him, the men of course were kept generally under hatches, allowed to come up now and then. The wind was very light and variable, veering right round the compass, and, after a tedious passage of two days, they anchored

at Oporto, with the French schooner in tow, with the English ensign flying at her peak, and the tricolour under it. When they had anchored, away went Watts on board the admiral, and reported what he had done. 'Well done, my boy, I see your captain told the truth when he said I could not have employed a better man, for you have made yourself a man now,' he says, says he, 'and I'll write a flaming and a true account of your action to the Admiralty, and I have no doubt you'll be made a master and commander.' Well, all this was very comfortable, to jump from the galley to the captain's cabin; but it was common enough in them days: there are skippers in the navy who have smoked their pipes and told yarns in the galley, as we are doing now."

"Ay, to be sure there are, lad," said Will Gibbons; "there's fighting Jerry, as I sailed with, was taken by Lord Exmouth from a collier brig, and now he's commanding a fine frigate in the navy."

"To be sure, lads, hard fighting did it; but howsomnever, young Watts' confirmation as a lieutenant had come from England by the last mail, and a navy list, in which was his name. After he had remained with the squadron at Oporto about a fortnight, one morning the admiral made a signal for the skipper of the Dandy Lion, and away he went. When he got on board, the admiral says, 'Mr. Watts,' says he, 'you have only about eighteen men on board your schooner, and that is not enough; but the squadron is too much in want of men for me to man you, so I shall send you to sea with the few hands you have, just to look out for English merchantmen, and press as many men as you can, taking care to leave them enough to work their ships with; and if you should meet with any French men-of-war, mind you don't attempt to bring them to action with so small a crew as you have, you would be sure to be taken, and so have all your laurels stolen from you.'—'Hands, up anchor,' directly he came on board, and away they went, steering to the nor'ed and eastward. I forgot to tell you, lads, that my father had been taken out of the Lespire and sent back to the Dandy Lion. After they had been knocking about at sea two or three days without seeing anything, one evening, just as the sun was setting, they saw a little speck on the horizon to leeward. 'Bear up hands, wear ship.' Away she went, spanking right before it, and they soon got near enough to see that it was a brig and a merchantman, and as the schooner sailed much the fastest, young Watts said, 'up with our ensign, she can't escape us, be she what nation she will;' up went the flag, and directly the brig saw it, she hoisted an English ensign, and lowered her topgallant sails, but did not attempt to come to or shorten sail. 'Oh, that's it, is it?' says Watts, 'she knows we want men, and doesn't feel inclined to let us have them; but if she doesn't understand how to serve his majesty, I must teach her; so just fire a blank cartridge, a gun is a very convincing argument, and better than all the logic in the world.' Directly they fired she hove to, and Watts went on board himself, with my father and eight men well armed. Directly he got on her deck, Watts says to the skipper, who was as civil as a Jew on pay-day, 'get all your men aft here, and let's have a look at them.'—'Ay, ay, Sir,' says the skipper,

and he began to bustle about, calling all hands aft to muster on the quarter-deck ; aft they came, six men and a boy. 'What is this all you've got, old gentleman ?'—'Every one, I assure you, Sir; only just enough to work her home, I hope you won't take any away, Sir.'—'Why, perhaps not,' says Watts, 'I'll consider about it ; and while I'm thinking about it, Short,' says he, to my father, 'do you take four men with you and go down in the hold, and see if this good gentleman hasn't made a mistake in the number of his ship's company. —Perhaps some men you know, my old friend,' said he, turning to the skipper, 'might have been down in the hold when you called them up to muster, and didn't hear you ; go and see, Short,' he says. My father was just going with four men to search, when the skipper, who saw it was no use, that he was found, and couldn't hide his men any longer, said, 'you are a very young man, Sir, but I suspect you are an old man-of-war's man, for I see you are up to all our manœuvres. I'll save you the trouble of searching the ship, and I hope you'll let us off easily for my telling you there are six more men stowed away in my cabin ; I'll go and call them up ;' so away he went, and brought up six fine fellows.—'Oh, oh !' says Watts, 'I see you are a cunning feller, you kept the six best men for yourself. Well, well,' said he, 'you were quite right to try it ; every body for himself and God for us all, is the general maxim ; so in pursuance of that same maxim that you have taught me, I shall take these six men with me, and leave you the other six.' The skipper growled a little at this, you may be sure, but Watts wasn't to be done. 'Come jump into the boat, my lads,' says he ; 'I'll treat you well you may depend upon it, give you lots of fighting, lots of grog, and lots of prize-money.' Away they went and soon got on board the schooner, hauled to the wind, to back and fill about there, and look for more merchant ships to complete their complement ; just after they had made sail, coiled the ropes down, and were standing watching the brig, who was going fast away from them, the new men began talking on the gangway—'Damn it,' said they, 'I'm almost glad I've left the brig, the skipper was a d—d beast and has stopt my grog twice for nothing ; I'm a great mind to go aft and tell our skipper of something he'd like to know.'—'So am I,' said another, 'he treated me badly enough.'—'What the devil are you going to tell,' says my father, 'that your skipper stopped your grog ; if that's all you've got to tell, you may as well keep it to yourselves, for our skipper won't care a d—n about that.'—'No, no, that's not it, something he'd like to know ; shall we tell him, Jack ?' said he, turning to one of his old shipmates. 'Ay, lad, why not, d—n our old skipper, say I; lets go aft at once or it will be too late, the brig is making off fast; and look at the old rogue, he's setting royals and crowding all sail to get out of the way.'—'Well, come along then.' So aft they all went to Watts, who was walking the quarter-deck. 'Well, what do you all want, my men ?' said he. 'Why, please Sir,' says one of the fellows, taking off his hat, 'that brig has got a French pass, it's concealed in the sole of the captain's'—'A French pass,' says he ; 'hurrah then, she's a prize ; quick lads, turn the hands up; wear ship smartly, my lads; fire a gun for her to heave to ;' they did, and were soon alongside. 'Now, Short,'

says Watts, 'do you go on board and bring the skipper back to me; don't tell him what I want him for, and take care he doesn't change his boots.' Away went my father, and when he got on board, he says to the skipper, 'our commander wants you, he wants to speak to you.'—'Wants to speak to me?' says the skipper, 'what does he want, do you know?'—'How am I to know what he wants; do you think commanders tells the likes o' me what they wants? But you're going to England, arn't you? don't you think it may be to take a letter, I saw him go down in his cabin with, just after he gived me the orders to bring you on board. I don't say it is so, but I only say don't you think that's the most likely?'—'To be sure,' says the skipper, 'I didn't think o' that; I'll just run down in my cabin and dress a bit, and be with you again directly.'—'Oh, no occasion for that, no occasion for that at all,' says my father; 'our skipper is a rough-and-ready sort o' chap, he wants you just as you are, 'cause he's in a hurry;' so after making two or three more attempts to get below, which my father prevented, he got into the schooner's boat, and was soon on board; when he came on deck, he went up to Watts smirking and smiling as civilly as possible—'Did you want me, Sir? can I be of any service to you in taking letters home, I'll take the greatest care of them; I assure you, Sir, I shall be most happy to do any thing for you.'—'Thank you,' said Watts, 'you are very kind, I am very much obliged to you, but at present I don't want to send any letters home; what I sent for you for was, because when I was on board your brig, I noticed you limped a little, and as you haven't been in action to get any wounds, I conclude you boots pinch you, so I am going to have them stretched. Here, Short,' he says, says he, 'just pull this gentleman's boots off, perhaps there may be some oakum inside, or something that hurts his feet.' At the same time three men jumped fore'd and held him down, while my father pulled off his boots, and in one of them was found the pass, inclosed in a piece of lead covered over with wool, to prevent its rubbing the foot. 'Oh! this is what's the matter with your feet, is it my friend? I shall take you to the admiral, he'll be your doctor. Short,' says he, 'you'll take command of his brig with six of our men, and follow me to Oporto.'—Well, lads, I shan't say no more about young Watts, 'cause I want to give Jack Murray time to finish his yarn, but just say he was made master and commander, and after being in two or three actions, he got his post rank, and at the conclusion of the war he went on shore, and took my father with him, who had refused a warrant, saying he would rather remain as Captain Watts's servant; and there, lads, he is now. So now, Jack, it's your turn."

"Well, lads, I arn't got much to tell, 'cause if I was to tell you all my cruising I should take you up too long; perhaps I may some day, but not now. I wish I hadn't promised to finish my yarn, but howsomenever as I have, I'll just tell you that when we got to Portsmouth, I sent my letter to Lord —, and he desired me to call upon him. I did so, and then he asked me what he could do for me; whether I should like to be a warrant officer, or be coxswain to his brother, who was a post captain; 'or would you,' said he, 'rather leave the sea altogether and come and live here? whichever you like; take your

choice.'—'Ah, my lord,' said I, 'I'd rather ten times be coxswain to your lordship's brother.'—'Very well,' said he, 'I am glad of it, for my brother would like to have a coxswain he can trust, and by the letter I have received I know he can trust you.' Well, I went as his coxswain, and a good feller he was; I had lots of fun and plenty of fighting; and he is going to have a ship again soon, and then I shall sail with him again as his coxswain, and that, lads, is all I have got to tell, 'cause I can't stop to tell you more now."

"Is that all you have got to say? Why I thought we should have a good long yarn," said Will Gibbon.

"Well, lads, I meant to tell you one at first, but I've altered my mind, so its no use jawing about it."

There was no more yarning that night, and I left the galley greatly disappointed, I confess, at Jack Murray's ending, but hoping that he would again alter his mind; but I left the ship soon afterwards, and on being appointed to another, I heard a number more of Jack's twisters, with which I shall commence a new series in a future number.

ANACREON.—ODE XLIII.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! blest art thou,
Sipping dewdrops from the bough:
Pouring from some lofty tree,
Like a king, thy melody.
All is thine which flow'ry fields,
Or the verdant meadow yields—
Thine the varied rural stores
Cherish'd by the vernal hours.

Friend of husbandmen, from thee
Nature fears no injury:
All on thee their praise confer,
Summer's vocal harbinger!
Thou wast e'er the muse's choice;
Phœbus gave thy thrilling voice:
Wrinkling age, another's bane,
Brings for thee alone no wane.

Child of wisdom and of song,
Bred thy native fields among,
From blood, from flesh, from passions free,
Thou'rt almost a deity.

W.

